Hymns of the Heart

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HYMNS OF THE HEART

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP, EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGNS, PRAYER MEETINGS, YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICES, ETC.

Compiled by

JOSEPH F. BERRY

and

CHARLES H. GABRIEL

Approved by the General Conference Commission on Evangelism

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THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN

NEW YORK CINCINNATI

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JOSEPH F. BERRY

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

¶ The name of this book was suggested to me thirty years ago by Chaplain McCabe. For a long time I have dreamed of getting together a volume of gospel hymns, new and old, that could be called HYMNS OF THE HEART. I have now succeeded beyond my dreams.

¶ Mr. Chas. H. Gabriel is the foremost composer of Christian songs in our day, and his songs are now sung around the world. Have I not been fortunate to secure such a man to act as musical editor?

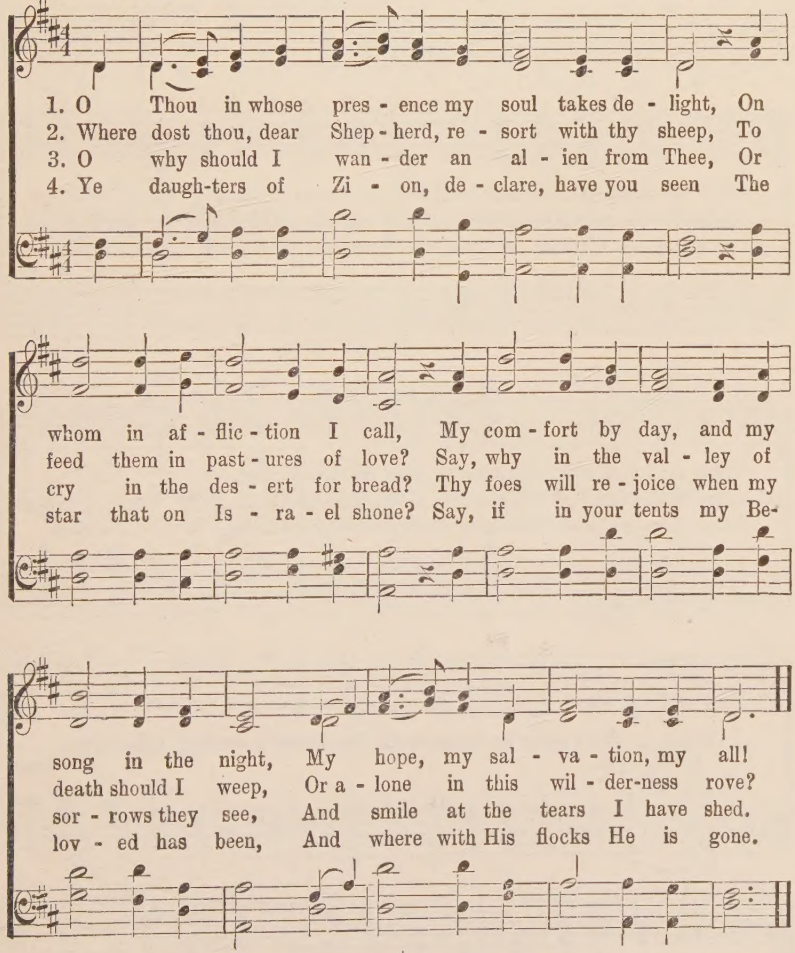
¶ With the eager prayer that HYMNS OF THE HEART may be made a real benediction to the millions who will sing its soul-stirring spiritual songs, I send it forth upon its inspiring mission.

JOSEPH F. BERRY.

Philadelphia.

The Shepherd's Call.

Joseph Swain. Freeman Lewis.


1. O Thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On whom in af - flic - tion I call, My com - fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
2. Where dost thou, dear Shep - herd, re - sort with thy sheep, To feed them in past - ures of love? Say, why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wil - der-ness rove?
3. O why should I wan - der an al - ien from Thee, Or cry in the des - ert for bread? Thy foes will re - joice when my sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
4. Ye daugh-ters of Zi - on, de - clare, have you seen The star that on Is - ra - el shone? Say, if in your tents my Be- lov - ed has been, And where with His flocks He is gone.

5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for His word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with His voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

6 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow Thy call;
I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for Thou art my all,
And in Thee I will ever rejoice.

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Take Wings to Thy Soul.

E. E. Hewitt — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Take wings to thy soul; take the pin - ions of prayer To rise a - bove
2. Take wings to thy soul; take the pin - ions of praise; A - rise, like the
3. Take wings to thy soul; take the pin - ions of love, All faith - ful - ly
tri - als, temp-ta-tions and care; New measures of blessing so trust-ful-ly
lark, in the pure morn-ing rays; With car-ols of glad-ness as fresh as the
serv-ing the Mas-ter a-bove; O, haste to the need-y with ti-dings of
CHORUS.
bring, And hold sweet communion with Jesus, thy King.
dew, Give thanks for His mercies, a-bun-dant and true. Take wings,.. bright
cheer; Spread heavenly sunshine where pathways are drear.
take wings
wings,.. Take wings to thy soul, O be-liev-er, to-day! Take wings,..
bright wings,
take wings,
bright wings;.. Mount up as the ea-gle, re-joice in thy way.
bright wings,

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Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. When the night is o'er and the shadows past, And e - ter - nal dawn dis-
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my Soul is burdened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no Sovereign
pels the gloom of earth - ly care; In the home of God I shall rest at last,
with for - bod-ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the Hope is mine,
that with Je - sus can com-pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a life I'll bring,
Chorus.
In the land of E - den I shall dwell for-ev-er there.
If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for-ev-er there. I shall walk the streets
And with Him in glo - ry, I shall dwell for-ev-er there.
of the cit - y of God with its tree of Life so bright so fair,
There will be no night— Je-sus is the light, I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

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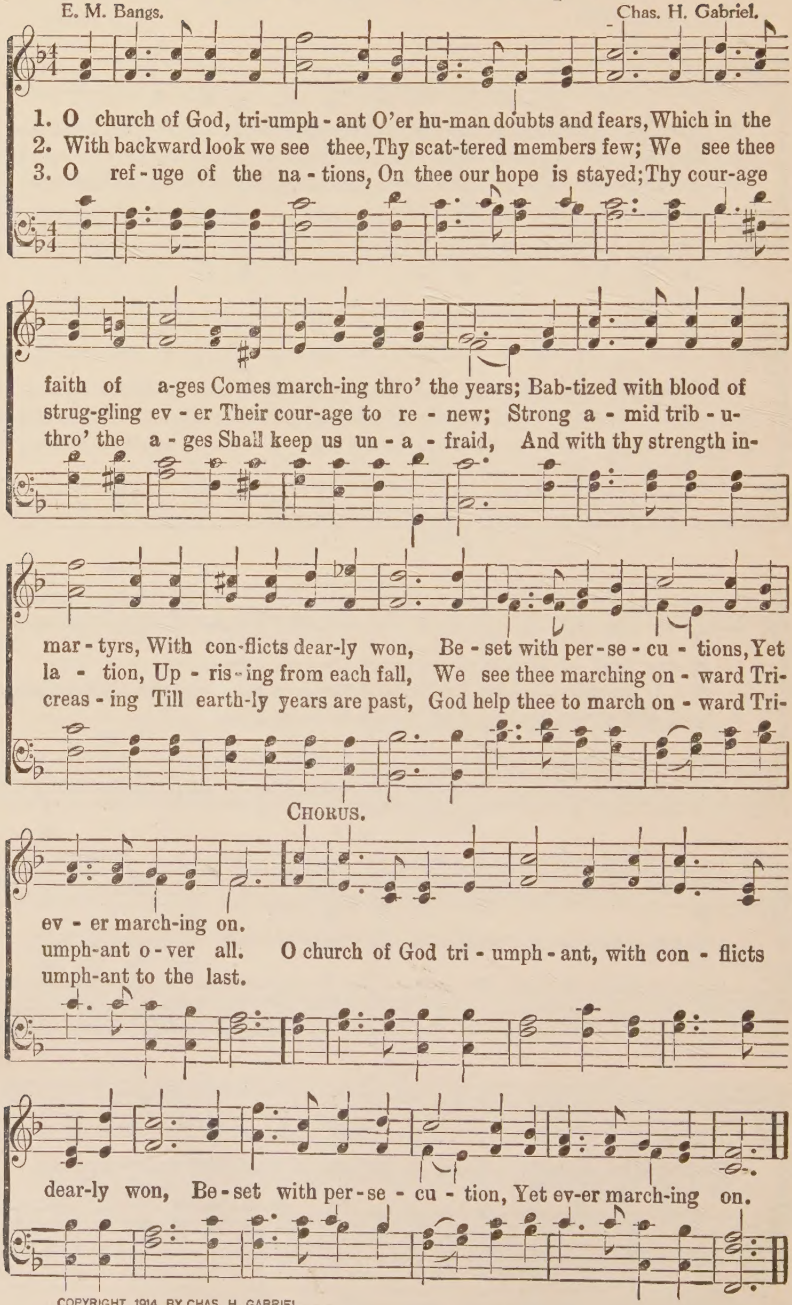
O Church of God Triumphant.

E. M. Bangs. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. O church of God, tri-umph-ant O'er hu-man doubts and fears, Which in the
2. With backward look we see thee, Thy scat-tered members few; We see thee
3. O ref-uge of the na-tions, On thee our hope is stayed; Thy cour-age
faith of a-ges Comes march-ing thro' the years; Bab-tized with blood of
strug-gling ev-er Their cour-age to re-new; Strong a-mid trib-u-
thro' the a-ges Shall keep us un-a-fraid, And with thy strength in-
mar-tyrs, With con-flicts dear-ly won, Be-set with per-se-cu-tions, Yet
la-tion, Up-ris-ing from each fall, We see thee marching on-ward Tri-
creas-ing Till earth-ly years are past, God help thee to march on-ward Tri-
CHORUS.
ev-er march-ing on.
umph-ant o-ver all. O church of God tri-umph-ant, with con-flicts
umph-ant to the last.
dear-ly won, Be-set with per-se-cu-tion, Yet ev-er march-ing on.

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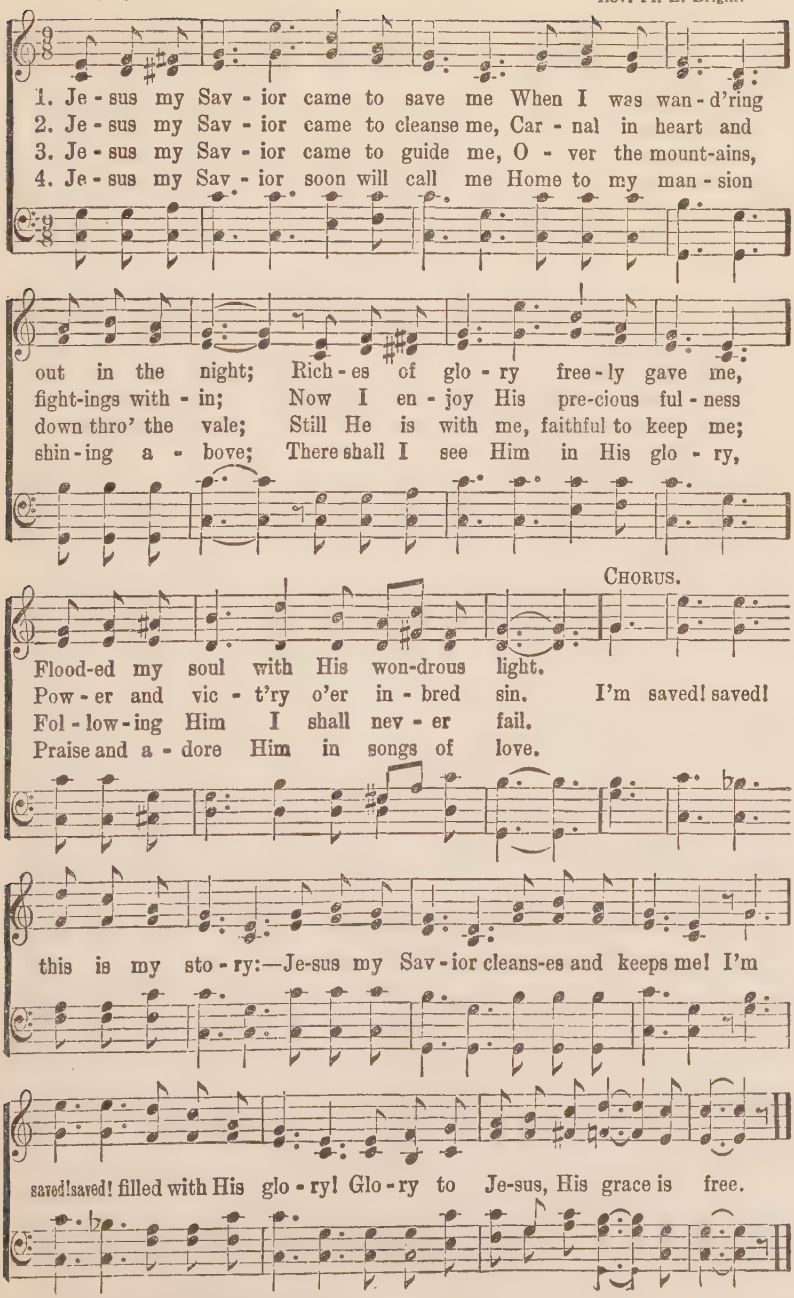
H. E. B. Rev. H. E. Bright.


1. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to save me When I was wan - d'ring
2. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to cleanse me, Car - nal in heart and
3. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to guide me, O - ver the mount-ains,
4. Je - sus my Sav - ior soon will call me Home to my man - sion
out in the night; Rich - es of glo - ry free - ly gave me,
fight-ings with - in; Now I en - joy His pre-cious ful - ness
down thro' the vale; Still He is with me, faithful to keep me;
shin-ing a - bove; There shall I see Him in His glo - ry,
CHORUS.
Flood-ed my soul with His won-drous light.
Pow - er and vic - t'ry o'er in - bred sin. I'm saved! saved!
Fol - low - ing Him I shall nev - er fail.
Praise and a - dore Him in songs of love.
this is my sto - ry:—Je-sus my Sav - ior cleans-es and keeps me! I'm
saved! saved! filled with His glo - ry! Glo - ry to Je-sus, His grace is free.

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Singing As the Days Go By.

Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.

1. O be hap-py in the Lord, trust-ing ful-ly in His word, Fear
2. Mak-ing mel-o-dy to Him tho' at times the path be dim, Smile
3. Stars are shin-ing in the night; life it-self is glad and bright, Our
not the clouds that fill your earthly sky; There's a Friend that's ev-er near,
bravely, check the wea-ry tho't-less sigh; Things will wear a ros-y hue,
ma-ny needs the Lord will yet sup-ply; Then ac-cept what seems the best,
f.
FINE.
He will give you joy and cheer; Keep singing as the days go by.
if you take a Christ-like view, Keep singing as the days go by.
trust-ing Him for all the rest, Keep singing as the days go by.
CHORUS.
Keep sing-ing as the days go by, Keep sing-ing as the days
sing-ing, sing-ing as the days go by, Keep sing-ing sing-ing
D. S.
go by, If to Je-sus we be-long He will tune our hearts to song,
as the days go by,

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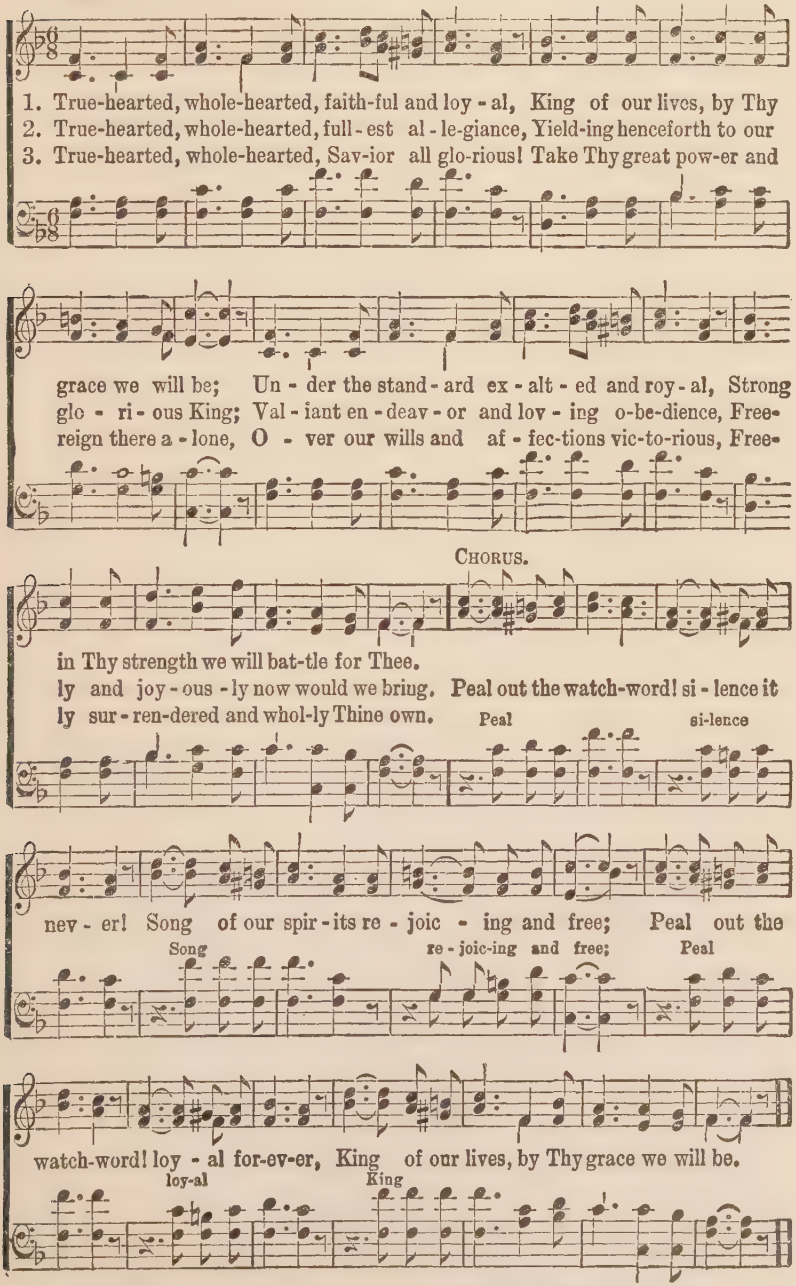
Frances R. Havergal. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full - est al - le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and
grace we will be; Un - der the stand - ard ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong
glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free-
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af - fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free-
CHORUS.
in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee.
ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring. Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it
ly sur - ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own.
Peal
si-lence
nev - er! Song of our spir - its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the
Song
re - joic-ing and free;
Peal
watch-word! loy - al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
loy-al
King

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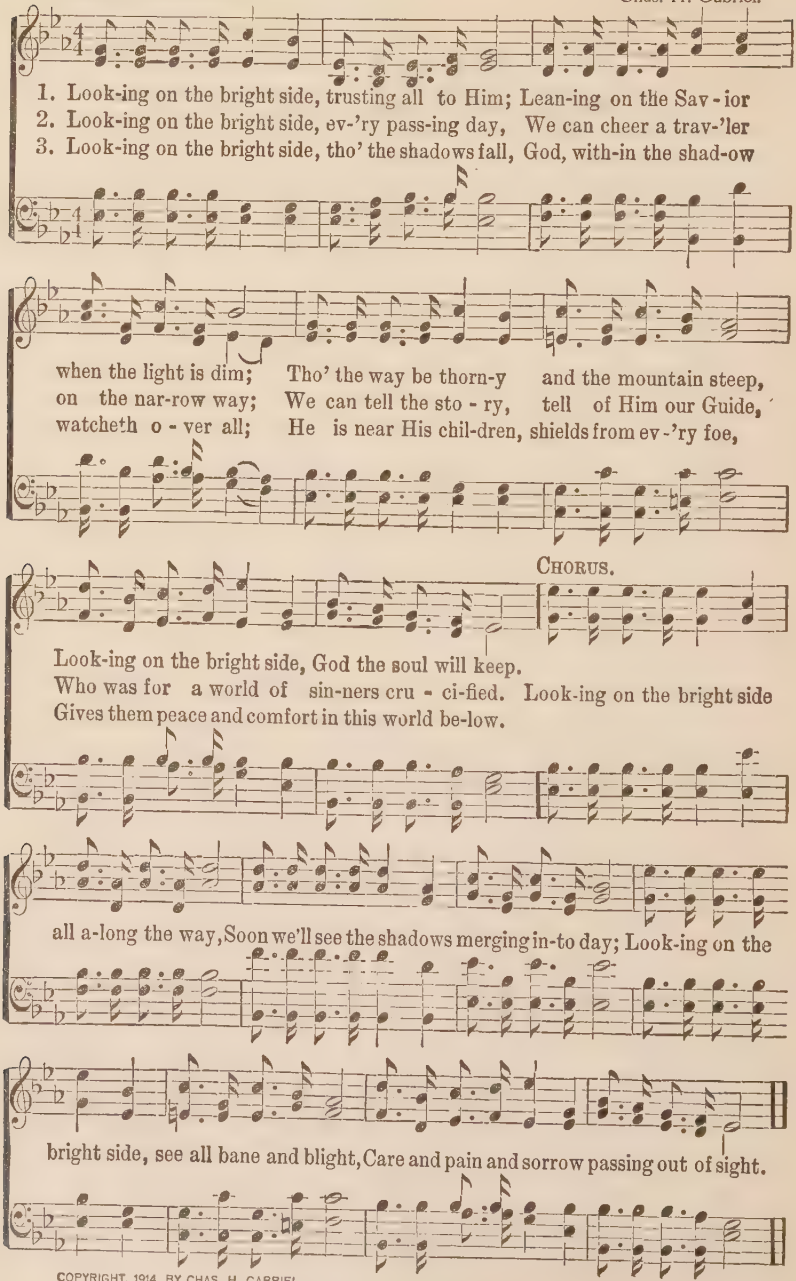
Looking On the Bright Side.

Georgie Tillman Snead. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Look-ing on the bright side, trusting all to Him; Lean-ing on the Sav - ior
2. Look-ing on the bright side, ev-'ry pass-ing day, We can cheer a trav-'ler
3. Look-ing on the bright side, tho' the shadows fall, God, with-in the shad-ow
when the light is dim; Tho' the way be thorn-y and the mountain steep,
on the nar-row way; We can tell the sto - ry, tell of Him our Guide,
watcheth o - ver all; He is near His chil-dren, shields from ev-'ry foe,
CHORUS.
Look-ing on the bright side, God the soul will keep.
Who was for a world of sin-ners cru - ci-fied. Look-ing on the bright side
Gives them peace and comfort in this world be-low.
all a-long the way, Soon we'll see the shadows merging in-to day; Look-ing on the
bright side, see all bane and blight, Care and pain and sorrow passing out of sight.

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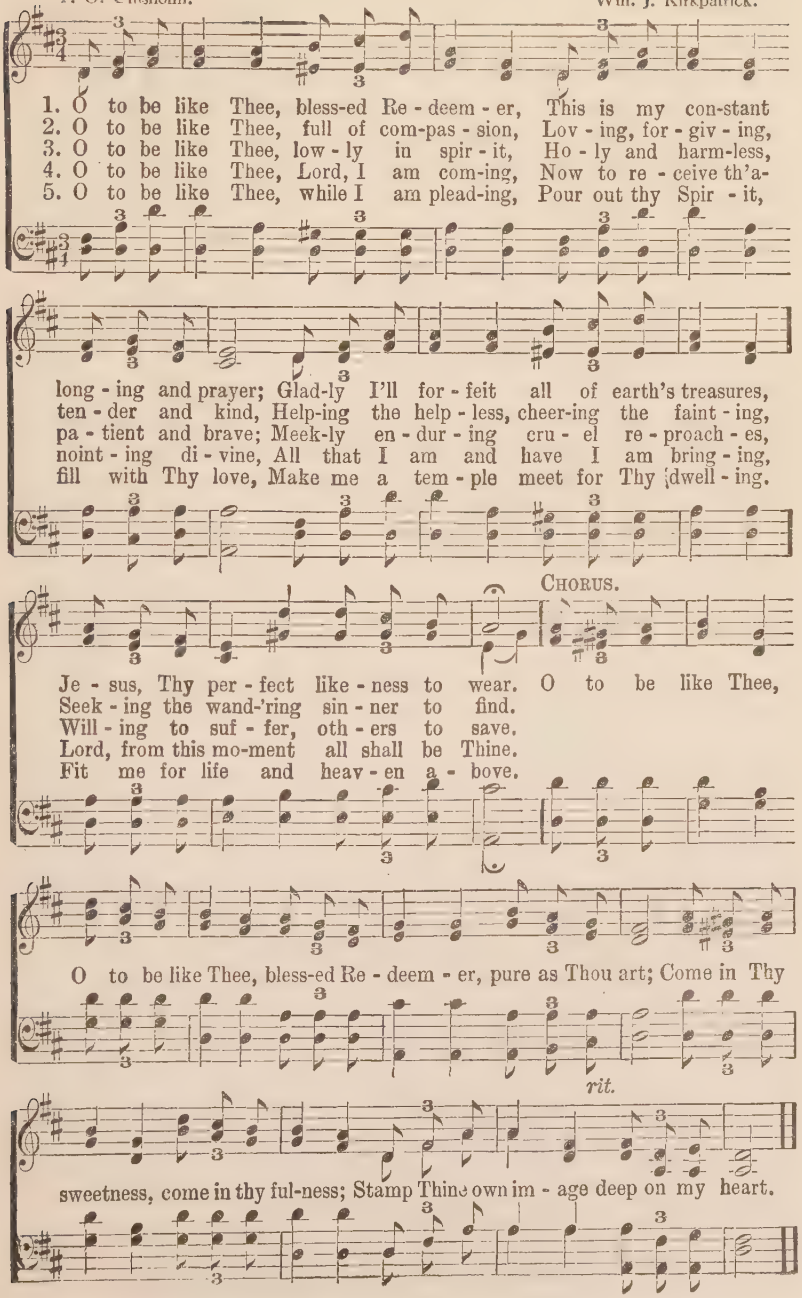
O to be Like Thee.

T. O. Chisholm. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. O to be like Thee, bless-ed Re - deem - er, This is my con-stant
2. O to be like Thee, full of com-pas - sion, Lov - ing, for - giv - ing,
3. O to be like Thee, low - ly in spir - it, Ho - ly and harm-less,
4. O to be like Thee, Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re - ceive th'a-
5. O to be like Thee, while I am plead-ing, Pour out thy Spir - it,
long - ing and prayer; Glad-ly I'll for - feit all of earth's treasures,
ten - der and kind, Help-ing the help - less, cheer-ing the faint - ing,
pa - tient and brave; Meek-ly en - dur - ing cru - el re - proach - es,
noint - ing di - vine, All that I am and have I am bring - ing,
fill with Thy love, Make me a tem - ple meet for Thy dwell - ing.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Thy per - fect like - ness to wear. O to be like Thee,
Seek - ing the wand-'ring sin - ner to find.
Will - ing to suf - fer, oth - ers to save.
Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be Thine.
Fit me for life and heav - en a - bove.
O to be like Thee, bless-ed Re - deem - er, pure as Thou art; Come in Thy
rit.
sweetness, come in thy ful-ness; Stamp Thine own im - age deep on my heart.

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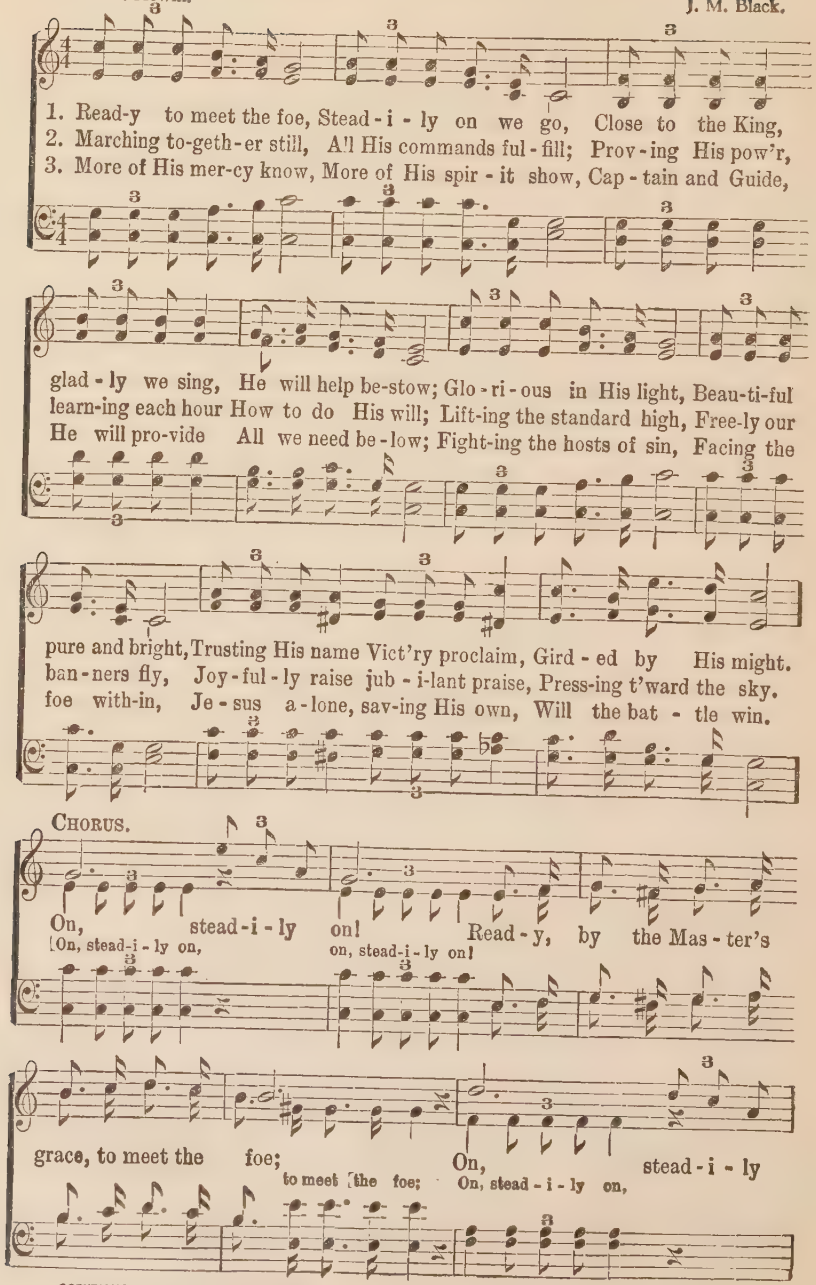
Ready to Meet the Foe.

E. E. Hewitt. J. M. Black.


1. Read-y to meet the foe, Stead-i-ly on we go, Close to the King,
2. Marching to-geth-er still, All His commands ful-fill; Prov-ing His pow'r,
3. More of His mer-cy know, More of His spir-it show, Cap-tain and Guide,
glad-ly we sing, He will help be-stow; Glo-ri-ous in His light, Beau-ti-ful
learn-ing each hour How to do His will; Lift-ing the standard high, Free-ly our
He will pro-vide All we need be-low; Fight-ing the hosts of sin, Facing the
pure and bright, Trusting His name Vict'ry proclaim, Gird-ed by His might.
ban-ners fly, Joy-ful-ly raise jub-i-lant praise, Press-ing t'ward the sky.
foe with-in, Je-sus a-lone, sav-ing His own, Will the bat-tle win.
CHORUS.
On, stead-i-ly on! Read-y, by the Mas-ter's
[On, stead-i-ly on,
on, stead-i-ly on!
grace, to meet the foe;
to meet [the foe;
On, stead-i-ly
On, stead-i-ly on,

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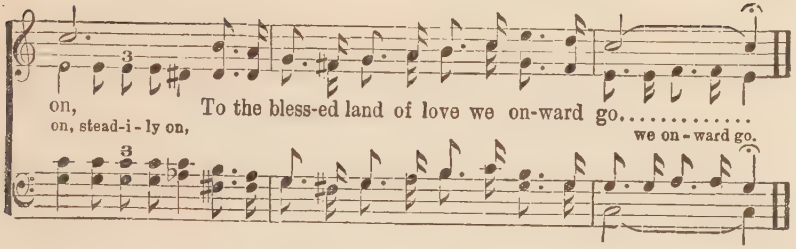
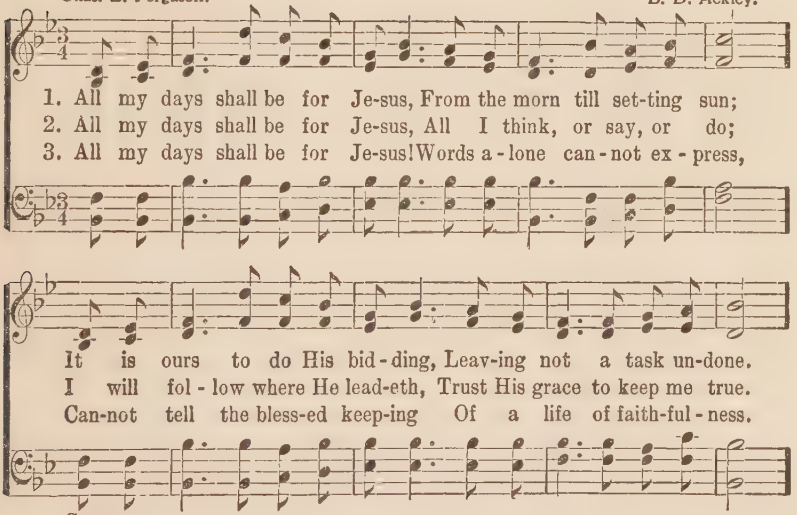
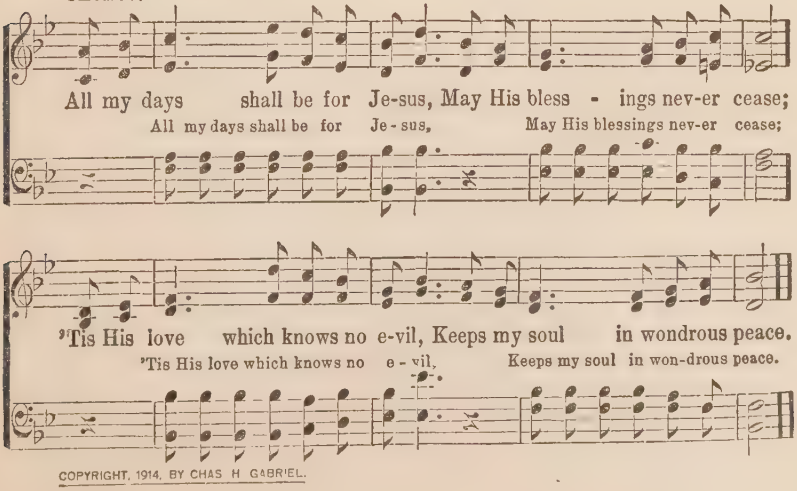


All My Days For Jesus.

Chas. E. Ferguson. B. D. Ackley.


1. All my days shall be for Je-sus, From the morn till set-ting sun;
2. All my days shall be for Je-sus, All I think, or say, or do;
3. All my days shall be for Je-sus! Words a-lone can-not ex-press,
It is ours to do His bid-ding, Leav-ing not a task un-done.
I will fol-low where He lead-eth, Trust His grace to keep me true.
Can-not tell the bless-ed keep-ing Of a life of faith-ful-ness.

CHORUS.


All my days shall be for Je-sus, May His bless-ings nev-er cease;
All my days shall be for Je-sus, May His blessings nev-er cease;
'Tis His love which knows no e-vil, Keeps my soul in wondrous peace.
'Tis His love which knows no e-vil, Keeps my soul in won-drous peace.

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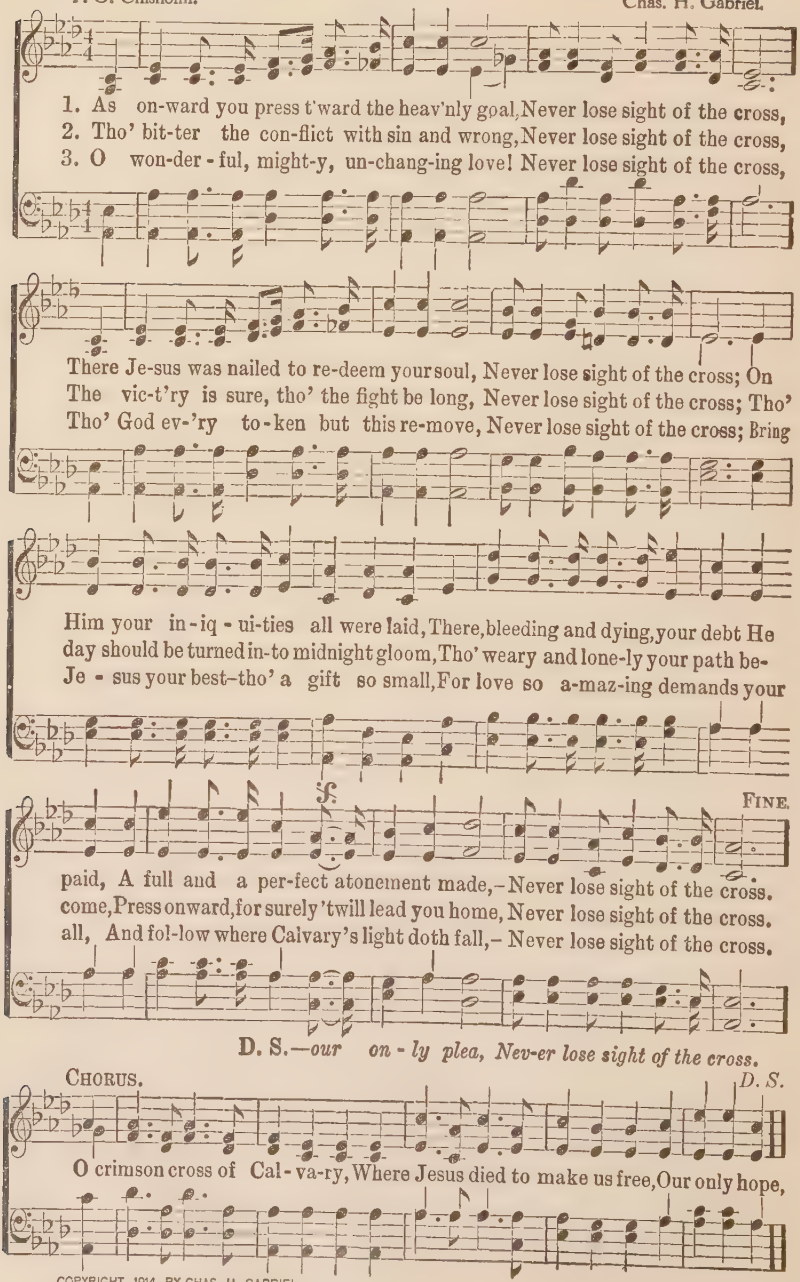
14 Never Lose Sight of the Cross.

T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. As on-ward you press t'ward the heav'nly goal, Never lose sight of the cross,
2. Tho' bit-ter the con-flict with sin and wrong, Never lose sight of the cross,
3. O won-der-ful, might-y, un-chang-ing love! Never lose sight of the cross,
There Je-sus was nailed to re-deem your soul, Never lose sight of the cross; On
The vic-t'ry is sure, tho' the fight be long, Never lose sight of the cross; Tho'
Tho' God ev-'ry to-ken but this re-move, Never lose sight of the cross; Bring
Him your in-iq-ui-ties all were laid, There, bleeding and dying, your debt He
day should be turned in-to midnight gloom, Tho' weary and lone-ly your path be-
Je-sus your best-tho' a gift so small, For love so a-maz-ing demands your
FINE.
paid, A full and a per-fect atonement made,—Never lose sight of the cross.
come, Press onward, for surely 'twill lead you home, Never lose sight of the cross.
all, And fol-low where Calvary's light doth fall,—Never lose sight of the cross.
D. S.—our on-ly plea, Nev-er lose sight of the cross.
CHORUS.
D. S.
O crimson cross of Cal-va-ry, Where Jesus died to make us free, Our only hope,

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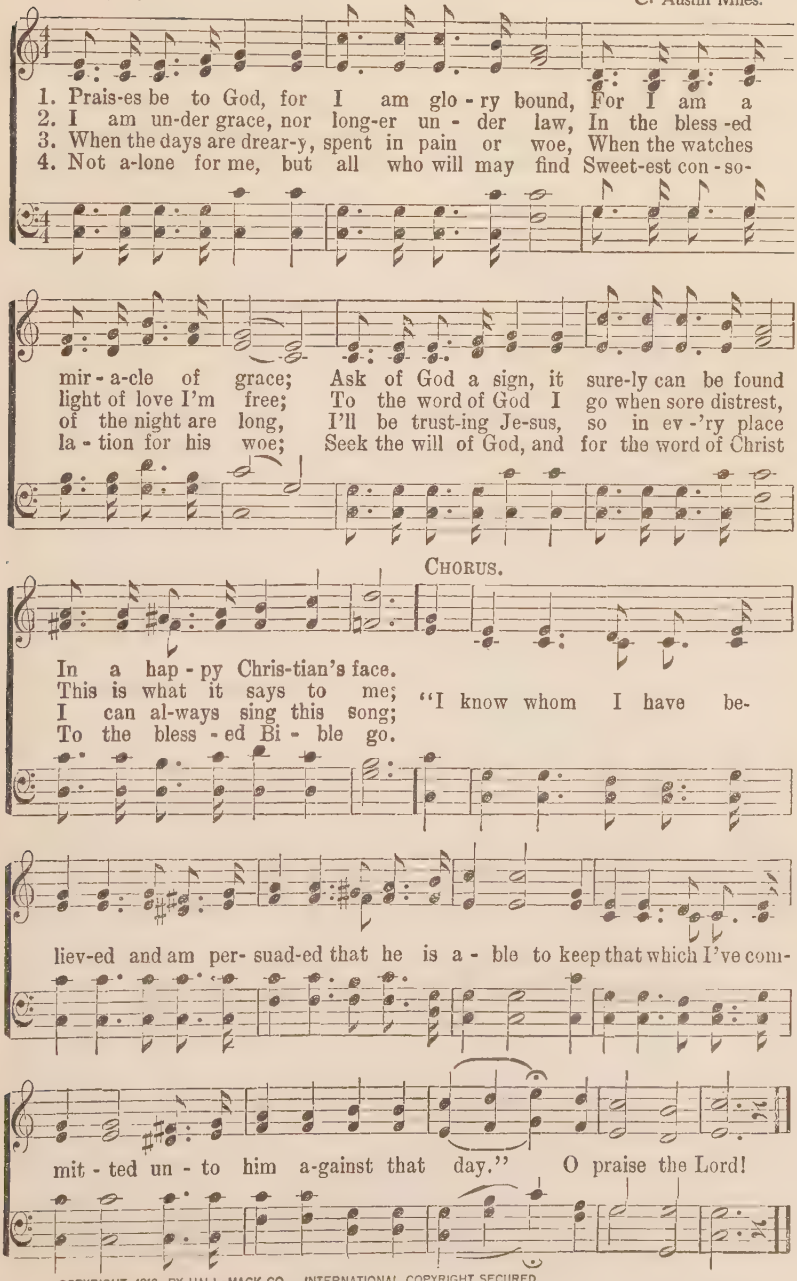
C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. Prais-es be to God, for I am glo - ry bound, For I am a
2. I am un-der grace, nor long-er un - der law, In the bless -ed
3. When the days are drear-y, spent in pain or woe, When the watches
4. Not a-lone for me, but all who will may find Sweet-est con - so-
mir - a-cle of grace; Ask of God a sign, it sure-ly can be found
light of love I'm free; To the word of God I go when sore distrest,
of the night are long, I'll be trust-ing Je-sus, so in ev -'ry place
la - tion for his woe; Seek the will of God, and for the word of Christ
CHORUS.
In a hap - py Chris-tian's face.
This is what it says to me;
I can al-ways sing this song;
To the bless - ed Bi - ble go.
"I know whom I have be-
liev-ed and am per- suad-ed that he is a - ble to keep that which I've com-
mit - ted un - to him a-gainst that day." O praise the Lord!

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16 No One Can Help Like Jesus.

F. A. F. Fred A. Fillmore.

1. Are you with burdens and sorrows oppressed? No one can help like Je - sus!
2. What tho' discouragement lies in your way, No one can help like Je - sus!
3, In the hard bat-tle with Sa - tan and sin, No one can help like Je - sus!
4. Un - to the faith-ful the prom-ise is sure, No one can help like Je - sus!
He is a - bun-dant-ly a-ble to bless, There's no one can help like Je-sus.
He will give strength for the struggle each day, There's no one can help like Je-sus.
In the great con-flict, if we are to win, There's no one can help like Je-sus.
"They shall be mine" who with patience en-dure, There's no one can help like Je-sus.
Chorus.
He is a friend, won - der - ful friend! His love fail - eth nev - er!
From foes without, from foes within, Might-y is He to de-liv - er;
de - liv - er is He;
Trust in His might in the thick of the fight, There's no one can help like Je-sus.

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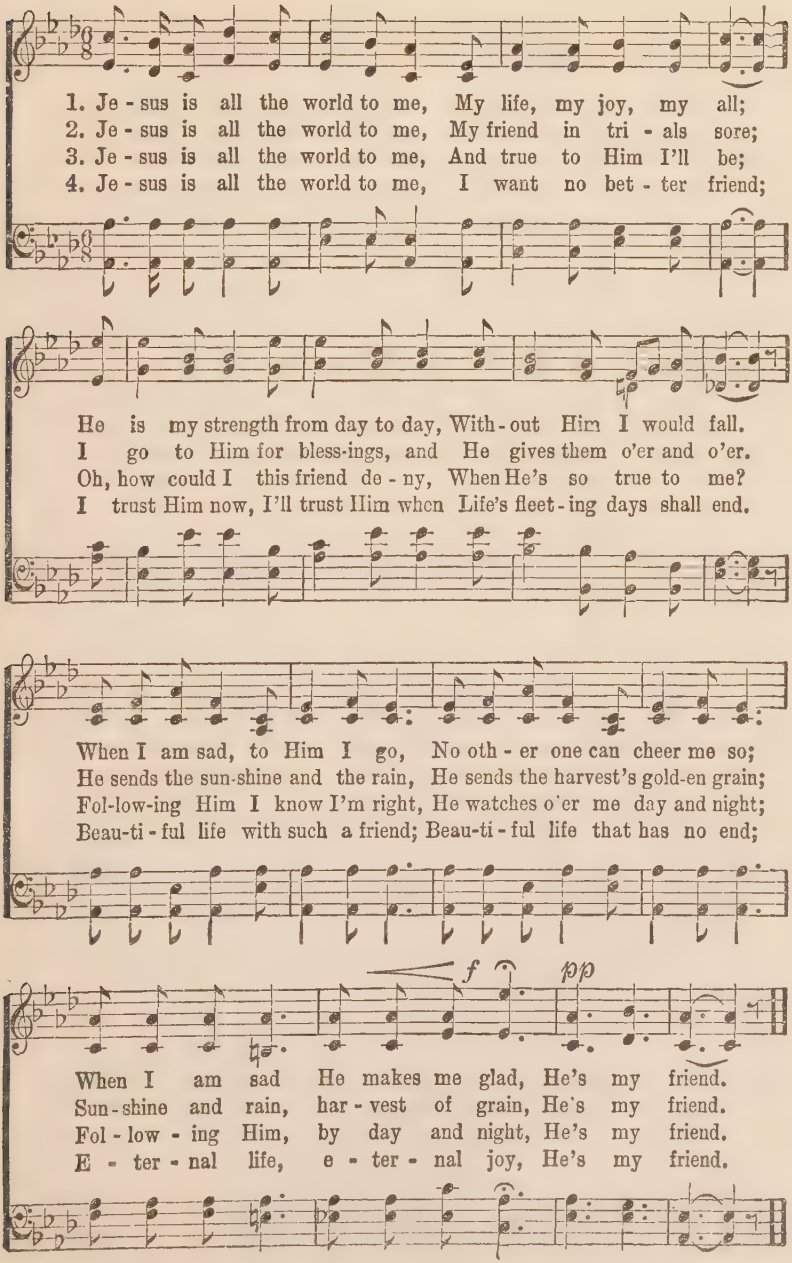
Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.


1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
f
pp
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

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The Golden Dawn.

Georgie Tillman Snead. Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. Oh, the gold - en dawn has bro-ken O'er the hills! See the
2. Let the cru - el sword be bur-ied With its woe; Soon no
3. Oh, the gold - en dawn has bro-ken O'er the hills! See the
sun-shine now a-gleaming On the rills. On the riv - er, on the
wars the wea - ry na-tions E'er shall know. There shall be no foe re-
glad-ness now a-rip-pling On the rills. O'er the homeland, o'er the
fount-ain, In the val - ley, on the mountain; Gold-en days are draw-ing near,
maining, Christ, our King, for-ev - er reigning; Reign-ing then in righteousness,
o - cean, See the na-tions in commotion; Gold-en rays are shin-ing clear,
And the bu - gle note we hear, Christ is King! Christ is King!
He the na - tions all will bless, Christ is King! Christ is King!
And the bu - gle note we hear, Christ is King! Christ is King!
ff
Let all earth and heaven ring! Christ is King! Christ is King! Christ is King!

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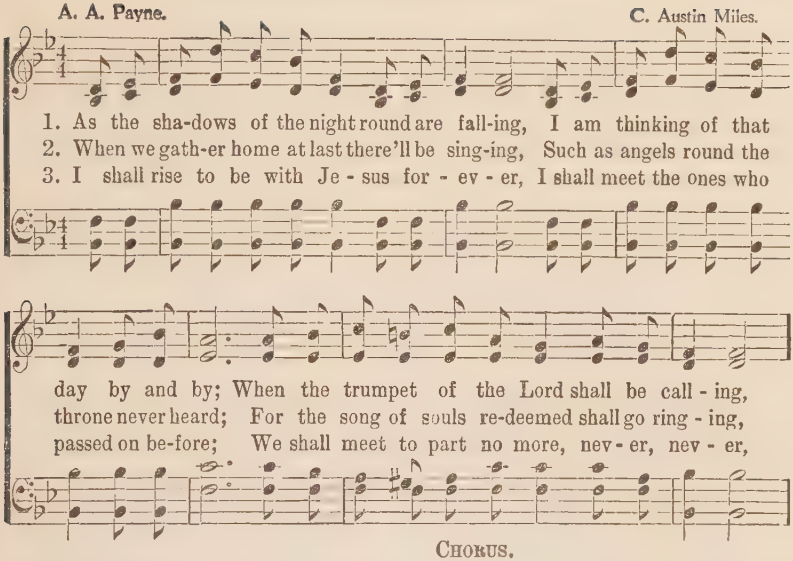
As the Day Breaks.

A. A. Payne. C. Austin Miles.


1. As the sha-dows of the night round are fall-ing, I am thinking of that
2. When we gath-er home at last there'll be sing-ing, Such as angels round the
3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who
day by and by; When the trumpet of the Lord shall be call - ing,
throne never heard; For the song of souls re-deemed shall go ring - ing,
passed on be-fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev - er, nev - er,
Chorus.
As the day breaks o'er the hills.
As the day breaks o'er the hills. I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my
When the day breaks o'er the hills.
journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, There'll be singing, there'll be
shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills.
the heav'n-ly hills.

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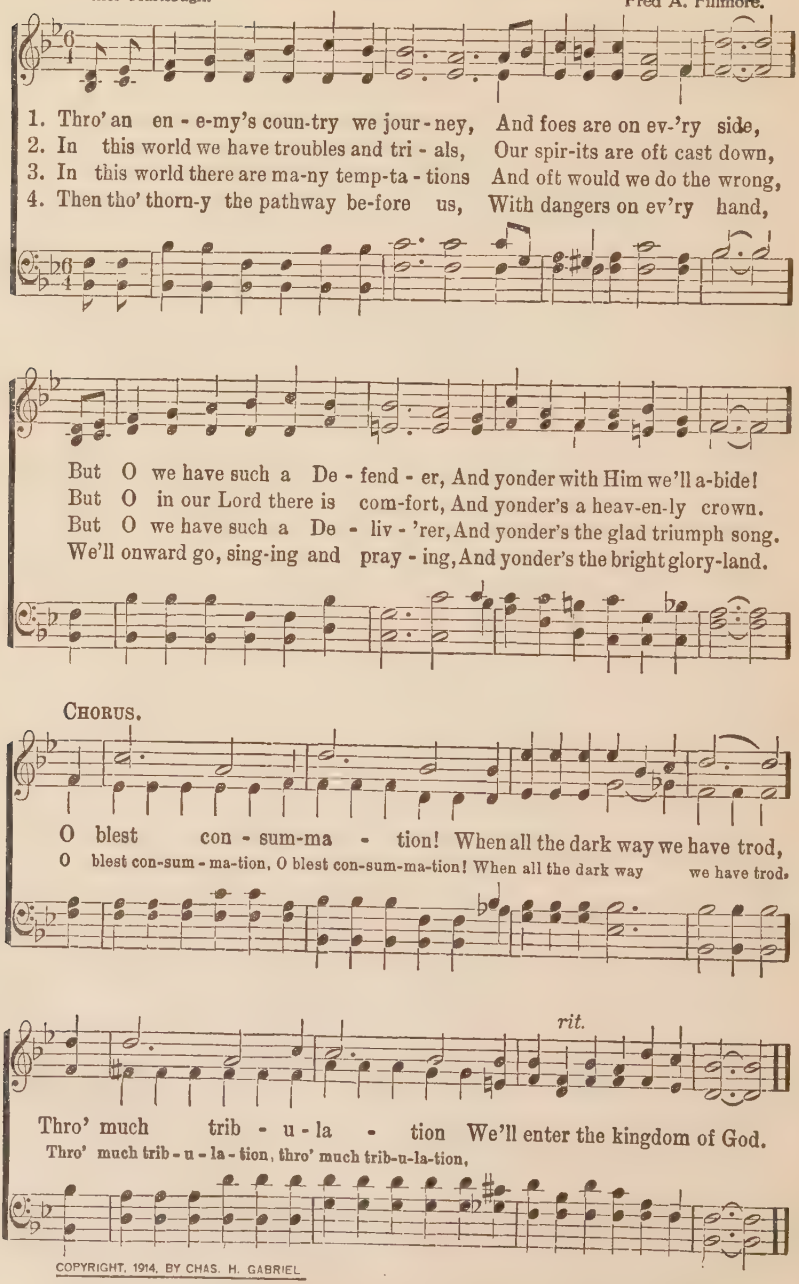
Through Much Tribulation.

Palmer Hartsough. Fred A. Fillmore.


1. Thro' an en - e-my's coun-try we jour - ney, And foes are on ev-'ry side,
2. In this world we have troubles and tri - als, Our spir-its are oft cast down,
3. In this world there are ma-ny temp-ta - tions And oft would we do the wrong,
4. Then tho' thorn-y the pathway be-fore us, With dangers on ev'ry hand,
But O we have such a De - fend - er, And yonder with Him we'll a-bide!
But O in our Lord there is com-fort, And yonder's a heav-en-ly crown.
But O we have such a De - liv - 'rer, And yonder's the glad triumph song.
We'll onward go, sing-ing and pray - ing, And yonder's the bright glory-land.
CHORUS.
O blest con - sum-ma - tion! When all the dark way we have trod,
O blest con-sum - ma-tion, O blest con-sum-ma-tion! When all the dark way we have trod.
rit.
Thro' much trib - u - la - tion We'll enter the kingdom of God.
Thro' much trib - u - la - tion, thro' much trib-u-la-tion,

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He Will Hold Me Fast.

Ada R. Habershon. Robert Harkness.

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
3. I am pre - cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;
rit.
When the temp - ter would pre - vail, He can hold me fast.....
For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast.....
Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast.....
Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast.....
REFRAIN. a tempo.
He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast;
hold me fast, hold me fast;
rit.
For my Sav - ior loves me so, He will hold me fast.

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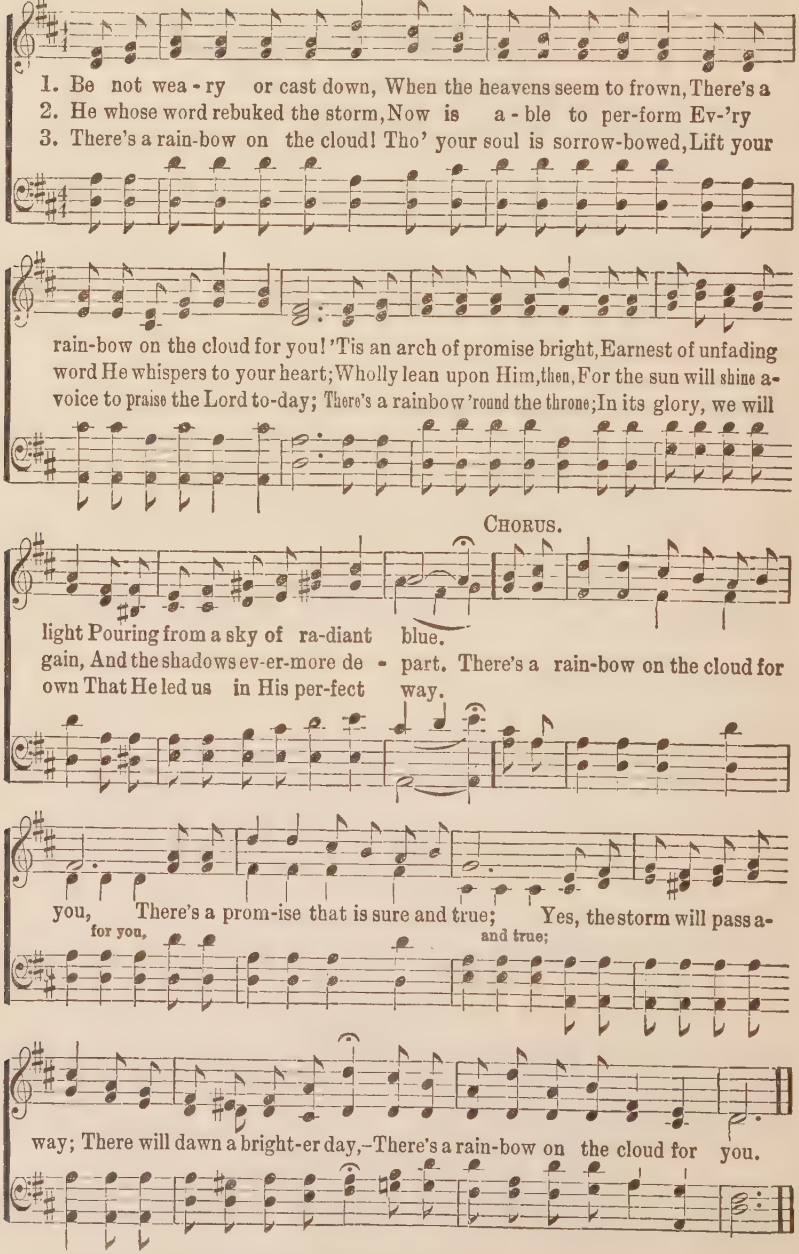
A Rainbow On the Cloud.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Be not wea - ry or cast down, When the heavens seem to frown, There's a
2. He whose word rebuked the storm, Now is a - ble to per-form Ev-'ry
3. There's a rain-bow on the cloud! Tho' your soul is sorrow-bowed, Lift your
rain-bow on the cloud for you! 'Tis an arch of promise bright, Earnest of unfading
word He whispers to your heart; Wholly lean upon Him, then, For the sun will shine a-
voice to praise the Lord to-day; There's a rainbow 'round the throne; In its glory, we will
CHORUS.
light Pouring from a sky of ra-diant blue.
gain, And the shadows ev-er-more de - part. There's a rain-bow on the cloud for
own That He led us in His per-fect way.
you, There's a prom-ise that is sure and true; Yes, the storm will pass a-
for you, and true;
way; There will dawn a bright-er day,—There's a rain-bow on the cloud for you.

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Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in an - y earth - ly skies, For Je - sus is my light,
And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.
REFRAIN.
O there's sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;
When Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

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I Will Praise Him.

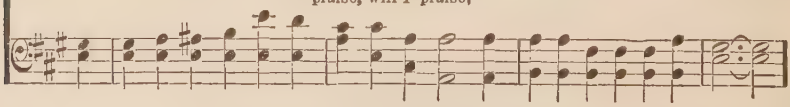
Fanny J. Crosby. B. D. Ackley.

1. At morn and at noon I will praise Him, My Savior, Protecter and Friend;
2. At morn and at noon I will praise Him, And cling to His promise so dear,
3. At morn and at noon I will praise Him, To Him will I lift up mine eyes;
4. And O when my jour-ney is o-ver, That oft may seem dreary and long,

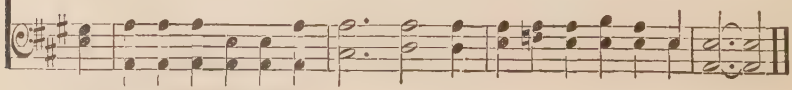
Be-liev-ing His grace is suf-fi-cient From danger my steps to de-fend.
That they who a-bide in His coun-sel, The light of His presence will cheer.
I'll sing in the midst of the tem-pest, Tho' bil-lows around me may rise.
I'll sing on the banks of the riv-er, And ech-o e-ter-ni-ty's song.

CHORUS.

At noon and at morn will I praise Him, And still in the silence of eve,
praise, will I praise,



My soul, for His numberless mer-cies, A pray'r of thanksgiving shall breathe.



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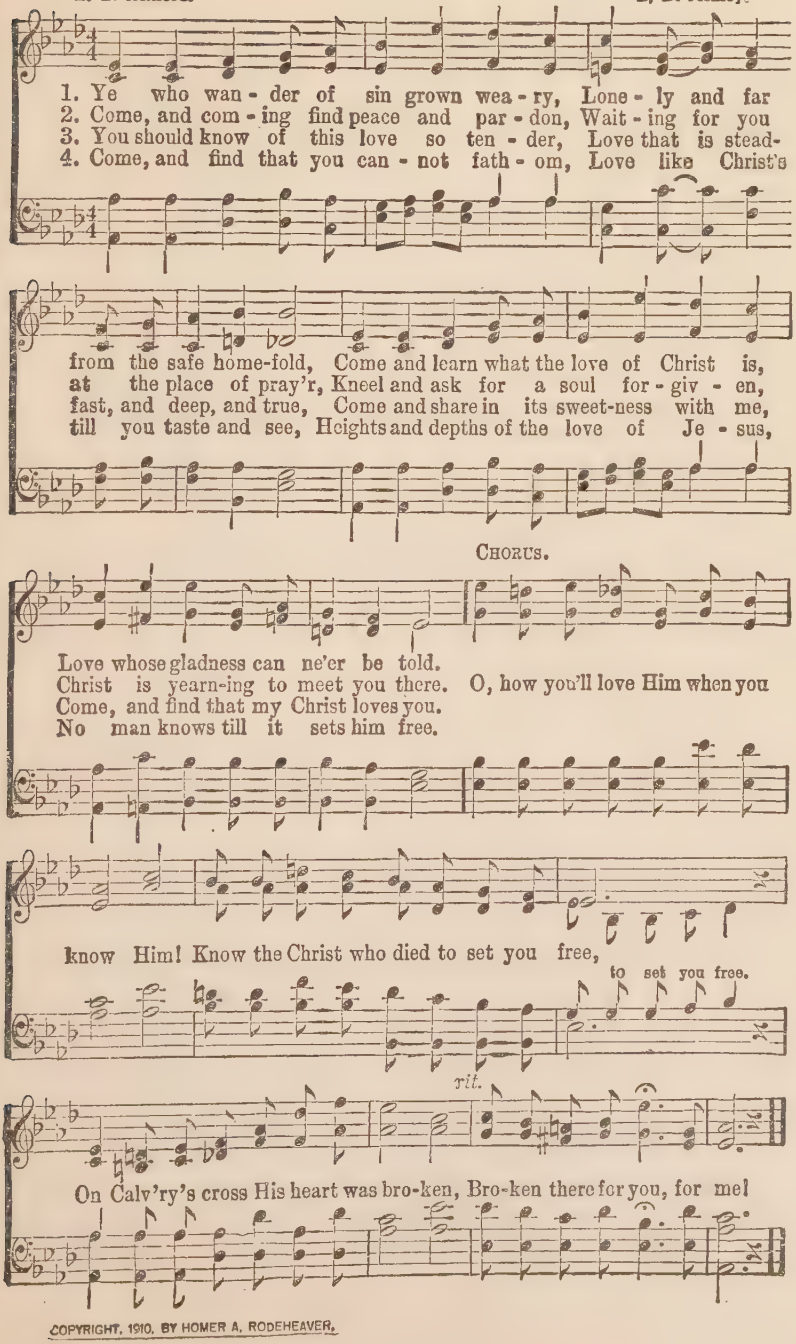
E. E. Rexford. B. D. Ackley.


1. Ye who wan - der of sin grown wea - ry, Lone - ly and far
2. Come, and com - ing find peace and par - don, Wait - ing for you
3. You should know of this love so ten - der, Love that is stead-
4. Come, and find that you can - not fath - om, Love like Christ's
from the safe home-fold, Come and learn what the love of Christ is,
at the place of pray'r, Kneel and ask for a soul for - giv - en,
fast, and deep, and true, Come and share in its sweet-ness with me,
till you taste and see, Heights and depths of the love of Je - sus,
Chorus.
Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there.
Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
No man knows till it sets him free.
O, how you'll love Him when you
know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free,
to set you free.
rit.
On Calv'ry's cross His heart was bro-ken, Bro-ken there for you, for me!

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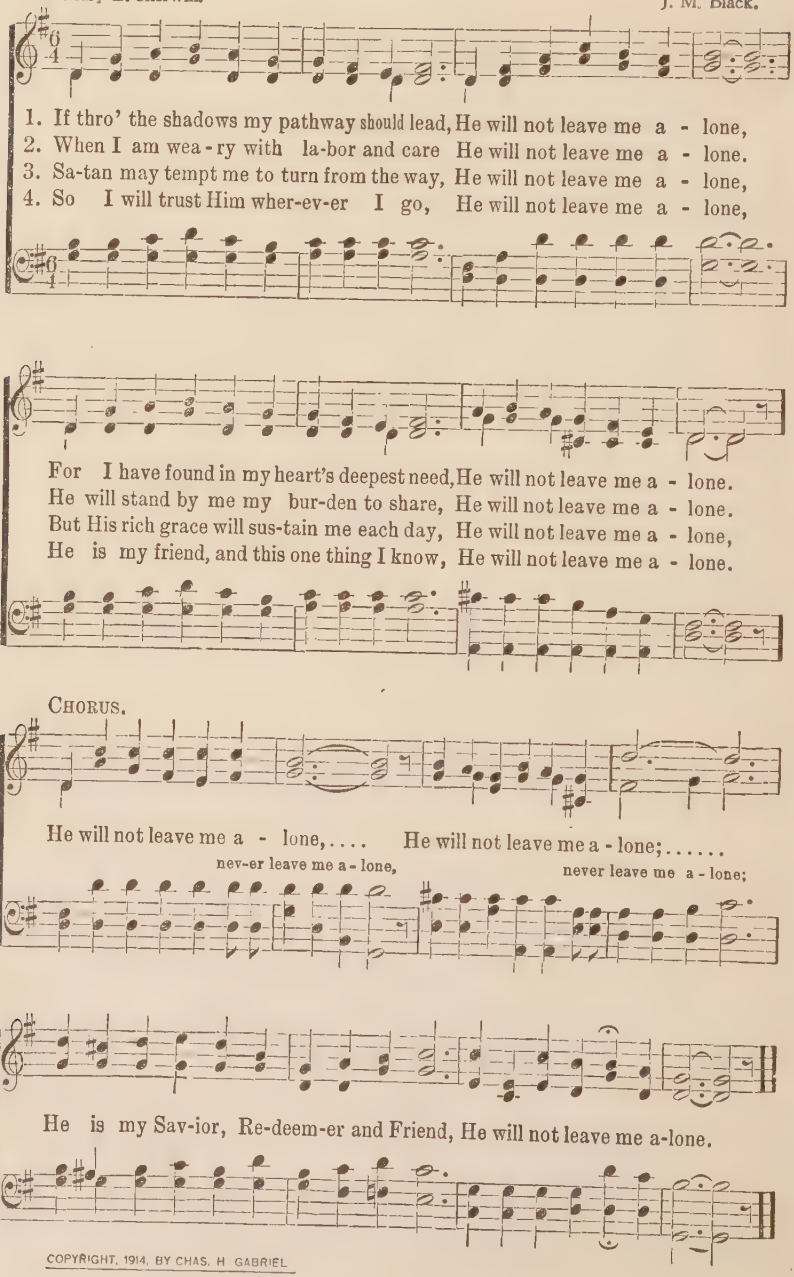
He Will Not Leave Me Alone.

Mary L. Sherwin. J. M. Black.


1. If thro' the shadows my pathway should lead, He will not leave me a - lone,
2. When I am wea - ry with la-bor and care He will not leave me a - lone.
3. Sa-tan may tempt me to turn from the way, He will not leave me a - lone,
4. So I will trust Him wher-ev-er I go, He will not leave me a - lone,
For I have found in my heart's deepest need, He will not leave me a - lone.
He will stand by me my bur-den to share, He will not leave me a - lone.
But His rich grace will sus-tain me each day, He will not leave me a - lone,
He is my friend, and this one thing I know, He will not leave me a - lone.
CHORUS.
He will not leave me a - lone,.... He will not leave me a - lone;.....
nev-er leave me a - lone, never leave me a - lone;
He is my Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and Friend, He will not leave me a-lone.

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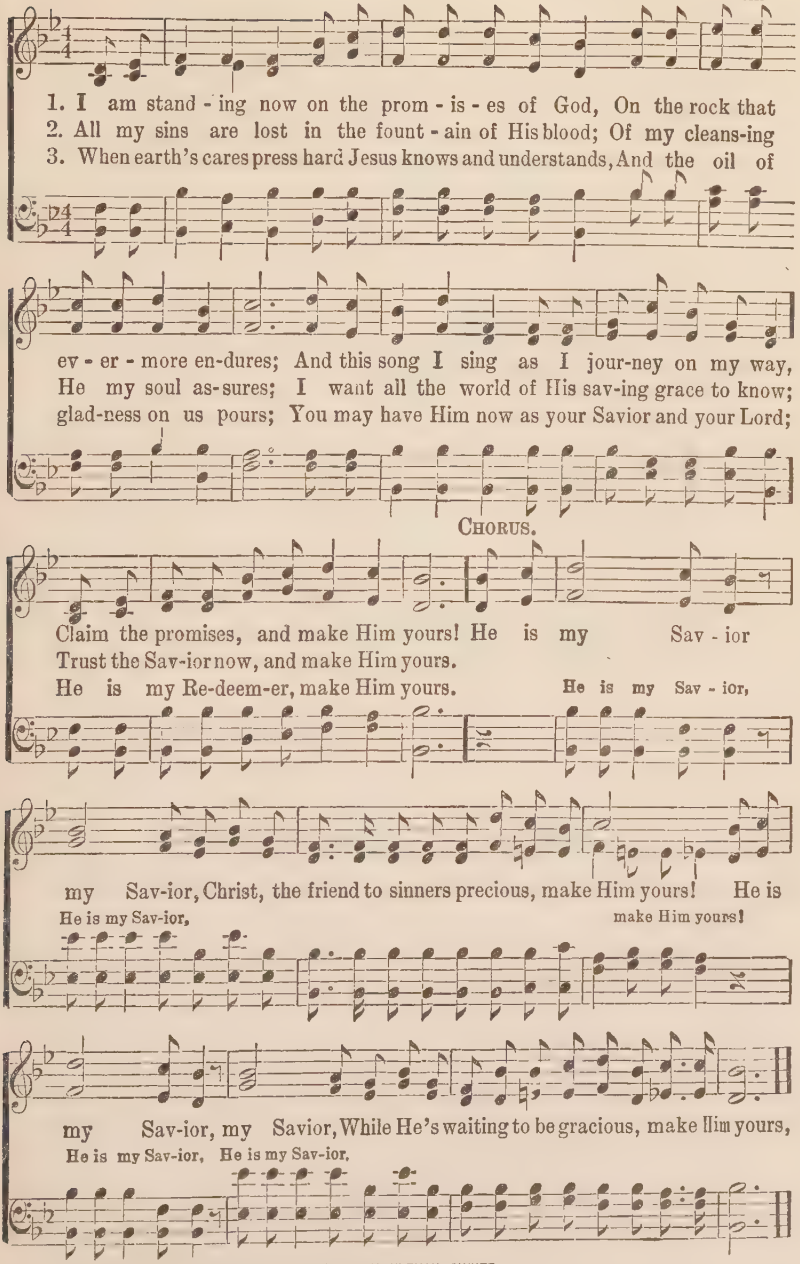
Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I am stand - ing now on the prom - is - es of God, On the rock that
2. All my sins are lost in the fount - ain of His blood; Of my cleans-ing
3. When earth's cares press hard Jesus knows and understands, And the oil of
ev - er - more en-dures; And this song I sing as I jour-ney on my way,
He my soul as-sures; I want all the world of His sav-ing grace to know;
glad-ness on us pours; You may have Him now as your Savior and your Lord;
CHORUS.
Claim the promises, and make Him yours! He is my Sav - ior
Trust the Sav-ior now, and make Him yours.
He is my Re-deem-er, make Him yours.
He is my Sav - ior,
my Sav-ior, Christ, the friend to sinners precious, make Him yours! He is
He is my Sav-ior, make Him yours!
my Sav-ior, my Savior, While He's waiting to be gracious, make Him yours,
He is my Sav-ior, He is my Sav-ior,

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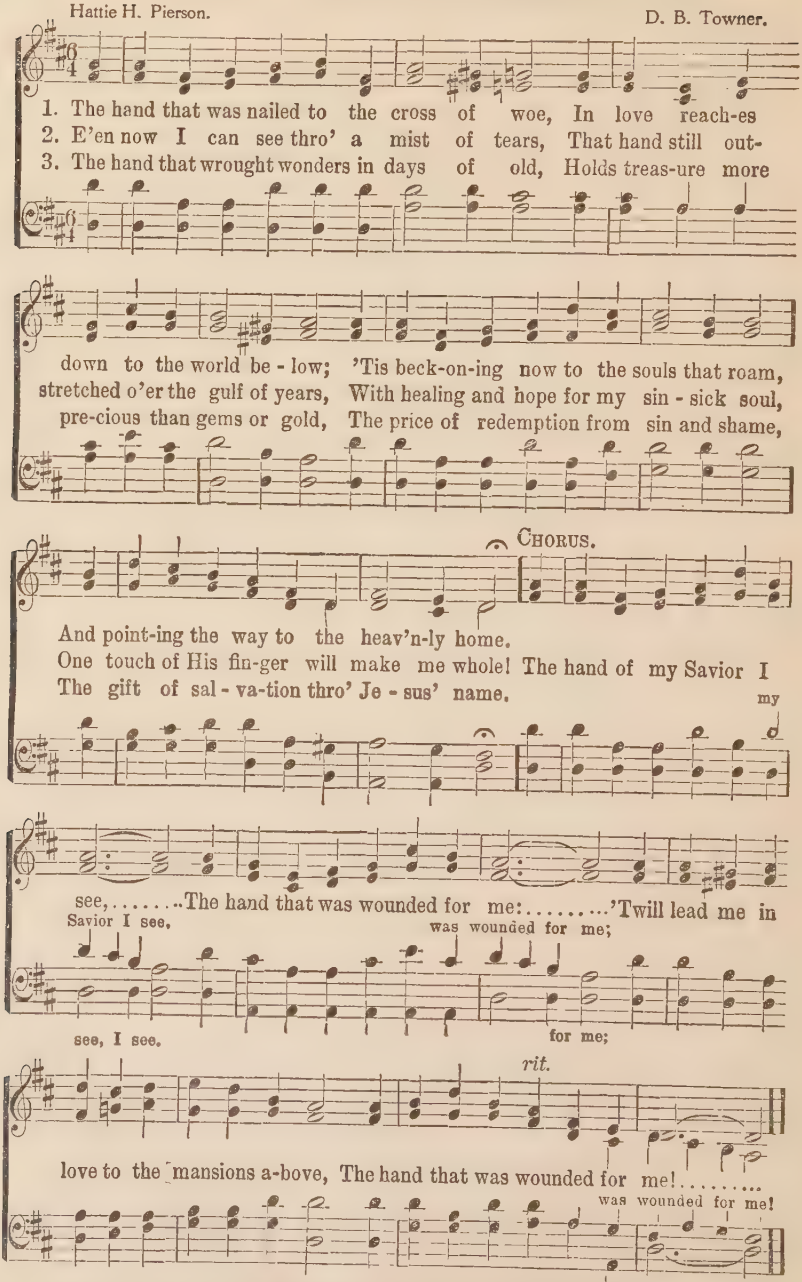
28 The Hand That was Wounded for Me.

Hattie H. Pierson. D. B. Towner.


1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es
2. E'en now I can see thro' a mist of tears, That hand still out-
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old, Holds treas-ure more
down to the world be - low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam,
stretched o'er the gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin - sick soul,
pre-cious than gems or gold, The price of redemption from sin and shame,
CHORUS.
And point-ing the way to the heav'n-ly home.
One touch of His fin-ger will make me whole! The hand of my Savior I
The gift of sal - va-tion thro' Je - sus' name.
my
see,.....The hand that was wounded for me:.....'Twill lead me in
Savior I see.
was wounded for me;
see, I see.
for me;
rit.
love to the mansions a-bove, The hand that was wounded for me!.....
was wounded for me!

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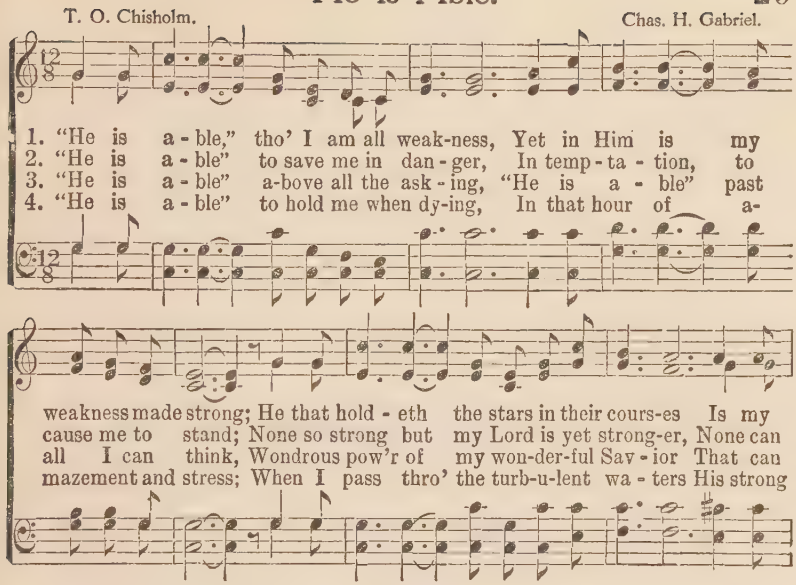
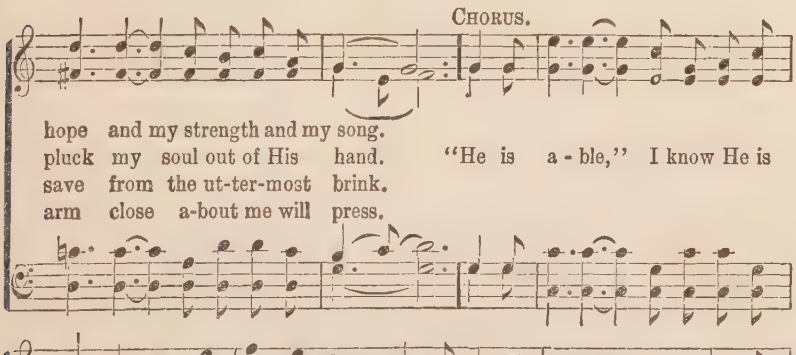
He is Able.

T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. "He is a - ble," tho' I am all weak-ness, Yet in Him is my
2. "He is a - ble" to save me in dan - ger, In temp - ta - tion, to
3. "He is a - ble" a-bove all the ask - ing, "He is a - ble" past
4. "He is a - ble" to hold me when dy-ing, In that hour of a-
weakness made strong; He that hold - eth the stars in their cours-es Is my
cause me to stand; None so strong but my Lord is yet strong-er, None can
all I can think, Wondrous pow'r of my won-der-ful Sav - ior That can
mazement and stress; When I pass thro' the turb-u-lent wa - ters His strong


CHORUS.
hope and my strength and my song.
pluck my soul out of His hand. "He is a - ble," I know He is
save from the ut-ter-most brink.
arm close a-bout me will press.
a - ble, He will keep me, I am trust-ing in His word;.... Life, nor
trust - ing in His word:
death.... shall be a - ble to sev-er From God's love in Christ Jesus my Lord.
Life, nor death

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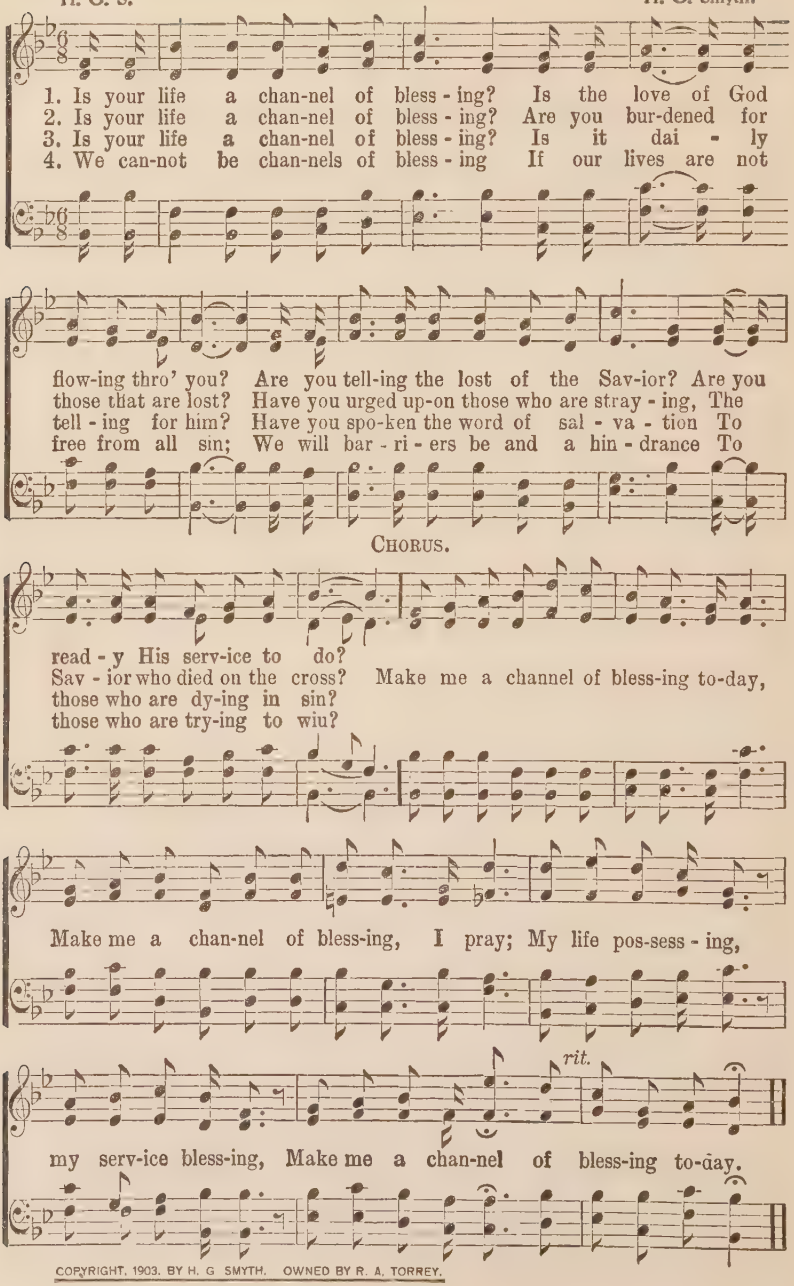
30 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. H. G. Smyth.


1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-ior? Are you read - y His serv-ice to do?
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur-dened for those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray - ing, The Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a channel of bless-ing to-day,
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly tell - ing for him? Have you spo-ken the word of sal - va - tion To those who are dy-ing in sin?
4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To those who are try-ing to win?
CHORUS.
Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess - ing,
rit.
my serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day.

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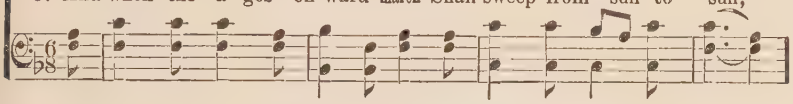
From Calvary's Fountain.

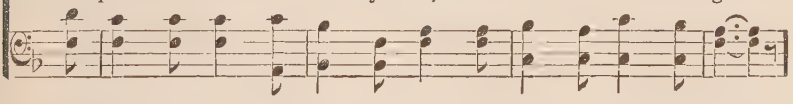
R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.

1. From Calv-ry's Fountain, Lord, I know The liv - ing cur-rents roll,
2. Like him who faint and help-less lay Be-side Beth - es - da's shore,
3. I've plunged in Dav-id's opened Fount, Where free sal - va - tion flows;
4. There ev - er - last - ing wat-ers spring For those whom grace has sought;
5. The ransomed, white-robed throng can ne'er Forget that crim - son tide;
6. And when the a - ges on-ward march Shall sweep from sun to sun,

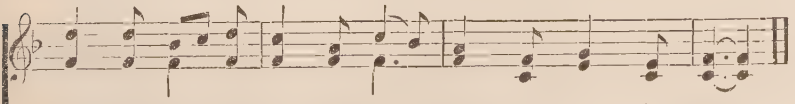


To wash me whit - er than the snow To save my sin - ful soul.
I heard the voice of Je - sus say "A - rise, and sin no more."
And sins that I could nev - er count No judg-ment rec - ord shows.
And there the hal - le - lu - jahs ring From all the blood has bought.
And seraphs love to lin - ger where The Lord of glo - ry died.
His praise shall fill the star - ry arch, As when it first be - gun



CHORUS.

Grace there is my debt to pay, Blood to wash my sins a - way,



Pow'r to keep me day by day, Glor - y to His name.

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32 The Touch of the Unseen Hand.

"And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him.—Matt. 8: 3.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a hand reaching down when the night-shades enfold, And my soul is a-
2. There's a hand reach-es down when I strug-gle a-lone, And my soul is most
3. There's a hand reach-es down when temptations assault, And their ter-rors my
4. There's a hand reach-es down, and where'er I may be, Tho' my tri-als and
lone with its grief; Then a voice sweet and low Soothes my pain and my woe, And the
sore-ly op-prest; Then a voice firm and clear Tells me Je-sus is near, And the
soul would af-fright; Then a voice true and clear Calls "Fear not, I am here," And the
cares do not cease; Still a voice strong and clear Fills my heart with its cheer, And the
CHORUS.
touch of that hand brings re-lief.
touch of His hand gives me rest.
touch of His hand guides me right.
touch of His hand gives me peace.
The touch of the hand that is gen-tle and
strong, The touch of the hand that is ten-der and true; That hand reaches down
thro' the night dark and long, And the touch of that hand fills my soul with a song.

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J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.

1. We may tar - ry a while here as stran - gers, Un - no - ticed by
those who pass by; But the Sav-ior will crown us in glo - ry, To
2. We may nev - er be rich in earth's treas - ures, Nor rise in the
lad - der of fame; But the saints will at last be re - ward - ed, Made
3. We may live in a tent or a cot - tage, And die in se-
clu - sion un - known; But the Fa-ther who see - eth in se - cret, Re-
CHORUS.
shine as the stars of the sky,
rich in Im - man - u - el's name. We shall shine as the stars of the
mem-bers cach one of His own.
morn - ing, With Je - sus the cru - ci - fied one; We shall rise to be
like Him for - ev - er, E - ter - nal - ly shine as the sun.

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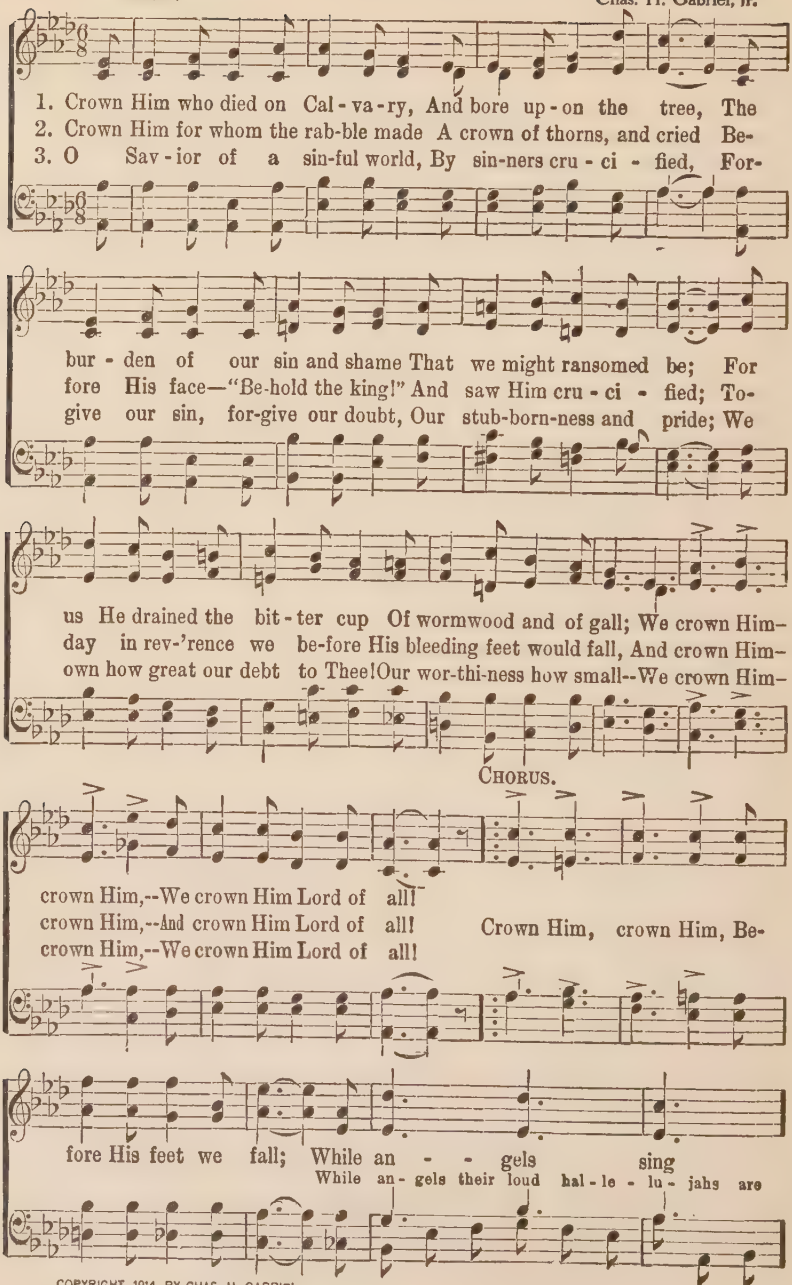
Crown Him!

E. E. Rexford. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.


1. Crown Him who died on Cal - va - ry, And bore up - on the tree, The
2. Crown Him for whom the rab-ble made A crown of thorns, and cried Be-
3. O Sav - ior of a sin-ful world, By sin-ners cru - ci - fied, For-
bur - den of our sin and shame That we might ransomed be; For
fore His face—"Be-hold the king!" And saw Him cru - ci - fied; To-
give our sin, for-give our doubt, Our stub-born-ness and pride; We
us He drained the bit - ter cup Of wormwood and of gall; We crown Him-
day in rev-'rence we be-fore His bleeding feet would fall, And crown Him-
own how great our debt to Thee! Our wor-thi-ness how small--We crown Him-
CHORUS.
crown Him,--We crown Him Lord of all!
crown Him,--And crown Him Lord of all!
crown Him,--We crown Him Lord of all!
Crown Him, crown Him, Be-
fore His feet we fall; While an - - gels sing
While an - gels their loud hal - le - lu - jahs are

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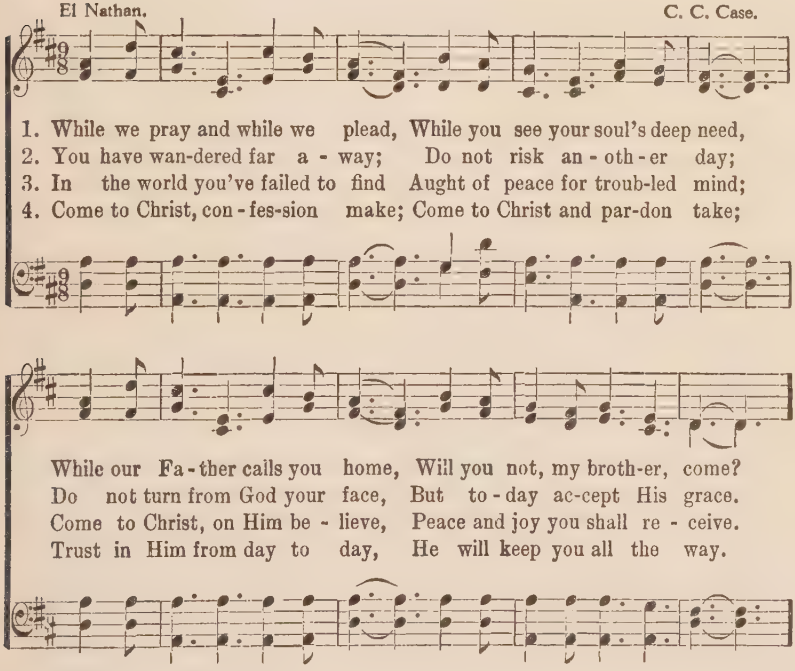
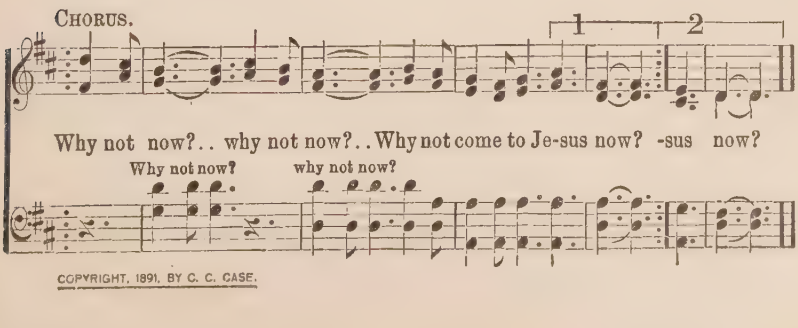
Why Not Now?

El Nathan. C. C. Case.


1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



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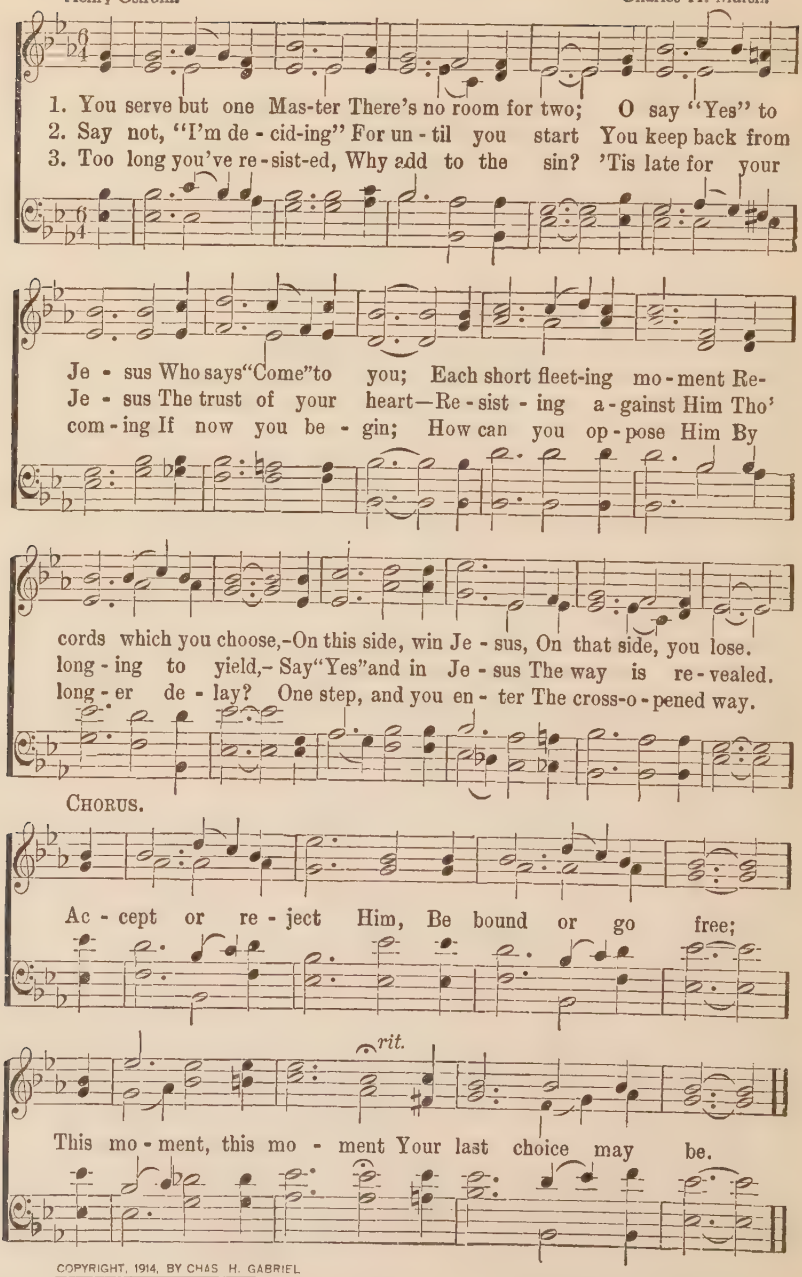
The Decision.

Henry Ostrom. Charles H. Marsh.


1. You serve but one Mas-ter There's no room for two; O say "Yes" to
2. Say not, "I'm de - cid-ing" For un - til you start You keep back from
3. Too long you've re - sist-ed, Why add to the sin? 'Tis late for your
Je - sus Who says "Come" to you; Each short fleet-ing mo - ment Re-
Je - sus The trust of your heart—Re - sist - ing a - gainst Him Tho'
com - ing If now you be - gin; How can you op - pose Him By
cords which you choose,-On this side, win Je - sus, On that side, you lose.
long - ing to yield,- Say "Yes" and in Je - sus The way is re - vealed.
long - er de - lay? One step, and you en - ter The cross-o - pened way.
CHORUS.
Ac - cept or re - ject Him, Be bound or go free;
rit.
This mo - ment, this mo - ment Your last choice may be.

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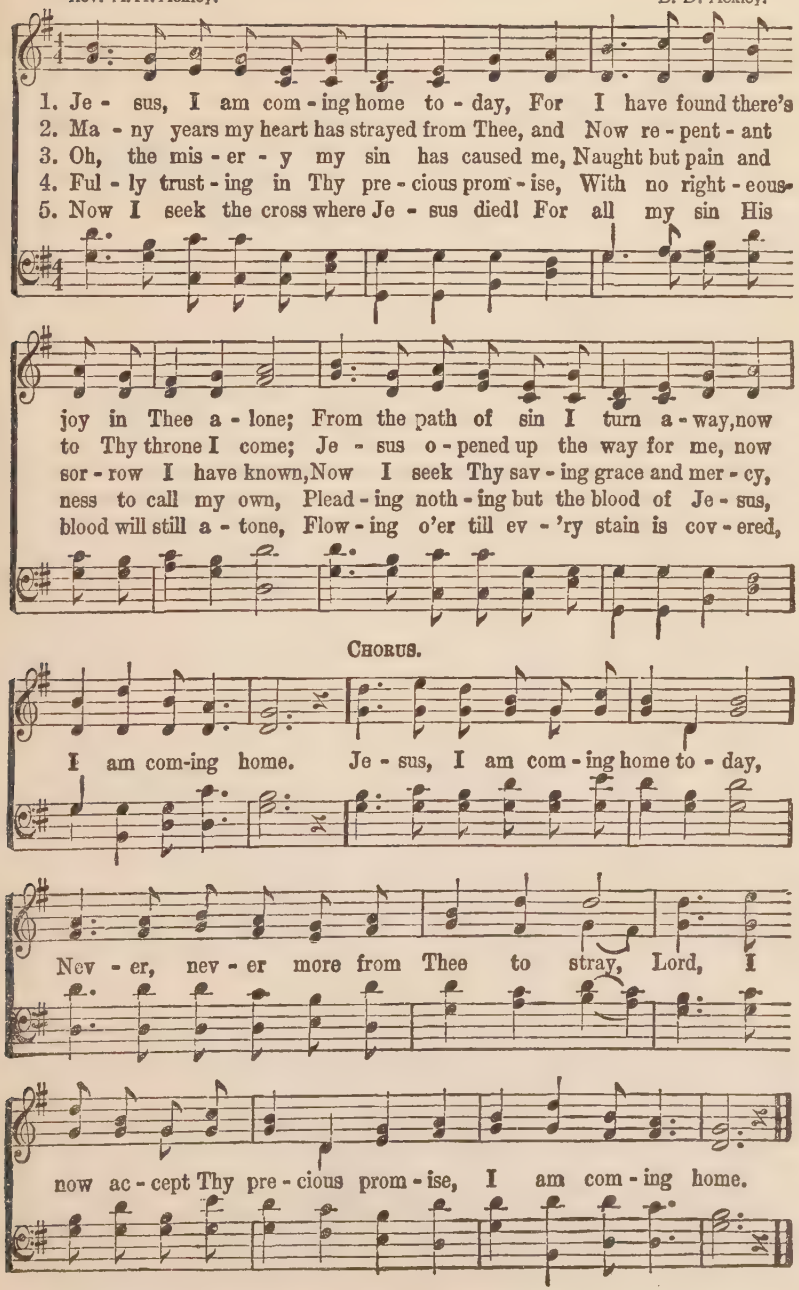
I am Coming Home.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day, For I have found there's
joy in Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now
2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, and Now re - pent - ant
to Thy throne I come; Je - sus o - pened up the way for me, now
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and
sor - row I have known, Now I seek Thy sav - ing grace and mer - cy,
4. Ful - ly trust - ing in Thy pre - cious prom - ise, With no right - eous -
ness to call my own, Plead - ing noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus,
5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sin His
blood will still a - tone, Flow - ing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov - ered,
CHORUS.
I am com-ing home. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day,
Nev - er, nev - er more from Thee to stray, Lord, I
now ac - cept Thy pre - cious prom - ise, I am com - ing home.

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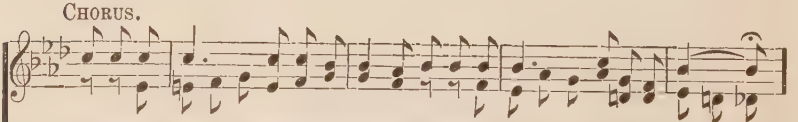
O Make Me Free.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. O make me free, my bless-ed Sav-ior, From doubts and fears that trouble me;
2. O make me free! Thou hast for-giv - en, The bit-ter past so dark and drear;
3. O make me free from ev-'ry hin-drance That binds my heart to things of clay;
4. O make me free with glorious freedom To lead some soul bowed down with shame,

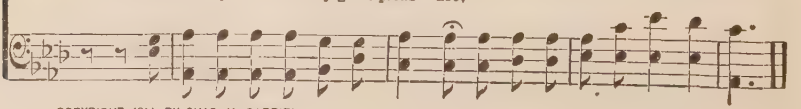
Teach me to bring my cares and bur-dens, And find that rest complete in Thee.
Now strengthen Thou my trembling spir - it, When memories of sin draw near.
Strike off the shack-les that en - slave me, And make me Thine indeed to-day.
To Him who loves the vil - est sin - ner, And pardons all that seek His name.

CHORUS.



O make me free! the fullest measure, I humbly pray my soul may know,
O make me free! I humbly pray my soul may know, may know,

That I may do but Thy good pleasure, And serve Thee best where'er I go.
That I may do but Thy good pleas - ure,



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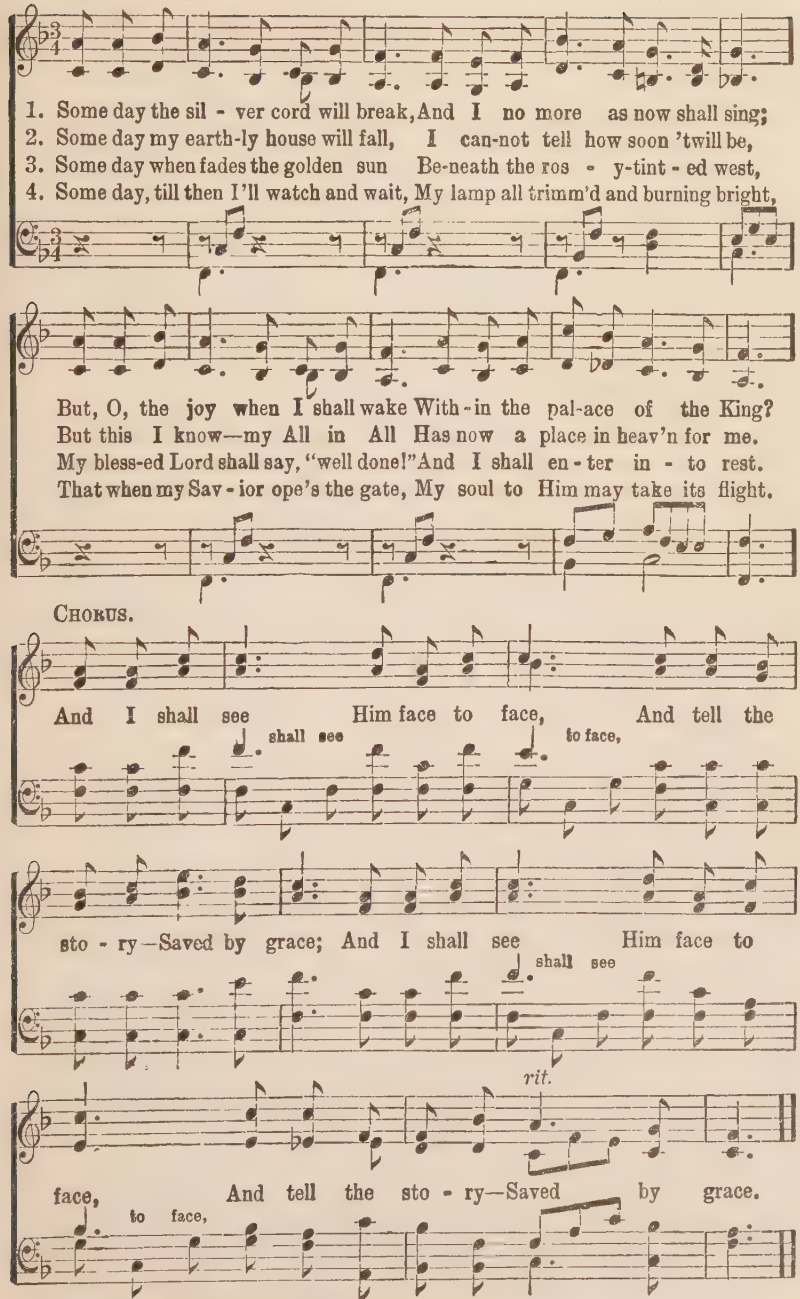
Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day when fades the golden sun Be-neath the ros - y-tint - ed west,
4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King?
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.
Chorus.
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
shall see
to face,
sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
shall see
rit.
face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace.
to face,

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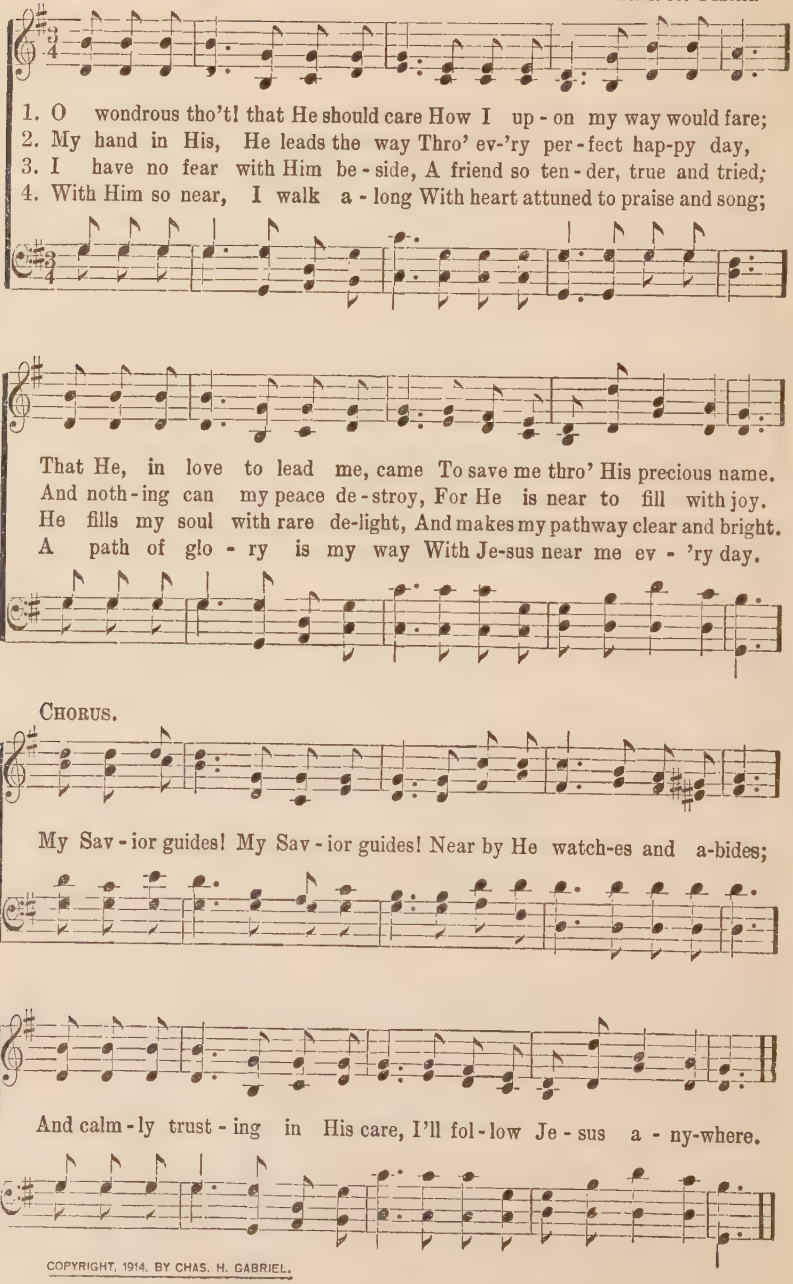
My Savior Guides.

Rev. L. J. Williams. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. O wondrous tho't! that He should care How I up - on my way would fare;
2. My hand in His, He leads the way Thro' ev-'ry per - fect hap-py day,
3. I have no fear with Him be - side, A friend so ten - der, true and tried;
4. With Him so near, I walk a - long With heart attuned to praise and song;
That He, in love to lead me, came To save me thro' His precious name.
And noth - ing can my peace de - stroy, For He is near to fill with joy.
He fills my soul with rare de-light, And makes my pathway clear and bright.
A path of glo - ry is my way With Je-sus near me ev - 'ry day.
CHORUS.
My Sav - ior guides! My Sav - ior guides! Near by He watch-es and a-bides;
And calm - ly trust - ing in His care, I'll fol - low Je - sus a - ny-where.

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Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. O the soul-thrilling rapture, when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot-less white, He will
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
lus - tre of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vale of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall
reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
CHORUS.
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,
I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him.

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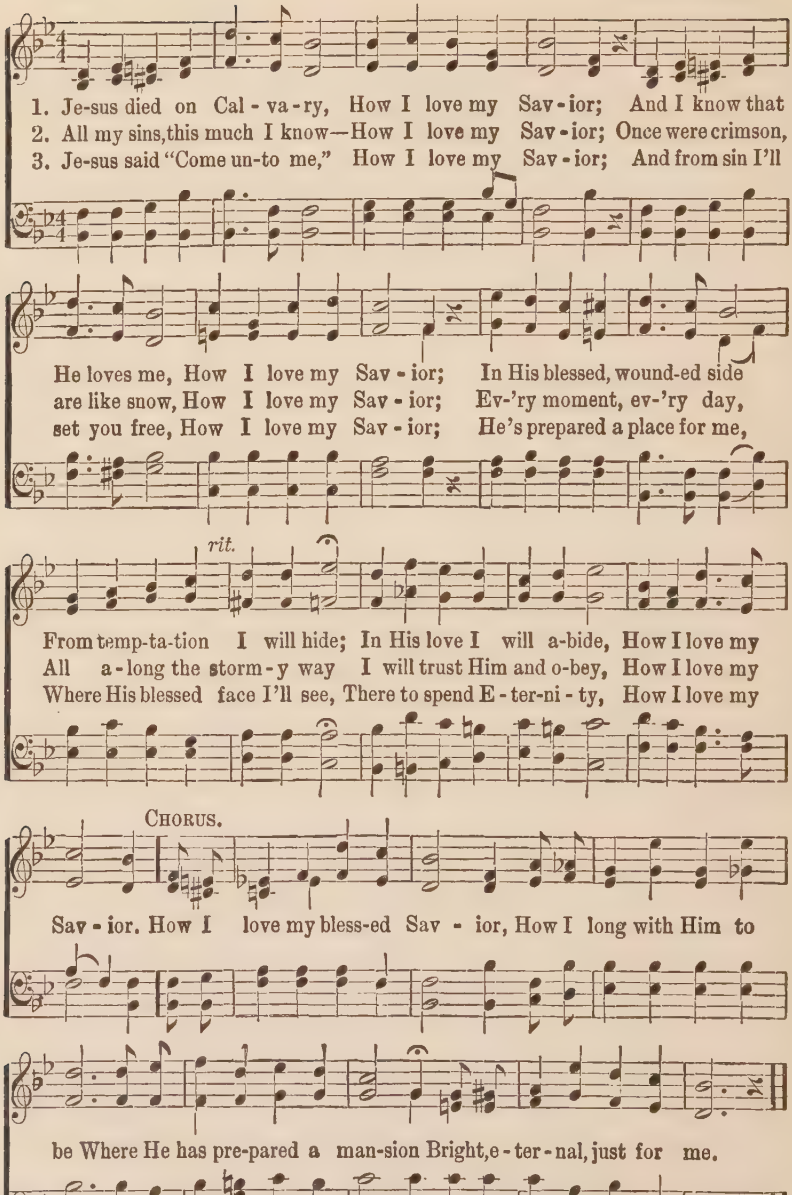
42 How I Love My Savior.

S. L. Scott Lawrence.


1. Je-sus died on Cal - va - ry, How I love my Sav - ior; And I know that
2. All my sins, this much I know—How I love my Sav - ior; Once were crimson,
3. Je-sus said "Come un-to me," How I love my Sav - ior; And from sin I'll
He loves me, How I love my Sav - ior; In His blessed, wound-ed side
are like snow, How I love my Sav - ior; Ev-'ry moment, ev-'ry day,
set you free, How I love my Sav - ior; He's prepared a place for me,
rit.
From temp-ta-tion I will hide; In His love I will a-bide, How I love my
All a - long the storm - y way I will trust Him and o-bey, How I love my
Where His blessed face I'll see, There to spend E - ter-ni - ty, How I love my
CHORUS.
Sav - ior. How I love my bless-ed Sav - ior, How I long with Him to
be Where He has pre-pared a man-sion Bright, e - ter - nal, just for me.

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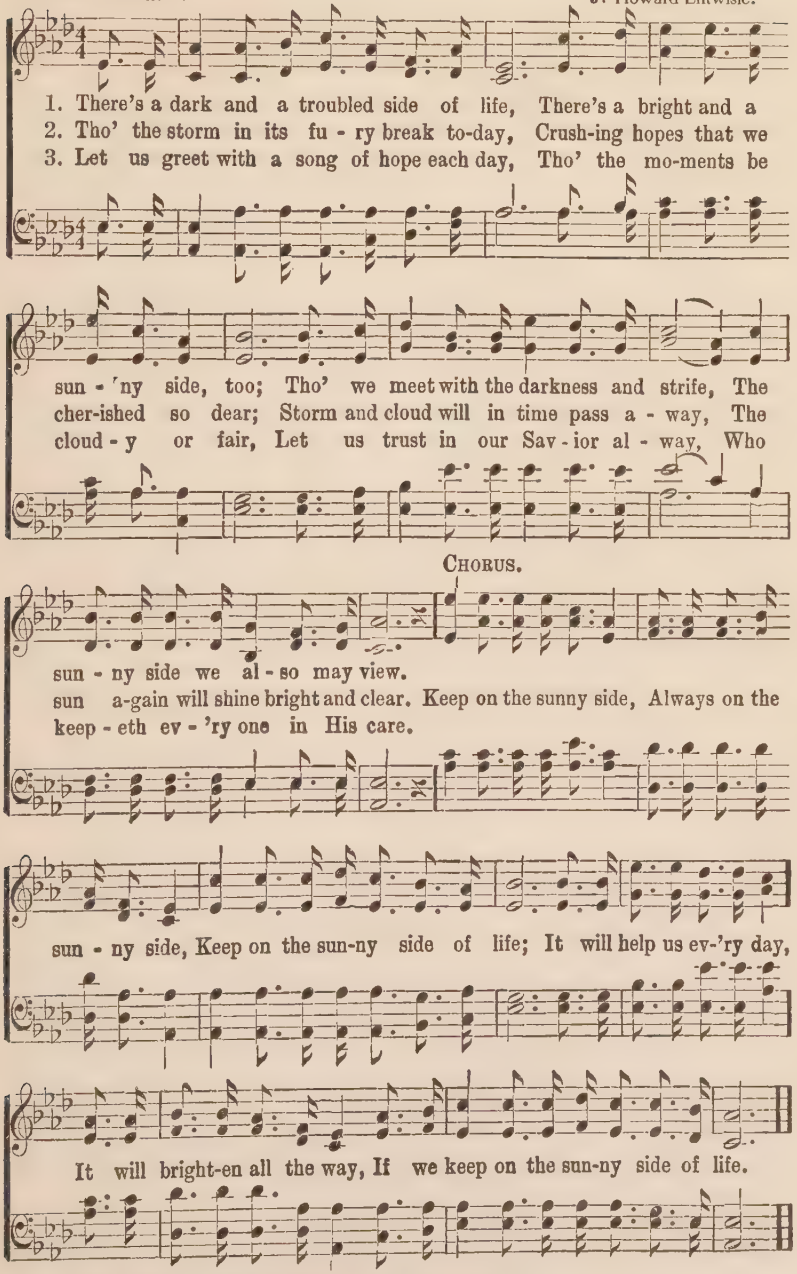
Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

Ada Blenkhorn. J. Howard Entwisle.


1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life, There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to-day, Crush-ing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo-ments be
sun - 'ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife, The
cher-ished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
cloud - y or fair, Let us trust in our Sav - ior al - way, Who
CHORUS.
sun - ny side we al - so may view.
sun a-gain will shine bright and clear. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
keep - eth ev - 'ry one in His care.
sun - ny side, Keep on the sun-ny side of life; It will help us ev-'ry day,
It will bright-en all the way, If we keep on the sun-ny side of life.

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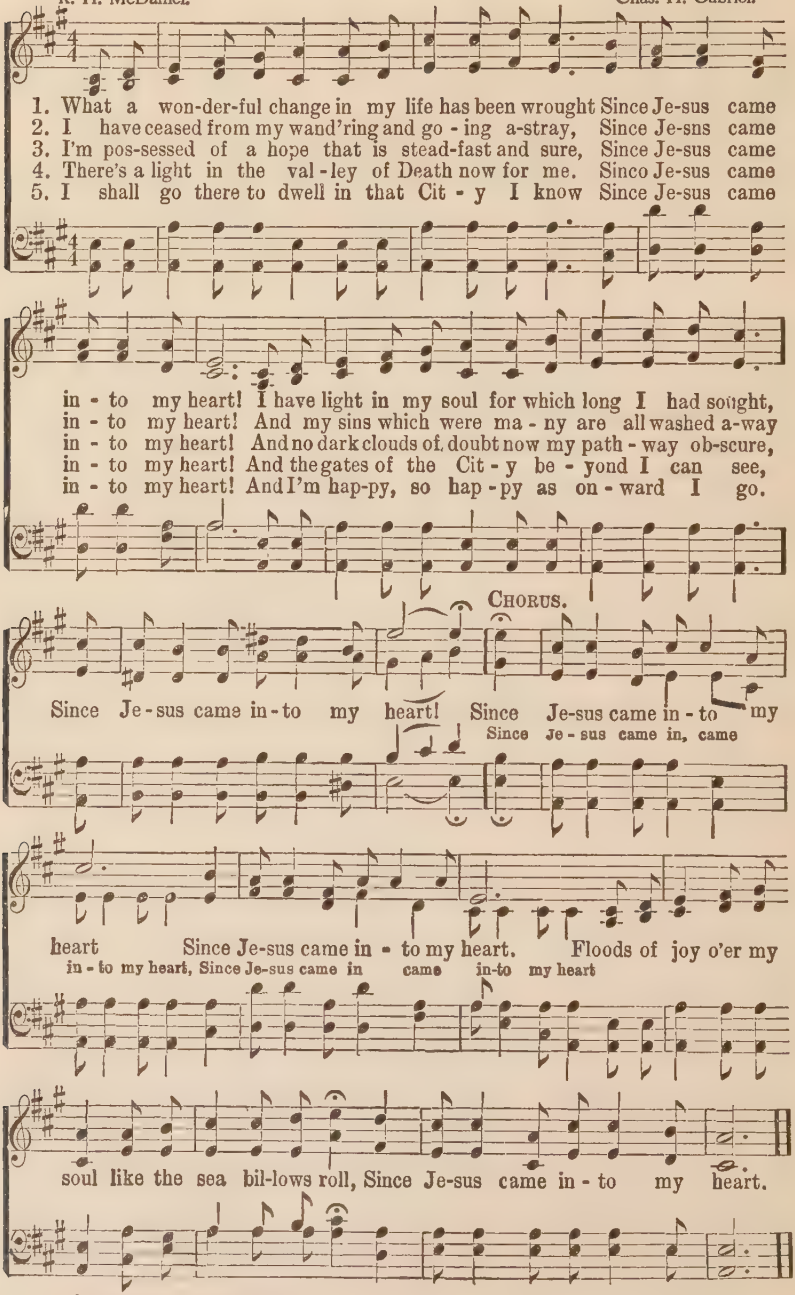
44 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of Death now for me. Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know Since Je-sus came
in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins which were ma - ny are all washed a-way
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob-scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap-py, so hap - py as on - ward I go.
CHORUS.
Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je-sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came
heart Since Je-sus came in - to my heart. Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in came in-to my heart
soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart.

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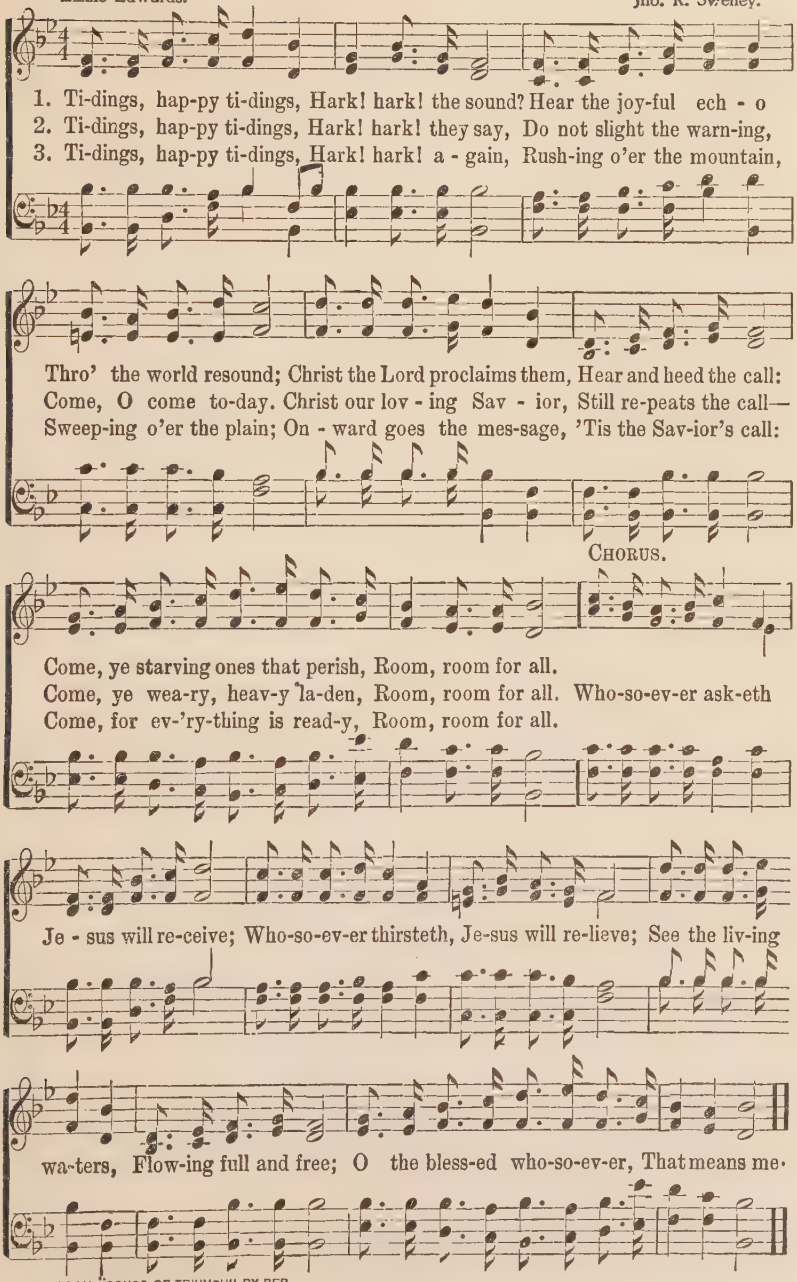
Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! the sound? Hear the joy-ful ech - o
2. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warn-ing,
3. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! a - gain, Rush-ing o'er the mountain,
Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call:
Come, O come to-day. Christ our lov - ing Sav - ior, Still re-peats the call—
Sweep-ing o'er the plain; On - ward goes the mes-sage, 'Tis the Sav-ior's call:
CHORUS.
Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all.
Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y la-den, Room, room for all. Who-so-ev-er ask-eth
Come, for ev-'ry-thing is read-y, Room, room for all.
Je - sus will re-ceive; Who-so-ev-er thirsteth, Je-sus will re-lieve; See the liv-ing
wa-ters, Flow-ing full and free; O the bless-ed who-so-ev-er, That means me.

FROM "SONGS OF TRIUMPH" BY PER.

The Hallelujah Song.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Let those who've nev-er known our Lord and King Go mourn-ing all the day, go mourn-ing all the day; But we've a song of joy we
2. 'Tis heav'n with-in a sin-ner's heart to know His bur-den rolled a-way, his bur-den rolled a-way; His sins like crim-son, made as
3. The blood, the pre-cious blood of God's dear Son Is on my soul to-day, is on my soul to-day, And fears and doubt-ings from my
4. Some day be-fore the great white throne we'll sing The hal-le-lu-jah song, the hal-le-lu-jah song Of praise and hon-or to our
love to sing While press-ing on our up-ward way.
white as snow, And Christ the Lord come in to stay.
heart have flown Since Je-sus washed my sins a-way.
God and King, With all the ran-somed, blood-washed throng.
Chorus.
Hal-le-lu-jah! for the blood which re-deems us, Hal-le-
re-deems us from all sin,
lu-jah! we'll sing it o'er and o'er;.... Hal-le-lu-jah! for the

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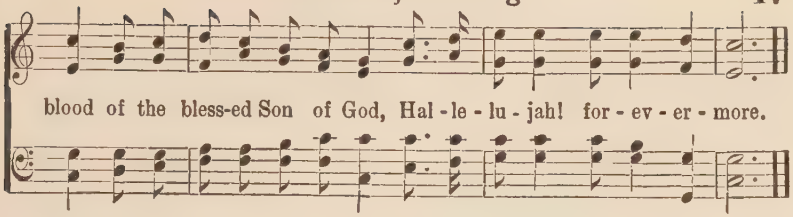
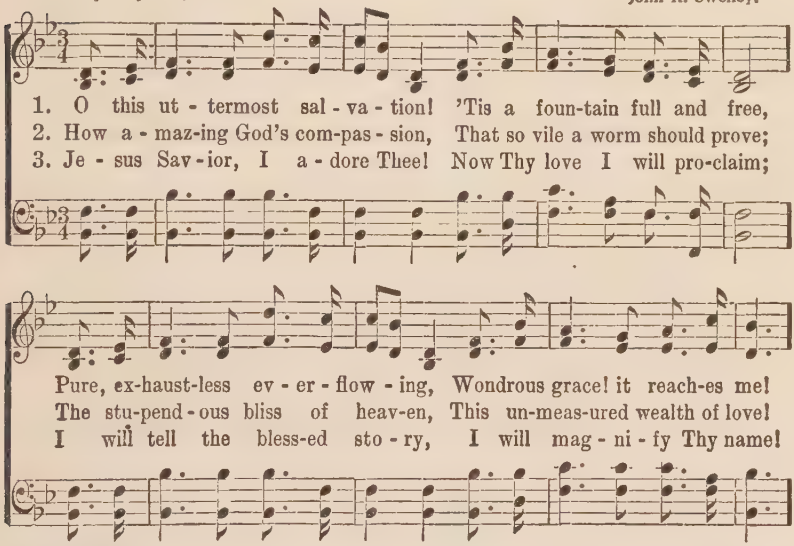
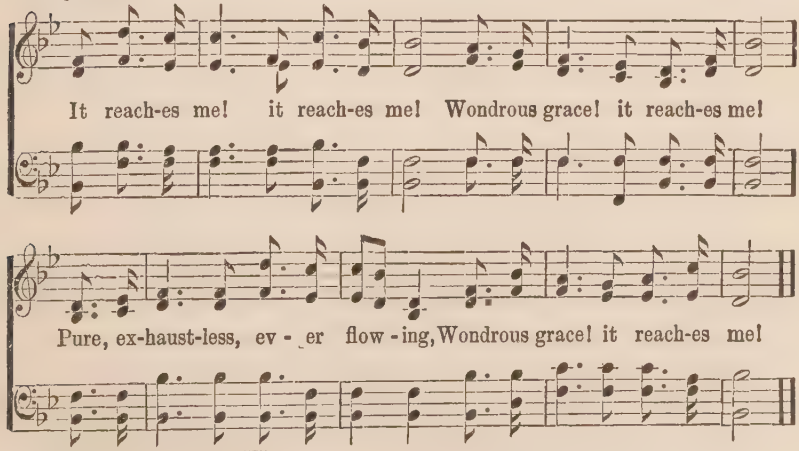


It Reaches Me.

Mary D. James. John R. Sweney.


1. O this ut - termost sal - va - tion! 'Tis a foun-tain full and free,
2. How a - maz-ing God's com-pas - sion, That so vile a worm should prove;
3. Je - sus Sav - ior, I a - dore Thee! Now Thy love I will pro-claim;
Pure, ex-haust-less ev - er - flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!
The stu-pend - ous bliss of heav-en, This un-meas-ured wealth of love!
I will tell the bless-ed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy Thy name!

CHORUS.



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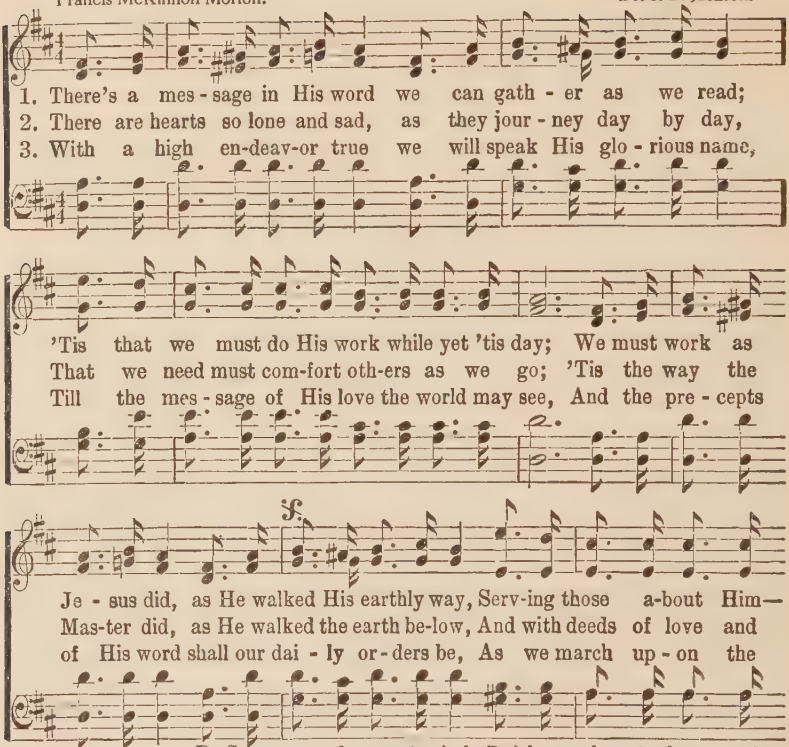
The Message.

Francis McKinnon Morton. Dr. S. B. Jackson.


1. There's a mes - sage in His word we can gath - er as we read;
2. There are hearts so lone and sad, as they jour - ney day by day,
3. With a high en-deav-or true we will speak His glo - rious name,
'Tis that we must do His work while yet 'tis day; We must work as
That we need must com-fort oth-ers as we go; 'Tis the way the
Till the mes - sage of His love the world may see, And the pre - cepts
S.
Je - sus did, as He walked His earthly way, Serv-ing those a-bout Him—
Mas-ter did, as He walked the earth be-low, And with deeds of love and
of His word shall our dai - ly or - ders be, As we march up - on the
D. S.—true and earnest mind, Dai-ly seek to love and
CHORUS.
FINE.
help-ing those in need.
kindness blessed His way. Work,work,work, the mes-sage heed-ing, As we
hosts of sin and shame.
serve our bless-ed Lord.
D. S.
read it in His word, And with read - y heart and hand, and a
work, work,

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George Walker Whitcomb. Charles H. Marsh.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will
see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For
CHORUS.
Je-sus should come to-day.
I should go home to - day.
He is "at hand" to - day.
He is my all to - day.
Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing
day? I'll live for to-day, nor anx - ious be, Je-sus, my Lord, I
rit.
soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day?

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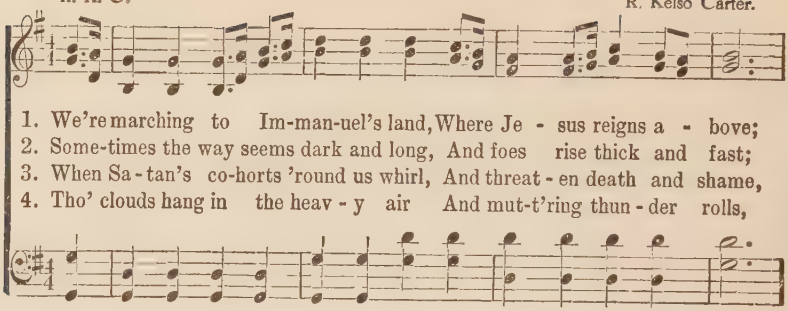
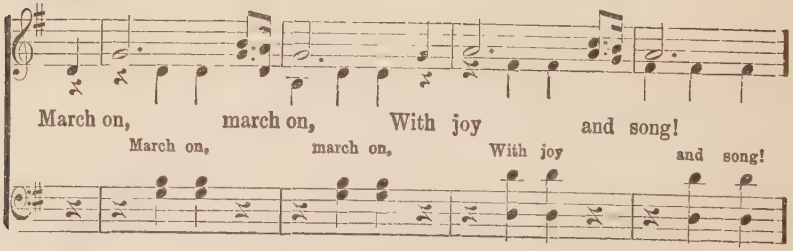
Immanuel's Land.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. We're marching to Im-man-uel's land, Where Je - sus reigns a - bove;
2. Some-times the way seems dark and long, And foes rise thick and fast;
3. When Sa-tan's co-horts 'round us whirl, And threat-en death and shame,
4. Tho' clouds hang in the heav-y air And mut-t'ring thun-der rolls,
We go to join the glo-rious band Who know re-deem-ing love.
But as we sing our bat-tle-song, The tri-als soon are past.
The Red Cross Ban-ner we un-furl In our great Captain's name.
We know that we are go-ing where There's rest for wea-ry souls.

CHORUS.


March on, march on, With joy and song!
March on, march on, With joy and song!
We're marching to Im-man-uel's land, To rest in the love of God.

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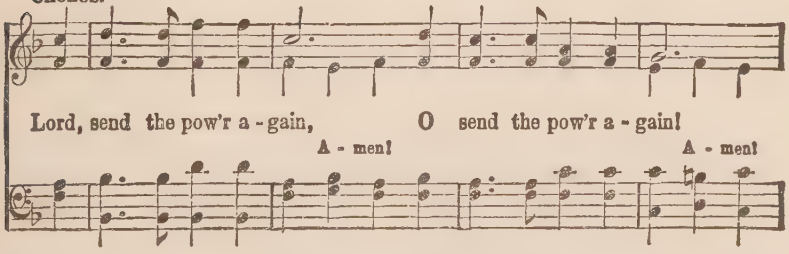
Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

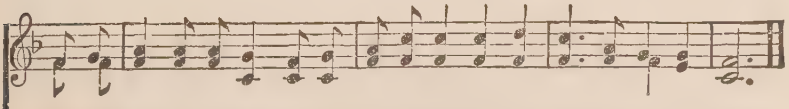
1. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the days of old, To kin - dle a fire in hearts grown
2. There was pow'r by which ev'ry tongue could speak, New life-giving pow'r unto the
3. There was pow'r to set ev'ry cap-tive free And give to Thy servants lib - er-
4. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the old-time pray'r, It thrilled ev'ry heart and lingered

cold; That we on Thy word may now lay hold, Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
weak, That sent them the wand'ring ones to seek—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
ty To speak and to pray and work for Thee—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
there, Till we in Thy glo - ry seemed to share—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.

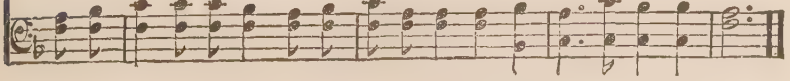
CHORUS.



Lord, send the pow'r a - gain, O send the pow'r a - gain!
A - men! A - men!



We believe on Thy name, And Thy promise we claim, Lord, send the pow'r a-gain.



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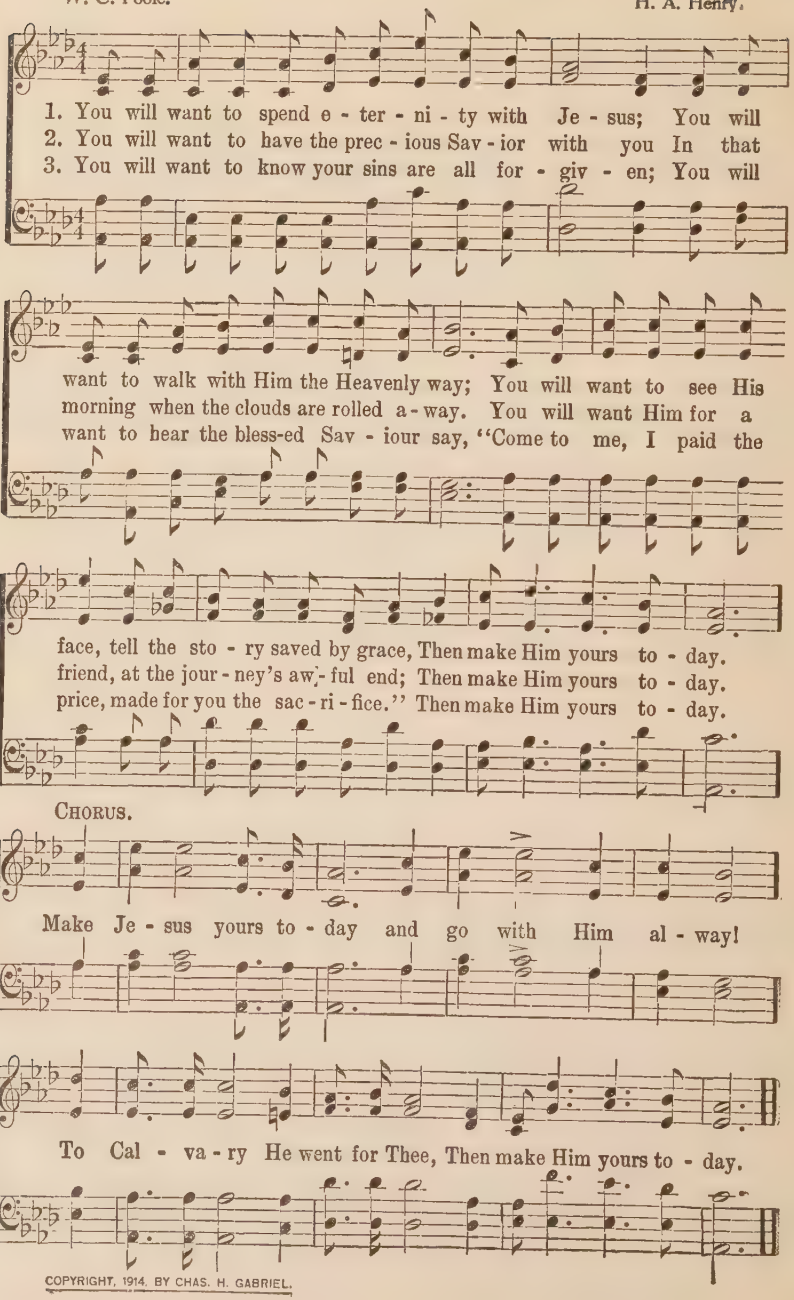
Make Jesus Yours Today.

W. C. Poole. H. A. Henry.


1. You will want to spend e - ter - ni - ty with Je - sus; You will
2. You will want to have the prec - ious Sav - ior with you In that
3. You will want to know your sins are all for - giv - en; You will
want to walk with Him the Heavenly way; You will want to see His
morning when the clouds are rolled a - way. You will want Him for a
want to hear the bless-ed Sav - iour say, "Come to me, I paid the
face, tell the sto - ry saved by grace, Then make Him yours to - day.
friend, at the jour - ney's aw - ful end; Then make Him yours to - day.
price, made for you the sac - ri - fice." Then make Him yours to - day.
CHORUS.
Make Je - sus yours to - day and go with Him al - way!
To Cal - va - ry He went for Thee, Then make Him yours to - day.

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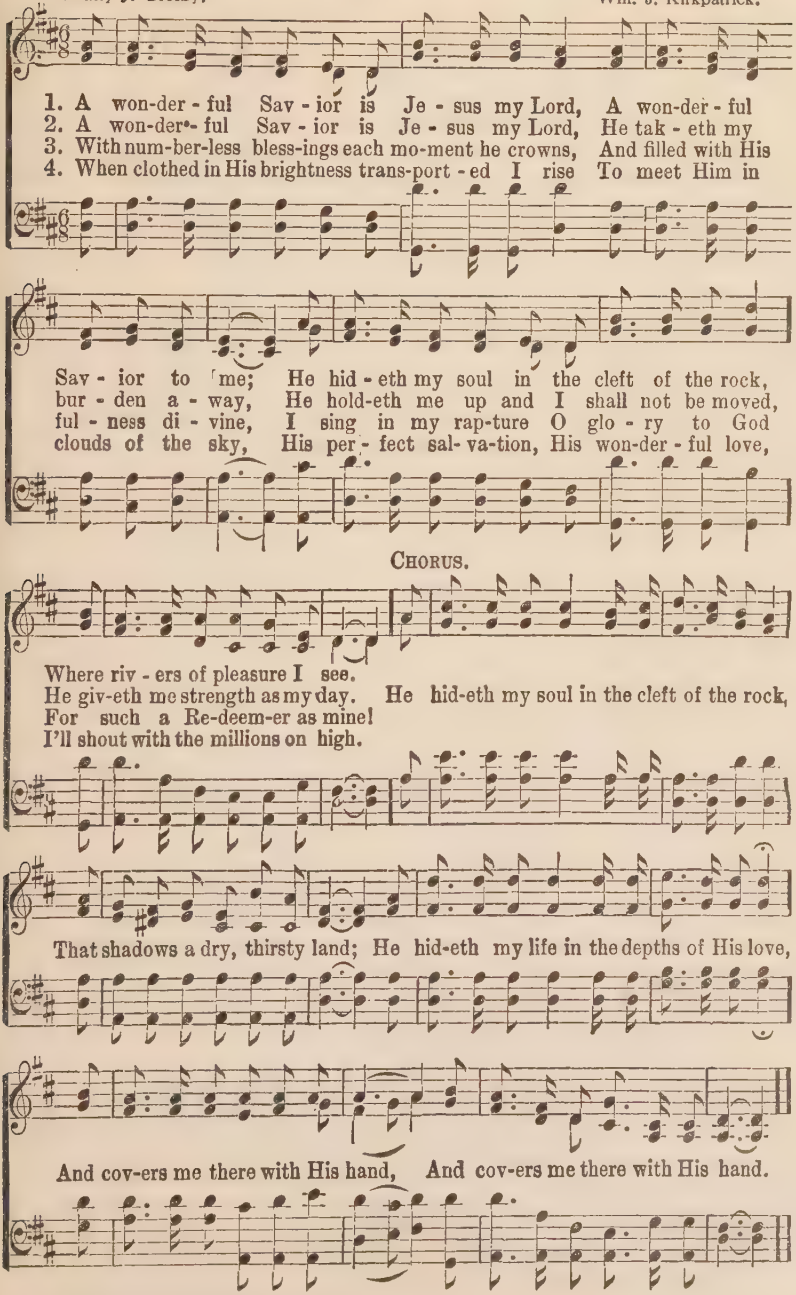
He Hideth My Soul.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus my Lord, He tak-eth my
3. With num-ber-less bless-ings each mo-ment he crowns, And filled with His
4. When clothed in His brightness trans-port-ed I rise To meet Him in
Sav-ior to me; He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur-den a-way, He hold-eth me up and I shall not be moved,
ful-ness di-vine, I sing in my rap-ture O glo-ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love,
CHORUS.
Where riv-ers of pleasure I see.
He giv-eth me strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
For such a Re-deem-er as mine!
I'll shout with the millions on high.
That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love,
And cov-ers me there with His hand, And cov-ers me there with His hand.

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54 If Your Heart Keeps Right.

Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.

1. If the dark shadows gath-er As you go a-long, Do not grieve for their
2. Is your life just a tan-gle, Full of toil and care, Smile a bit as you
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the
com-ing, Sing a cheer-y song, There is joy for the tak-ing, It will
jour-ney, Oth-ers' bur-dens share; Do not take trou-ble hard-er Than you
darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will
soon be light,—Ev-'ry cloud wears a rain-bow If your heart keeps right.
real-ly might, Skies will grow blue and sun-ny If your heart keeps right.
win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.
Chorus.
If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of
glad-ness in the dark-est night; If your heart keeps right, If your

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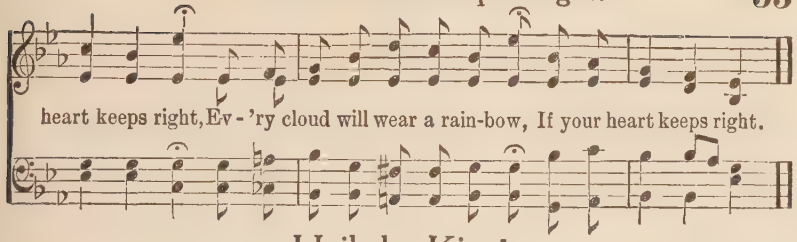
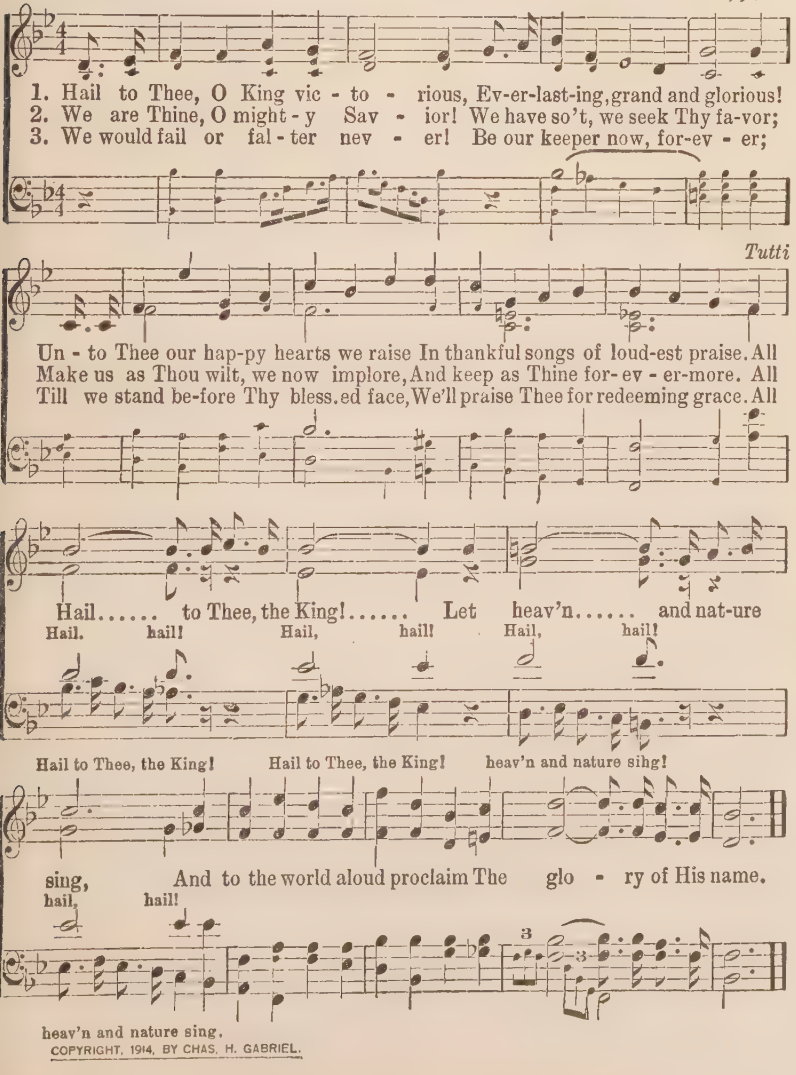


Hail the King!

Jennie Ree. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.


1. Hail to Thee, O King vic - to - rious, Ev-er-last-ing, grand and glorious!
2. We are Thine, O might - y Sav - ior! We have so't, we seek Thy fa-vor;
3. We would fail or fal - ter nev - er! Be our keeper now, for-ev - er;
Tutti
Un - to Thee our hap-py hearts we raise In thankful songs of loud-est praise. All
Make us as Thou wilt, we now implore, And keep as Thine for- ev - er-more. All
Till we stand be-fore Thy bless.ed face, We'll praise Thee for redeeming grace. All
Hail..... to Thee, the King!..... Let heav'n..... and nat-ure
Hail. hail! Hail, hail! Hail, hail!
Hail to Thee, the King! Hail to Thee, the King! heav'n and nature sing!
sing, And to the world aloud proclaim The glo - ry of His name.
hail, hail!
heav'n and nature sing.

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Sweeter As the Years Go By.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of wondrous
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple
3. 'T was wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss—To bear, with-
grace that brought me Back to His fold a-gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged about Him, His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
out a mur-mur, The an-guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in
mer-cy, Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heavens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo-ry, Let us our voi-ces raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With
CHORUS.
theme shall ev-er be. Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
love for e-ven me.
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis
Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,
sweet-er as the years go by;

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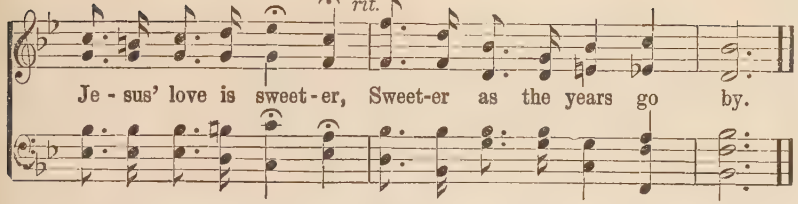
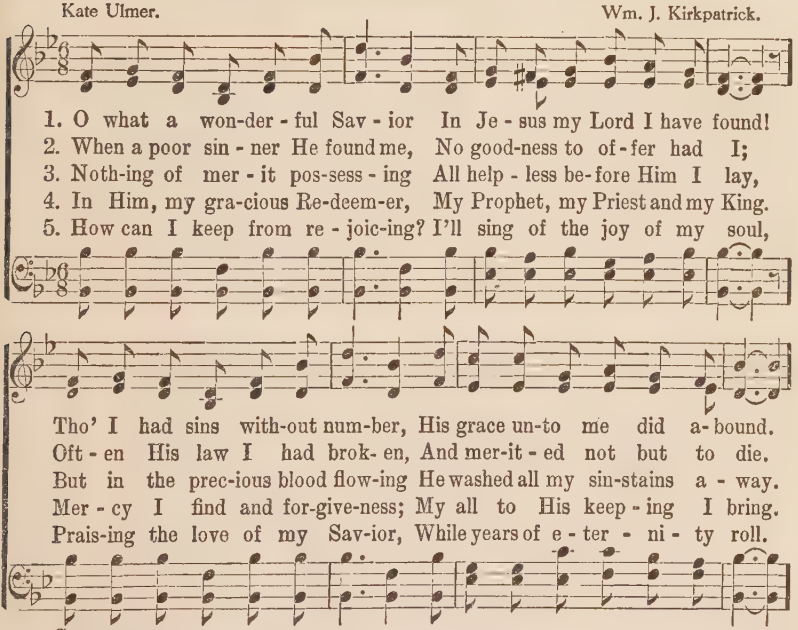
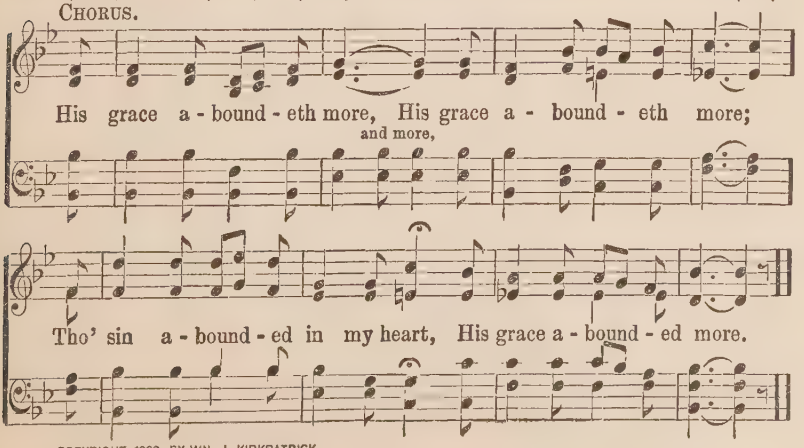


His Grace Aboundeth More.

Kate Ulmer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. O what a won-der - ful Sav - ior In Je - sus my Lord I have found!
2. When a poor sin - ner He found me, No good-ness to of - fer had I;
3. Noth-ing of mer - it pos-sess - ing All help - less be-fore Him I lay,
4. In Him, my gra-cious Re-deem-er, My Prophet, my Priest and my King.
5. How can I keep from re - joic-ing? I'll sing of the joy of my soul,
Tho' I had sins with-out num-ber, His grace un-to me did a-bound.
Oft - en His law I had brok- en, And mer-it - ed not but to die.
But in the prec-ious blood flow-ing He washed all my sin-stains a - way.
Mer - cy I find and for-give-ness; My all to His keep - ing I bring.
Prais-ing the love of my Sav-ior, While years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

CHORUS.



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Answer "Yes."

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. If the voice of God should come to you today, "Consecrate to me your all,"
2. By the still small voice your Maker speaks to you, Are you willing to o - bey?
3. Can you now with faith your all to Him confide, Trusting in His grace a-lone?
If He asked of you the treasures held so dear, Would you an-swer to His call?
Would you answer "Yes" and not a question ask If it be to go or stay?
Can you answer "Yes" if God re-quires of you Ev-'ry com-fort you have known?
CHORUS.
Answer "Yes" when He calls, For the Lord has work for you to do,
Answer "Yes" when He calls,
1
Answer "Yes" when He calls, And your service He will bless;
Answer "Yes" when He calls, will bless;
2
Answer "Yes" when He calls, And no mat-ter what He says to you,
Answer "Yes" when He calls

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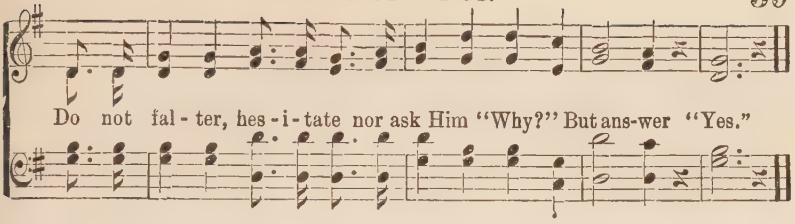
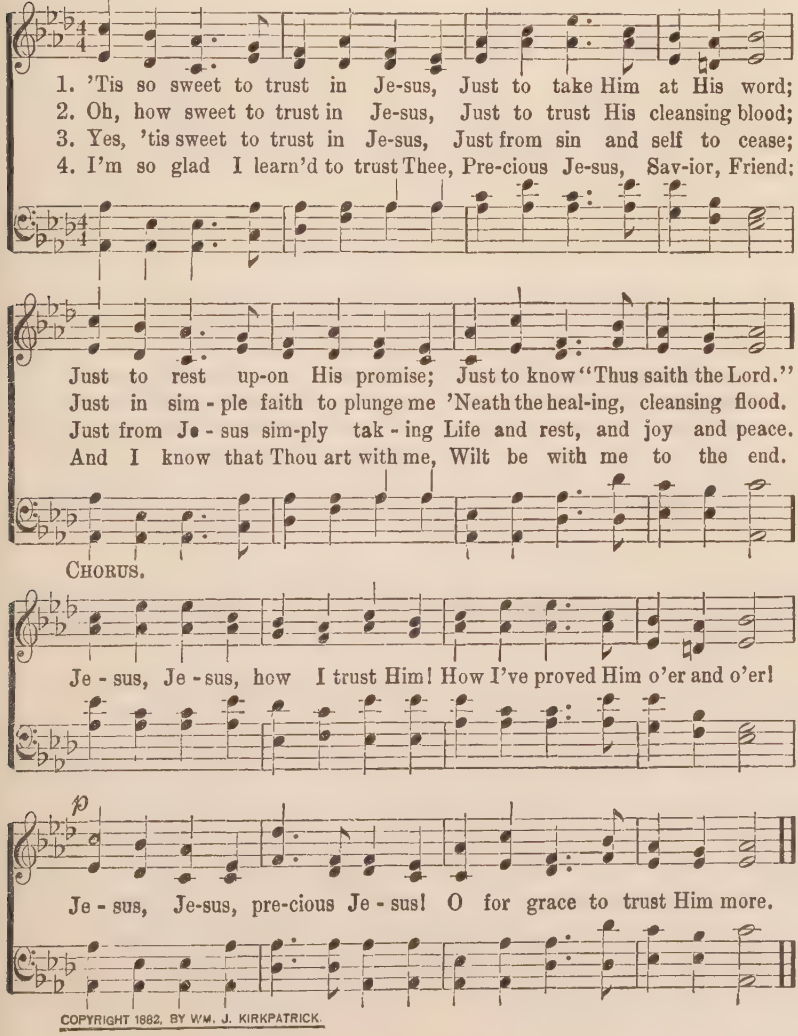


'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je-sus, Sav-ior, Friend;
Just to rest up-on His promise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim-ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
p
Je - sus, Je-sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

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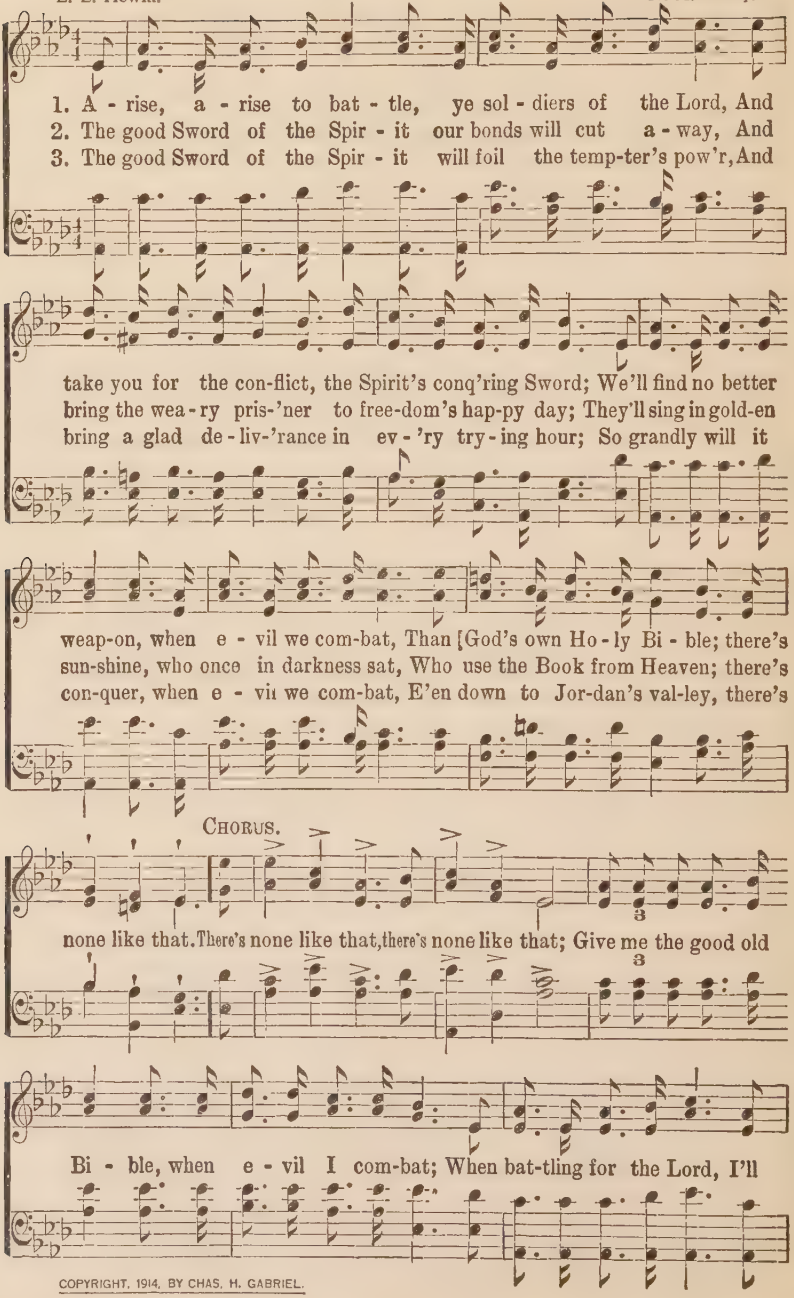
None Like That.

E. E. Hewitt. H. A. Henry.


1. A - rise, a - rise to bat - tle, ye sol - diers of the Lord, And
2. The good Sword of the Spir - it our bonds will cut a - way, And
3. The good Sword of the Spir - it will foil the temp-ter's pow'r, And
take you for the con-flict, the Spirit's conq'ring Sword; We'll find no better
bring the wea - ry pris-'ner to free-dom's hap-py day; They'll sing in gold-en
bring a glad de - liv-'rance in ev - 'ry try - ing hour; So grandly will it
weap-on, when e - vil we com-bat, Than God's own Ho - ly Bi - ble; there's
sun-shine, who once in darkness sat, Who use the Book from Heaven; there's
con-quer, when e - vil we com-bat, E'en down to Jor-dan's val-ley, there's
CHORUS.
none like that. There's none like that, there's none like that; Give me the good old
Bi - ble, when e - vil I com-bat; When bat-tling for the Lord, I'll

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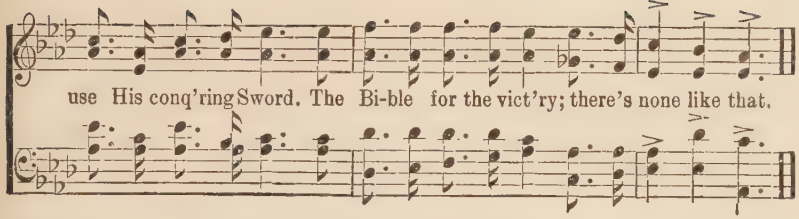
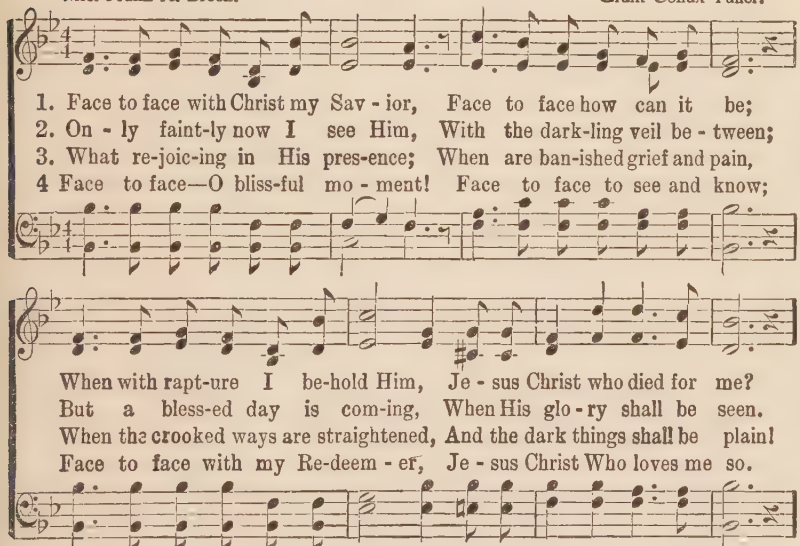
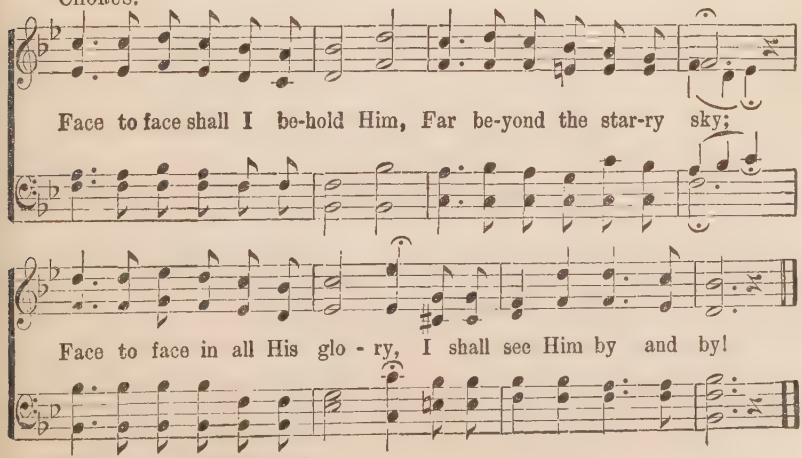


Face to Face.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tuller.


1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face how can it be;
2. On - ly faint-ly now I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be - tween;
3. What re-joic-ing in His pres-ence; When are ban-ished grief and pain,
4 Face to face—O bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face to see and know;
When with rapt-ure I be-hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me?
But a bless-ed day is com-ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain!
Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ Who loves me so.

CHORUS.



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Abundantly Able to Save.

E. A. Hoffman. P. P. Bliss.

1. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the cru - ci - fied One, Who-ev-er be-
2. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
3. Who-ev-er re - pents and for-sakes ev - 'ry sin, And o-pens his
liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per-fect sal-va-tion shall
power of the soul-cleans-ing blood, A full and e - ter - nal redemption shall
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per - fect salva-tion shall
CHORUS,
have; For He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
have; For He is both a - ble and will-ing to save. My brother, the
have; For Je - sus is read - y this mo-ment to save.
Mas - ter is calling for thee; His grace and His mer - cy are
Broth-er the Mas - ter is come, and is calling for thee, Brother, His grace and His
wond-rous-ly free. His blood as a ran - som for sinners He
mer - cy are won - drous-ly free; Broth-er, His blood as a ran - som for

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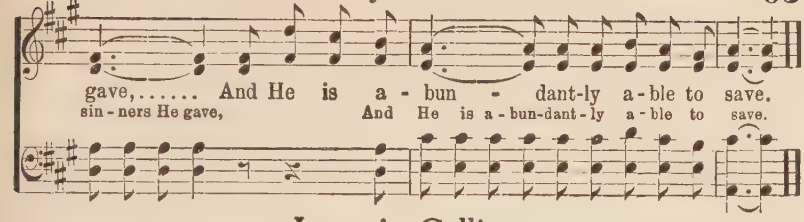
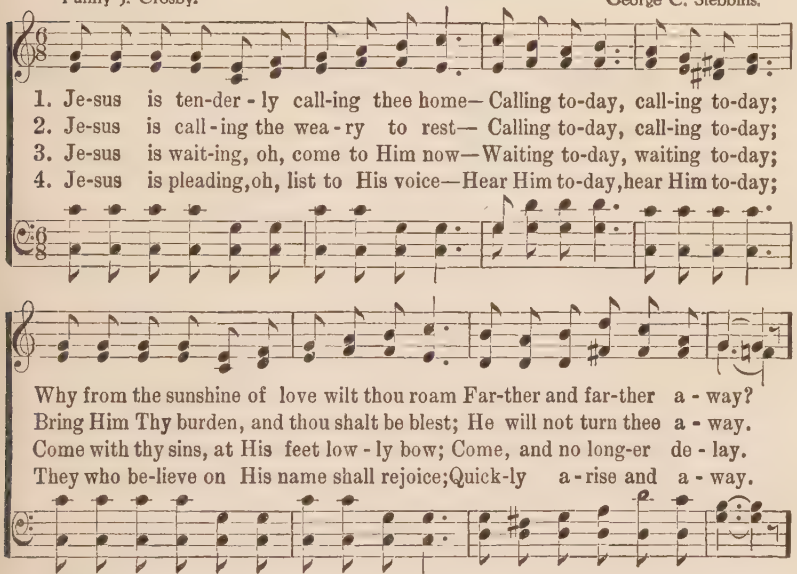


Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. George C. Stebbins.


1. Je-sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home— Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading,oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day,hear Him to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him Thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice;Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to - day!.... Call - ing to - day!....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der - ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to-day,

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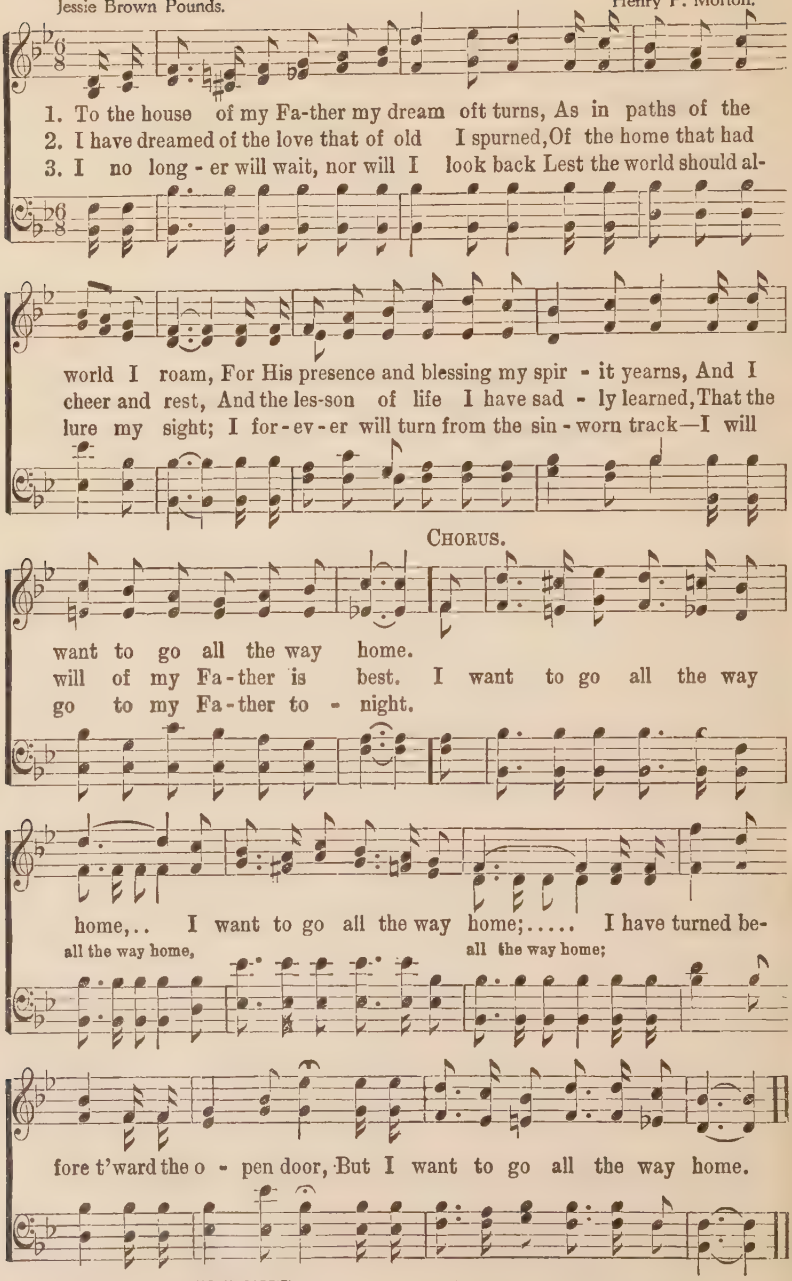
All the Way Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Henry P. Morton.


1. To the house of my Fa-ther my dream oft turns, As in paths of the
2. I have dreamed of the love that of old I spurned, Of the home that had
3. I no long-er will wait, nor will I look back Lest the world should al-
world I roam, For His presence and blessing my spir-it yearns, And I
cheer and rest, And the les-son of life I have sad-ly learned, That the
lure my sight; I for-ev-er will turn from the sin-worn track—I will
CHORUS.
want to go all the way home.
will of my Fa-ther is best. I want to go all the way
go to my Fa-ther to-night.
home,.. I want to go all the way home;..... I have turned be-
all the way home,
all the way home;
fore t'ward the o-pen door, But I want to go all the way home.

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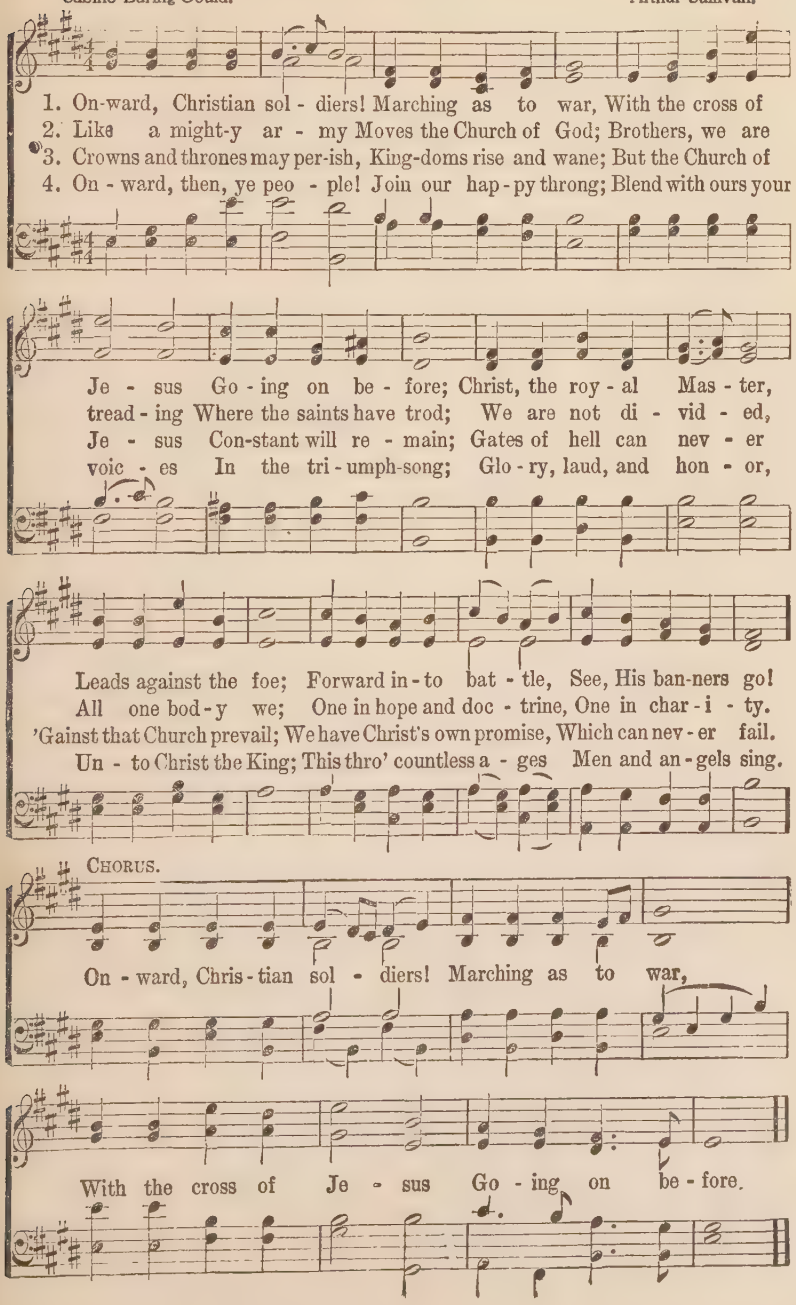
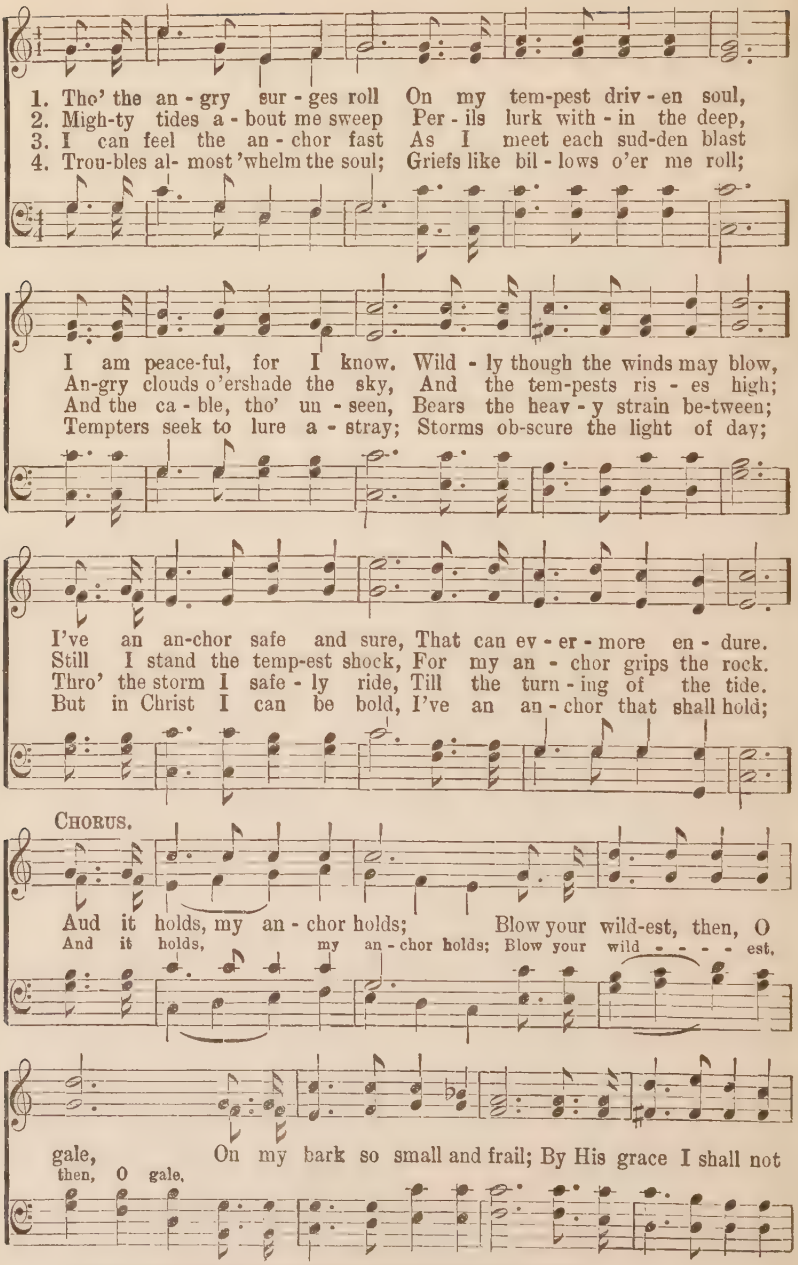
Sabine Baring-Gould. Arthur Sullivan.


1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,
Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can nev - er fail.
Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
CHORUS.
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

My Anchor Holds.

W. C. Martin. D. B. Towner.


1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem-pest driv - en soul,
2. Migh-ty tides a - bout me sweep Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud-den blast
4. Trou-bles al- most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;
I am peace-ful, for I know. Wild - ly though the winds may blow,
An-gry clouds o'ershade the sky, And the tem-pests ris - es high;
And the ca - ble, tho' un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be-tween;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob-scure the light of day;
I've an an-chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.
Still I stand the temp-est shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
Thro' the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold;
CHORUS.
And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild-est, then, O
And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - - - - est,
gale, On my bark so small and frail; By His grace I shall not
then, O gale.

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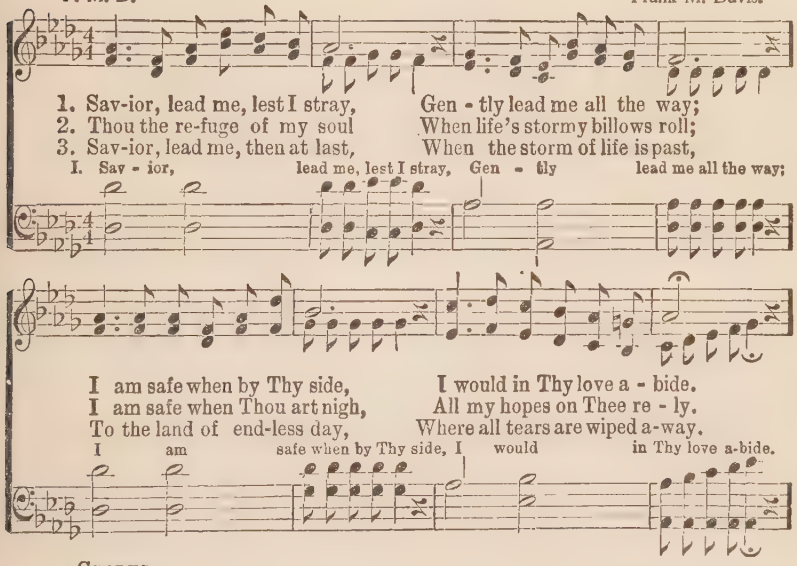
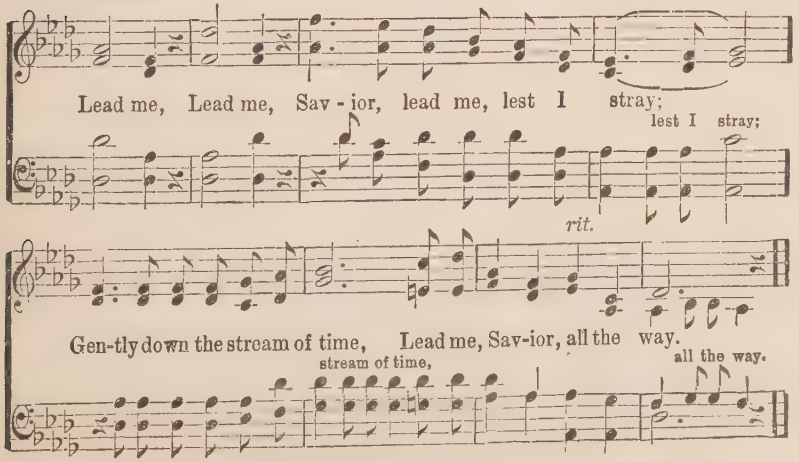
Lead Me Savior.

F. M. D. Frank M. Davis.


1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the re-fuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll;
3. Sav-ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,
I. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a - bide.
I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
To the land of end-less day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.
I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.

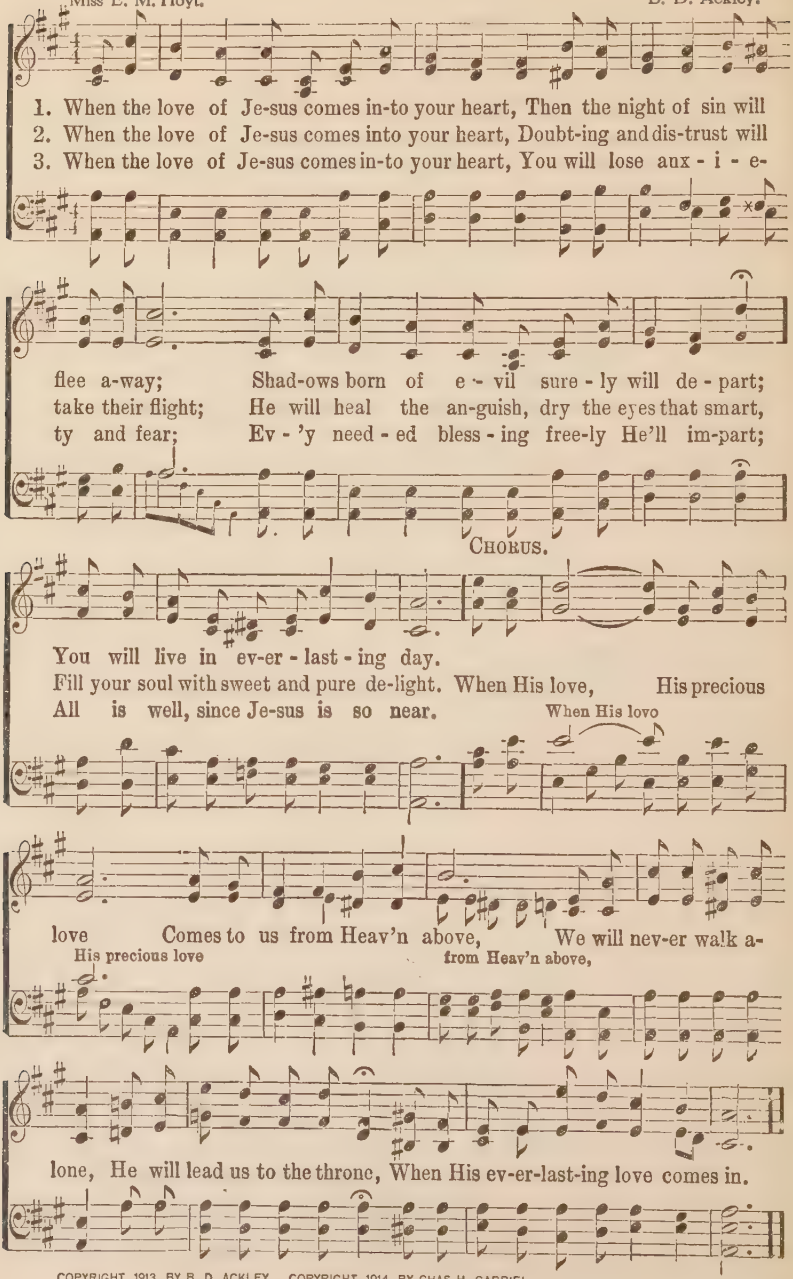
CHORUS.


Lead me, Lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;
lest I stray;
rit.
Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-ior, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

FROM "CAROLS OF JOY." USED BY PERMISSION OF JOHN J. HOOD.

When His Love Comes In.

Miss E. M. Hoyt. B. D. Ackley.


1. When the love of Je-sus comes in-to your heart, Then the night of sin will
2. When the love of Je-sus comes into your heart, Doubt-ing and dis-trust will
3. When the love of Je-sus comes in-to your heart, You will lose aux - i - e-
flee a-way; Shad-ows born of e - vil sure - ly will de - part;
take their flight; He will heal the an-guish, dry the eyes that smart,
ty and fear; Ev - 'y need - ed bless - ing free-ly He'll im-part;
CHORUS.
You will live in ev-er - last - ing day.
Fill your soul with sweet and pure de-light. When His love, His precious
All is well, since Je-sus is so near.
When His love
love Comes to us from Heav'n above, We will nev-er walk a-
His precious love
from Heav'n above,
lone, He will lead us to the throne, When His ev-er-last-ing love comes in.

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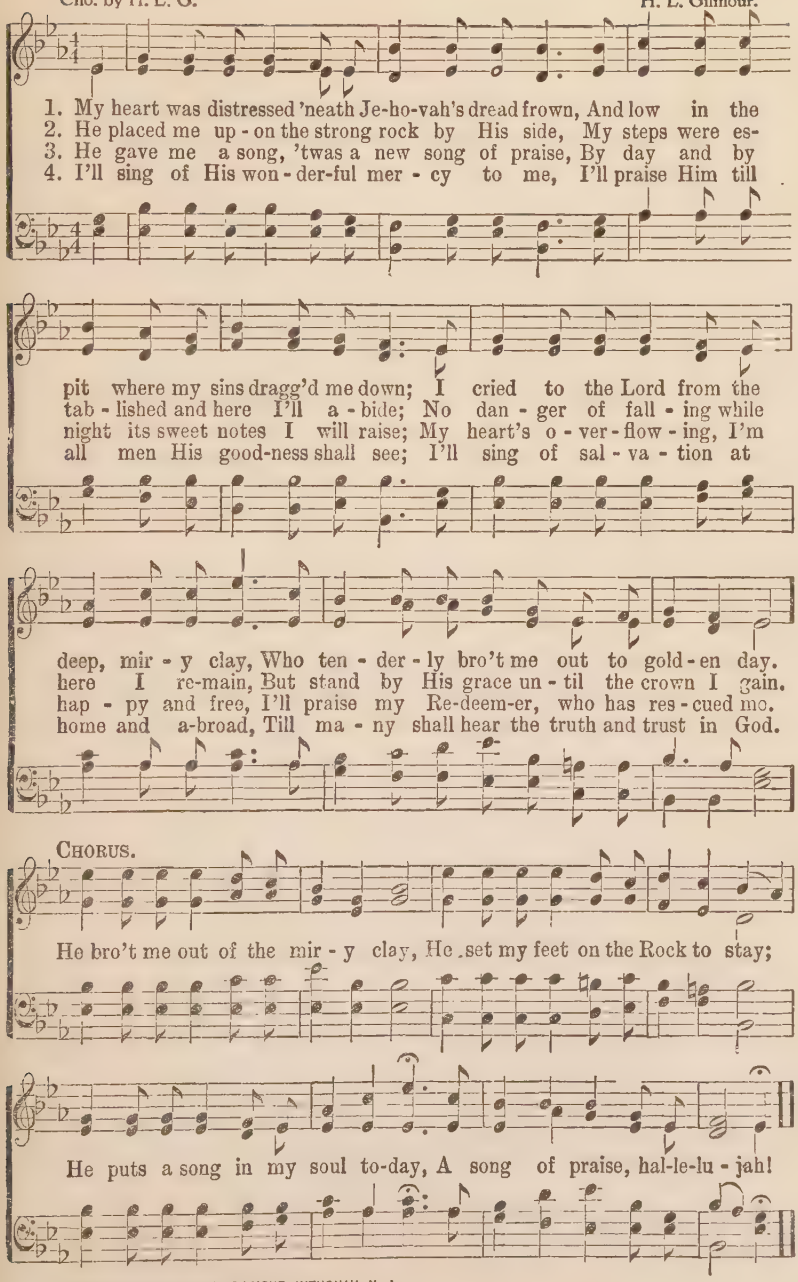
He Brought Me Out.

Rev. H. J. Zelley.
Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. Gilmour.


1. My heart was distressed 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the
2. He placed me up - on the strong rock by His side, My steps were es- tab - lished and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver - flow - ing, I'm
4. I'll sing of His won - der-ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise Him till all men His good-ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at
deep, mir - y clay, Who ten - der - ly bro't me out to gold - en day.
here I re-main, But stand by His grace un - til the crown I gain.
hap - py and free, I'll praise my Re-deem-er, who has res - cued me.
home and a-broad, Till ma - ny shall hear the truth and trust in God.
CHORUS.
He bro't me out of the mir - y clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;
He puts a song in my soul to-day, A song of praise, hal-le-lu - jah!

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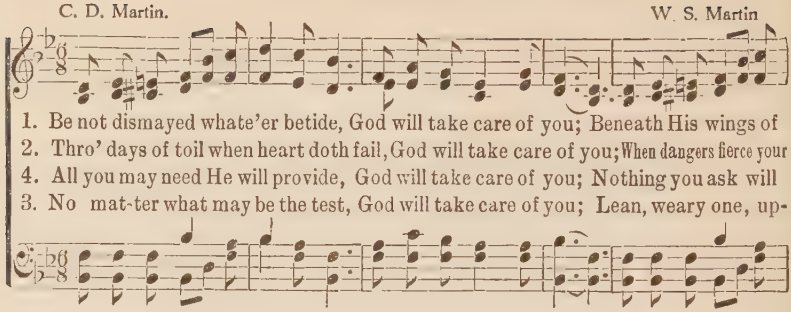
God Will Take Care of You

C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin


1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath His wings of
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
4. All you may need He will provide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
3. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up-
CHORUS.
love a-bide, God will take care of you.
path as-sail, God will take care of you. God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,
be de-nied, God will take care of you.
on His breast, God will take care of you.
O'er all the way; He will take care of you, God will take care of you.
take care of you.

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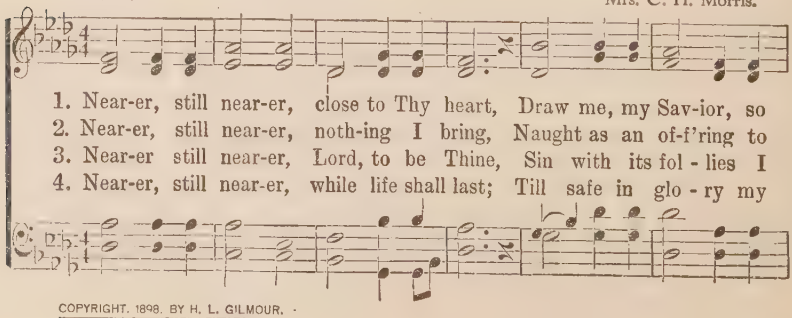
Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to
3. Near-er still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin with its fol - lies I
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last; Till safe in glo - ry my

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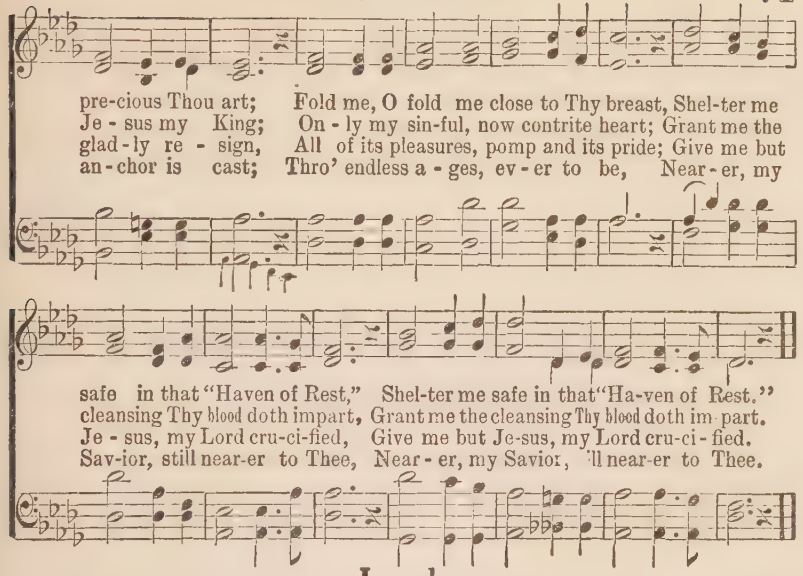
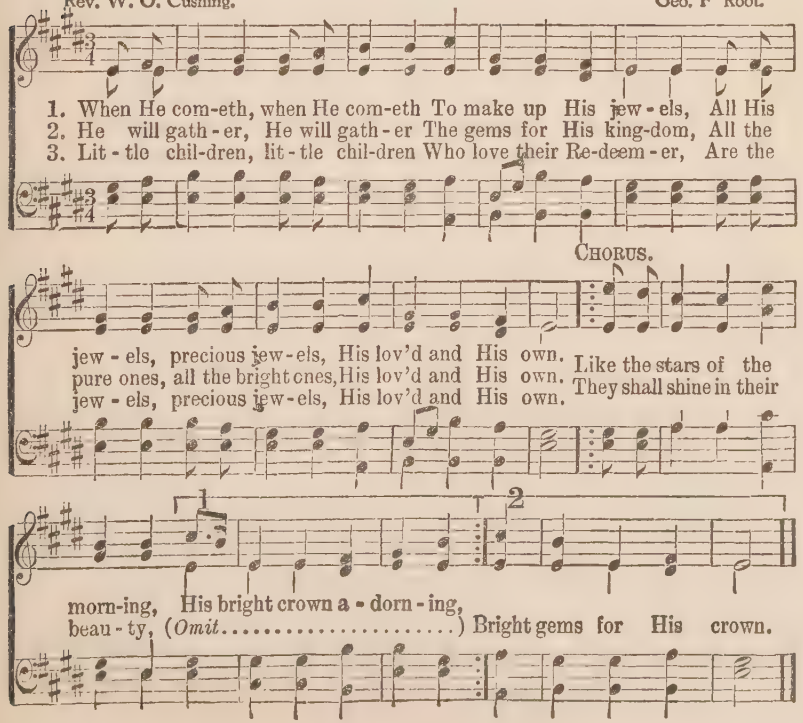

pre-cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart; Grant me the
glad-ly re - sign, All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride; Give me but
an-chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my
safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shel-ter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth im-part.
Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
Sav-ior, still near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Savior, still near-er to Thee.

Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F Root.


1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els, All His
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom, All the
3. Lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren Who love their Re-deem-er, Are the
CHORUS.
jew-els, precious jew-els, His lov'd and His own.
pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and His own.
jew-els, precious jew-els, His lov'd and His own.
Like the stars of the
They shall shine in their
1
2
morn-ing, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
beau-ty, (Omit.....) Bright gems for His crown.

Will I Bring Any Sheaves?

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When the sun-set of time fades a-way in the sky, And the fields yield their
2. Not the joy of the harvest for those who neglect The sweet service of
3. Let me sow the good seed, let me nurture the grain; Let me toil, as He
har-vests so fair, When the ranks of the reap-ers shall gath-er on high,
Je-sus be-low; But for those who go forth, as His word shall di-rect,
shows me the way; He will make it to grow, in the sun, in the rain,
CHORUS.
Will I bring a-ny sheaves with me there?
With the love of the Mas-ter a-glow. A-ny sheaves for the Lord, a-ny
And some sheaves will I bind, "in that day."
sheaves will I bring To the garners, e-ter-nal-ly fair? When the reapers shall
sing, and the glo-ry-bells ring, Will I bring a-ny sheaves with me there?

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A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, Waves of care sweep
2. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, Make my blind-ed
3. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, For the help-less,
4. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, When earth's shadows
o'er my soul, Thou canst still the storm and peace re-store,
eyes to see, Vis-ions of the Christ whom I a-dore,
sick and lone, Pit-e-ous-ly plead and help im-plore,
all are past, Then I'll dwell with Him for-ev-er-more,
CHORUS.
Keep my life in Thy con-trol.
Hear my cry, O Lord, help me.
Use me Lord to lead them home.
Fear-ing neither storm nor blast.
Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more
For my heart is tempted o'er and o'er, Let me feel Thy mighty arm,
Safe-ly keep me from all harm Ev-'ry day I need Thee, more and more.

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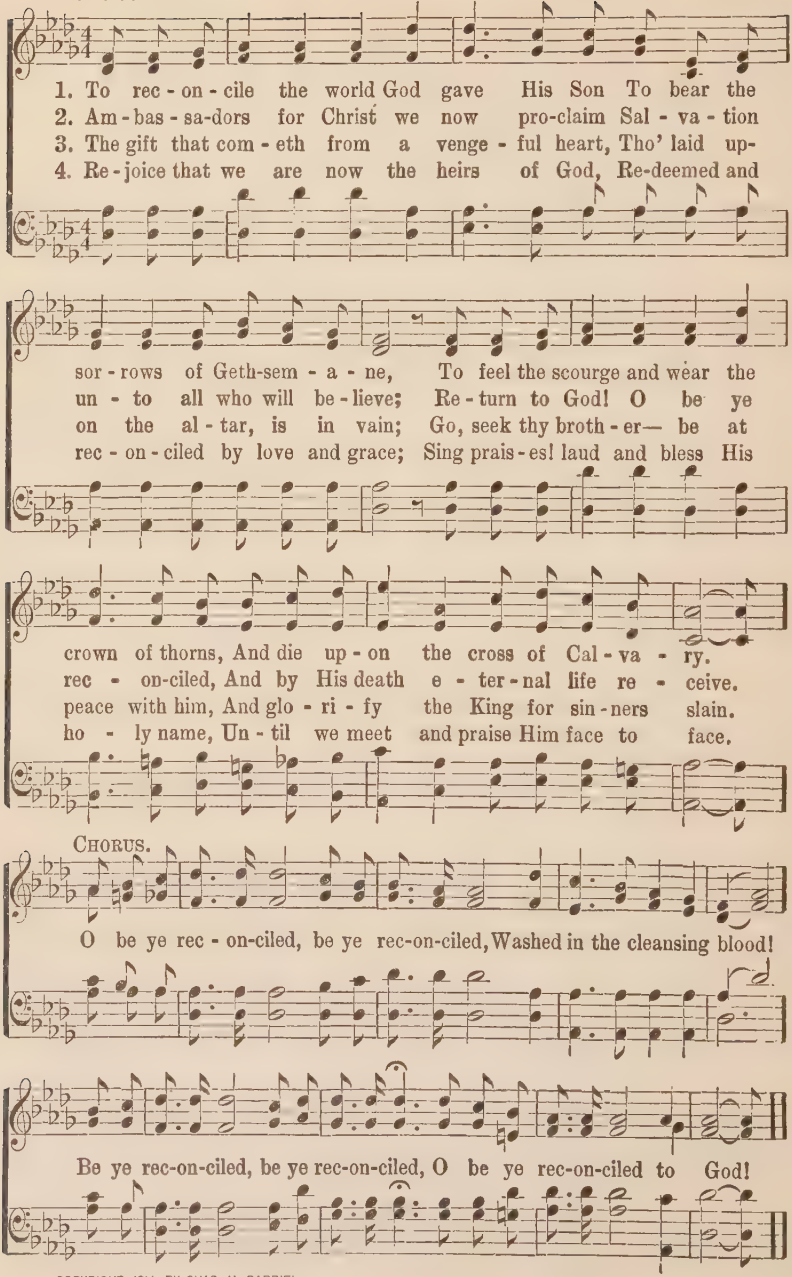
Reconciled.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. To rec - on - cile the world God gave His Son To bear the
2. Am - bas - sa - dors for Christ we now pro-claim Sal - va - tion
3. The gift that com - eth from a venge - ful heart, Tho' laid up-
4. Re - joice that we are now the heirs of God, Re-deemed and
sor - rows of Geth-sem - a - ne, To feel the scourge and wear the
un - to all who will be - lieve; Re - turn to God! O be ye
on the al - tar, is in vain; Go, seek thy broth - er— be at
rec - on - ciled by love and grace; Sing prais - es! laud and bless His
crown of thorns, And die up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
rec - on-ciled, And by His death e - ter - nal life re - ceive.
peace with him, And glo - ri - fy the King for sin - ners slain.
ho - ly name, Un - til we meet and praise Him face to face.
Chorus.
O be ye rec - on-ciled, be ye rec-on-ciled, Washed in the cleansing blood!
Be ye rec-on-ciled, be ye rec-on-ciled, O be ye rec-on-ciled to God!

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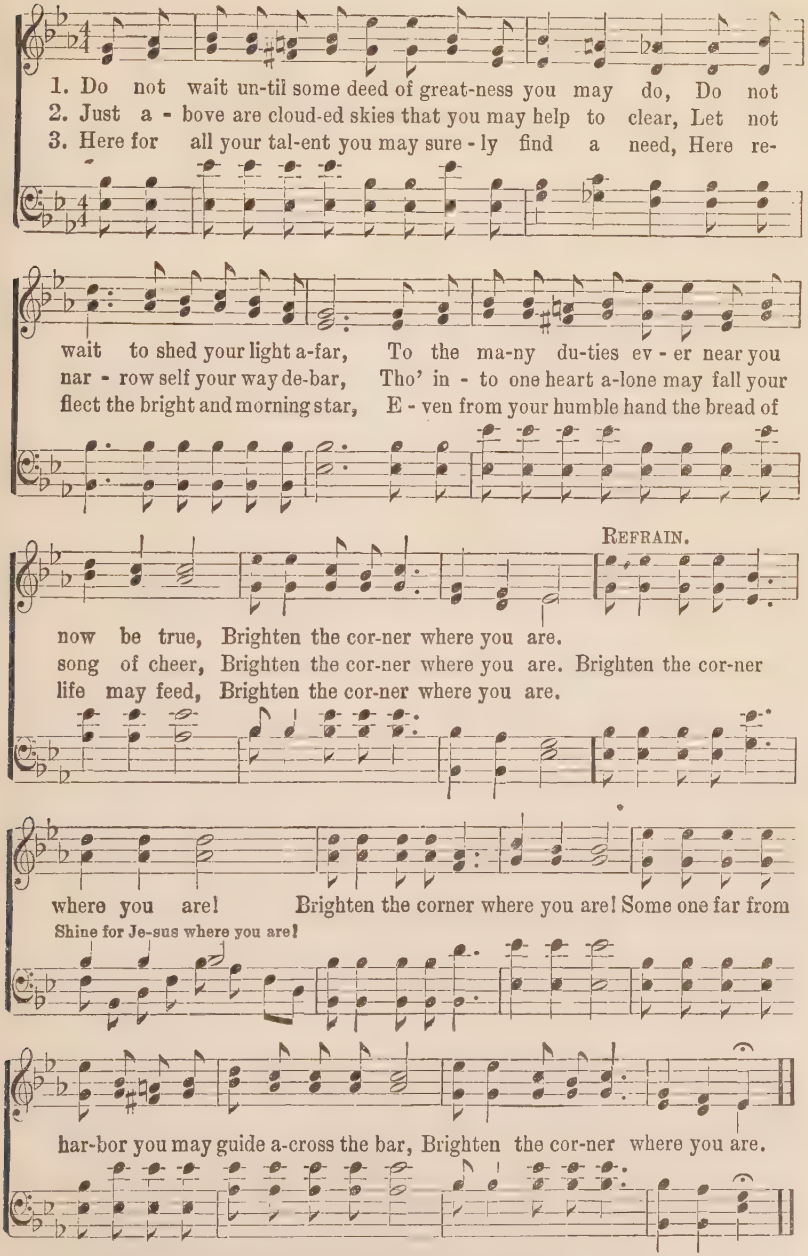
Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Do not wait un-til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not
3. Here for all your tal-ent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re-
wait to shed your light a-far, To the ma-ny du-ties ev - er near you
nar - row self your way de-bar, Tho' in - to one heart a-lone may fall your
flect the bright and morning star, E - ven from your humble hand the bread of
REFRAIN.
now be true, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Brighten the cor-ner where you are. Brighten the cor-ner
life may feed, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.
where you are! Brighten the corner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Je-sus where you are!
har-bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.

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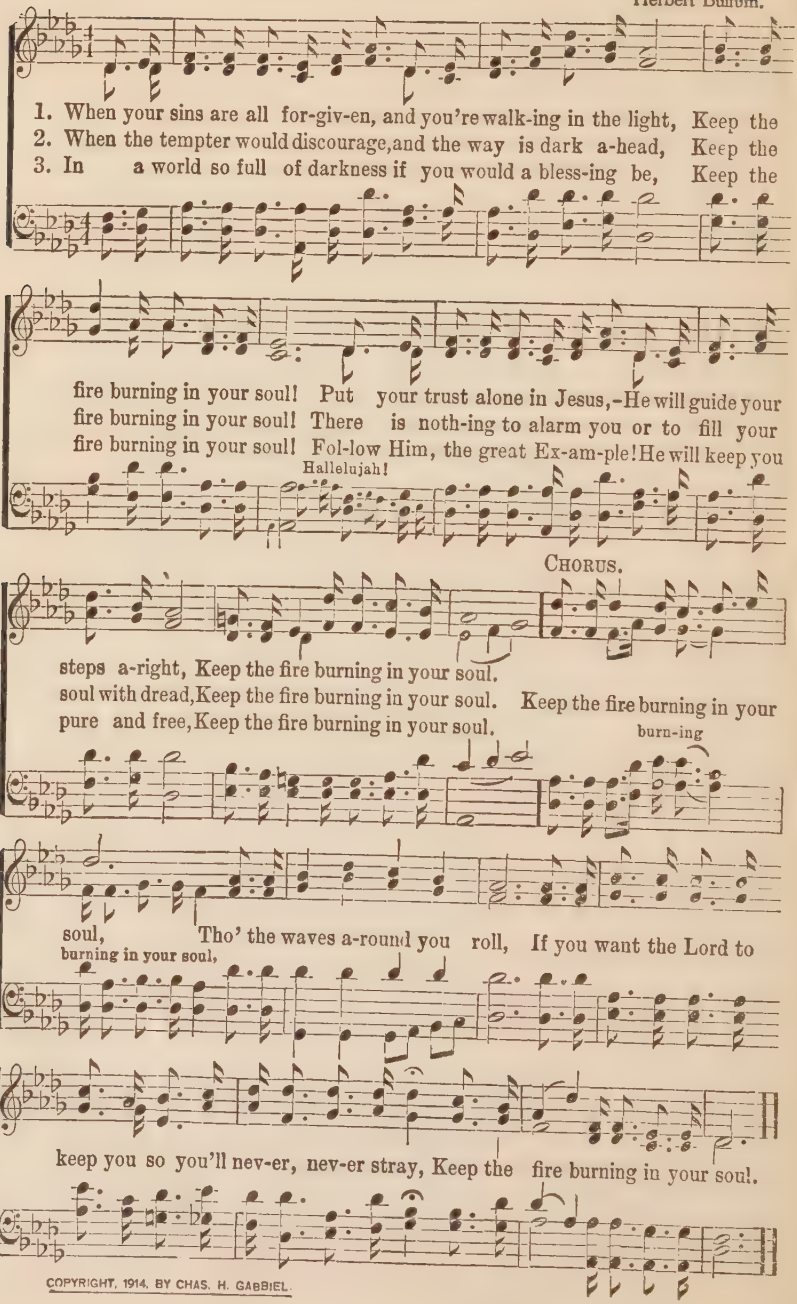
76 Keep the Fire Burning in Your Soul.

H. B

Herbert Buffum.


1. When your sins are all for-giv-en, and you're walk-ing in the light, Keep the
2. When the tempter would discourage, and the way is dark a-head, Keep the
3. In a world so full of darkness if you would a bless-ing be, Keep the
fire burning in your soul! Put your trust alone in Jesus,—He will guide your
fire burning in your soul! There is noth-ing to alarm you or to fill your
fire burning in your soul! Fol-low Him, the great Ex-am-ple! He will keep you
Hallelujah!
CHORUS.
steps a-right, Keep the fire burning in your soul.
soul with dread, Keep the fire burning in your soul. Keep the fire burning in your
pure and free, Keep the fire burning in your soul.
burn-ing
soul, Tho' the waves a-round you roll, If you want the Lord to
burning in your soul,
keep you so you'll nev-er, nev-er stray, Keep the fire burning in your soul.

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More Grace. 77

Wm. M. Lighthall. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Thou, God, who send-est me All good and noth-ing ill, This I would
2. Thou art so good to me, So ten - der is Thy care, Fa - ther, I
3. "Blest are the pure in heart For they their God shall see;" Je - sus, Thy
ask of Thee, More grace to do Thy will; No oth - er want I know,
trust in Thee, With Thee I leave my pray'r; No mer - it of my own
grace im-part, I pure in heart would be; O what a work of grace
Safe in Thy love to stand, My heart doth o - ver - flow With bless-
Be - fore Thy throne I lay, In Je - sus' name a - lone For Thy
Thou shalt have done for me When I shall see Thy face Thro' all
Chorus.
ings from Thy hand.
rich grace I pray. More grace, my pray'r shall be, More grace to live for
e - ter - ni - ty!
More grace my pray'r shall be, More grace to
Thee, More grace Thy name to bear, More grace Thy sign to wear.
live for Thee, More grace Thy name to bear,

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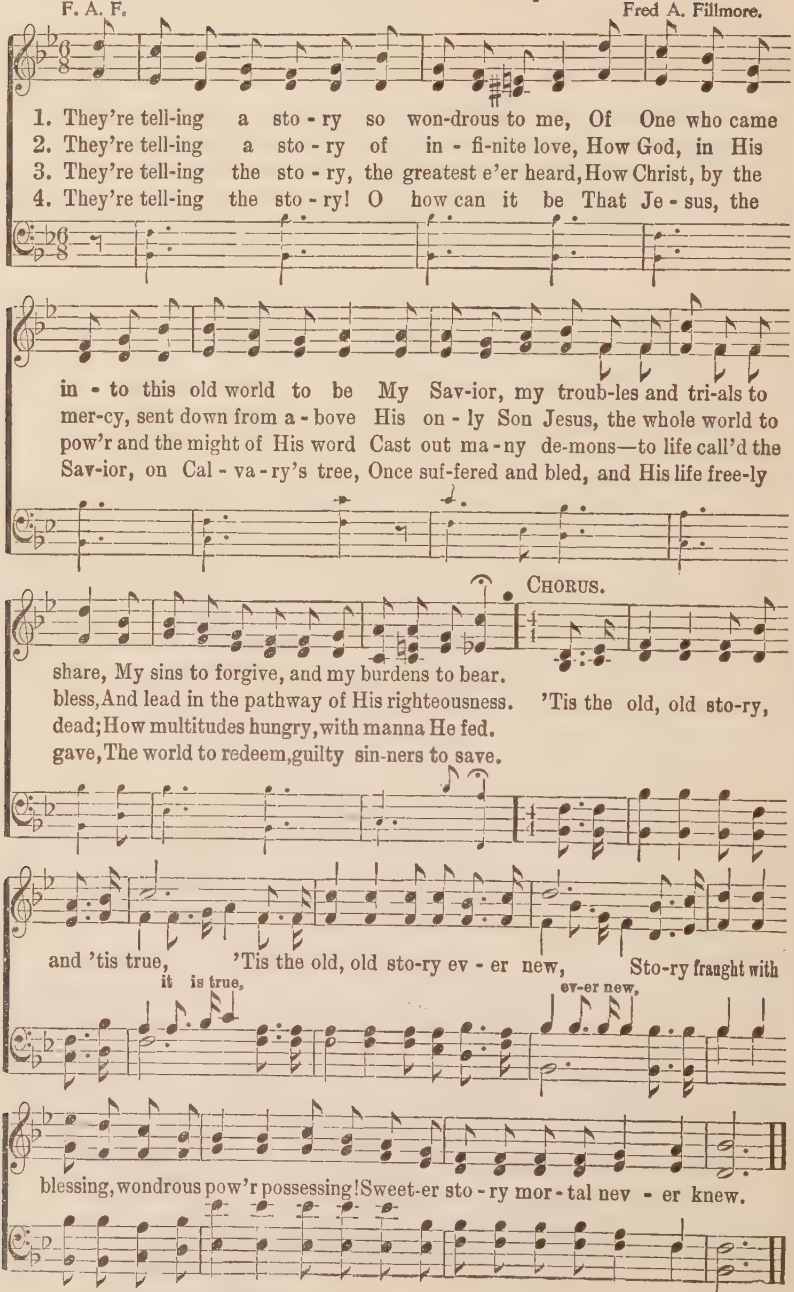
78

The Old, Old Story.

F. A. F. Fred A. Fillmore.


1. They're tell-ing a sto - ry so won-drous to me, Of One who came in - to this old world to be My Sav-ior, my troub-les and tri-als to
2. They're tell-ing a sto - ry of in - fi-nite love, How God, in His mer-cy, sent down from a - bove His on - ly Son Jesus, the whole world to
3. They're tell-ing the sto - ry, the greatest e'er heard, How Christ, by the pow'r and the might of His word Cast out ma - ny de-mons—to life call'd the
4. They're tell-ing the sto - ry! O how can it be That Je - sus, the Sav-ior, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Once suf-fered and bled, and His life free-ly
CHORUS.
share, My sins to forgive, and my burdens to bear.
bless, And lead in the pathway of His righteousness. 'Tis the old, old sto-ry,
dead; How multitudes hungry, with manna He fed.
gave, The world to redeem, guilty sin-ners to save.
and 'tis true, 'Tis the old, old sto-ry ev - er new, Sto-ry fraught with
it is true,
ev-er new,
blessing, wondrous pow'r possessing! Sweet-er sto - ry mor - tal nev - er knew.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might - y works for Thee prepare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con-sume, all sin de-stroy! With ear - nest zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord! be-fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom-ise we be - lieve,
With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De-scend on us to - day.
Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.
CHORUS.
Lord, send the old-time pow'r, the Pen - te-cos-tal pow'r! Thy flood-gates of
bless-ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the
Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, That sinners be con-vert-ed and Thy name glo-ri - fied!

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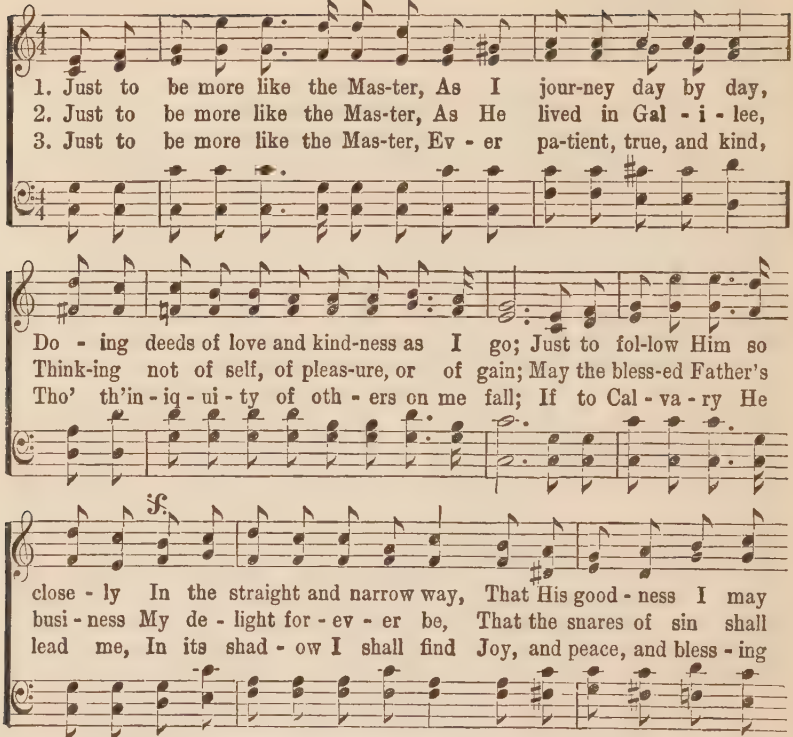
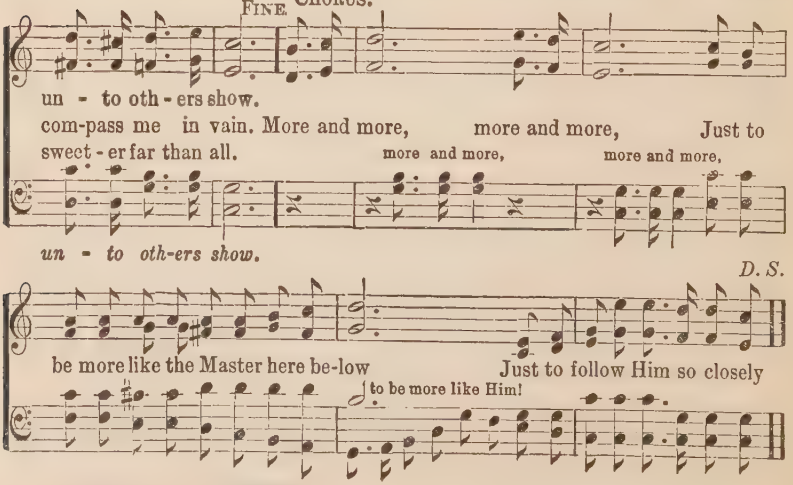
Like the Master.

Jennie Ree. Rosamond Astra.


1. Just to be more like the Mas-ter, As I jour-ney day by day,
2. Just to be more like the Mas-ter, As He lived in Gal - i - lee,
3. Just to be more like the Mas-ter, Ev - er pa-tient, true, and kind,
Do - ing deeds of love and kind-ness as I go; Just to fol-low Him so
Think-ing not of self, of pleas-ure, or of gain; May the bless-ed Father's
Tho' th'in - iq - ui - ty of oth - ers on me fall; If to Cal - va - ry He
close - ly In the straight and narrow way, That His good - ness I may
busi - ness My de - light for - ev - er be, That the snares of sin shall
lead me, In its shad - ow I shall find Joy, and peace, and bless - ing

D. S.—*In the straight and narrow way, that His good-ness I may*

CHORUS.


FINE.
un - to oth - ers show.
com-pass me in vain. More and more, more and more, Just to
sweet - er far than all. more and more, more and more,
un - to oth-ers show.
D. S.
be more like the Master here be-low Just to follow Him so closely
to be more like Him!

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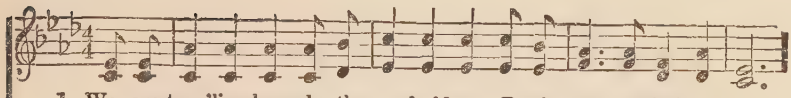
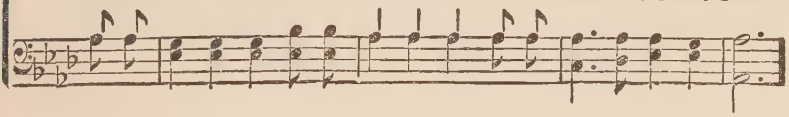
W. T. M. Mrs. W. T. Morris.

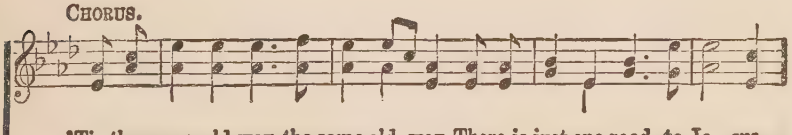


1. We are trav'ling home by the good old way, By the way our fathers trod;
2. We at times will chance where the roadways cross, There 'tis Satan will delay,
3. Ma - ny stop to look for a bet - ter way, And are swallowed up in night,
4. 'Twas my father's way, 'twas my mother's way, And 'twill be the way for me!
5. Oh, how glad am I there is just one way, It is nar-row, but 'tis straight;

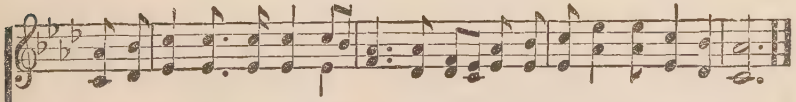
We will join them there in the land of day, And for-ev - er reign with God.
But we heed the words of the still small voice Saying, "Keep the narrow way."
While the faithful few, by their steady tread En-ter thro' the gates of light.
When my journey's done, and my crown is won, By the same old way 'twill be.
Tho' it leads up-hill we mount upward still T'ward the heav'nly, pearly gate.



CHORUS.



'Tis the same old way, the same old way, There is just one road to Je - sus,—



By the way of the cross of Cal - va - ry! We must travel the same old way.

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82 O How He Loves Me.

Rev. Johnson Oatman. H. L. Gilmour.

1. I have a Friend, a pre-cious Friend, O how He loves me;
2. Why He should come, I can-not tell, O how He loves me;
3. He died to save my soul from death, O how He loves me;
4. He walks with me a-long life's road, O how He loves me;
5. He has a home pre-pared for me, O how He loves me;
He says His love will nev-er end, O how He loves me.
In my poor bro-ken heart to dwell, O how He loves me.
I'll praise Him while He gives me breath, O how He loves me.
He car-ries ev-'ry heav-y load, O how He loves me.
With Him I'll spend e-ter-ni-ty, O how He loves me.
Chorus.
O how He loves me, O how He loves me;
I know not why, I on-ly cry, O how He loves me.

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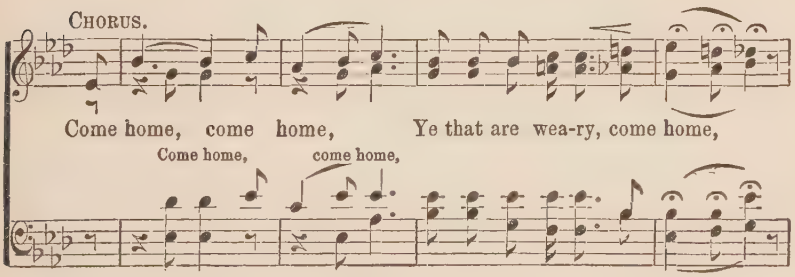
W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

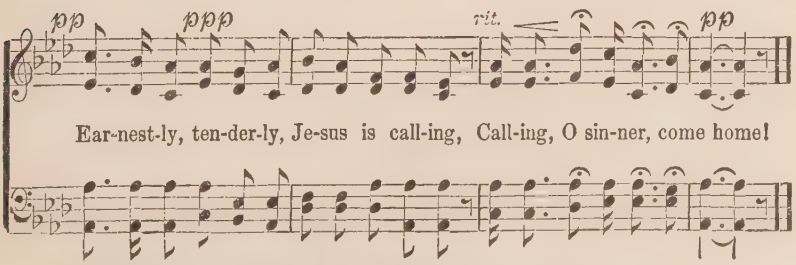
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the won-der-ful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me,

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching and waiting for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death warnings coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.



Come home, come home, Ye that are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,



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Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

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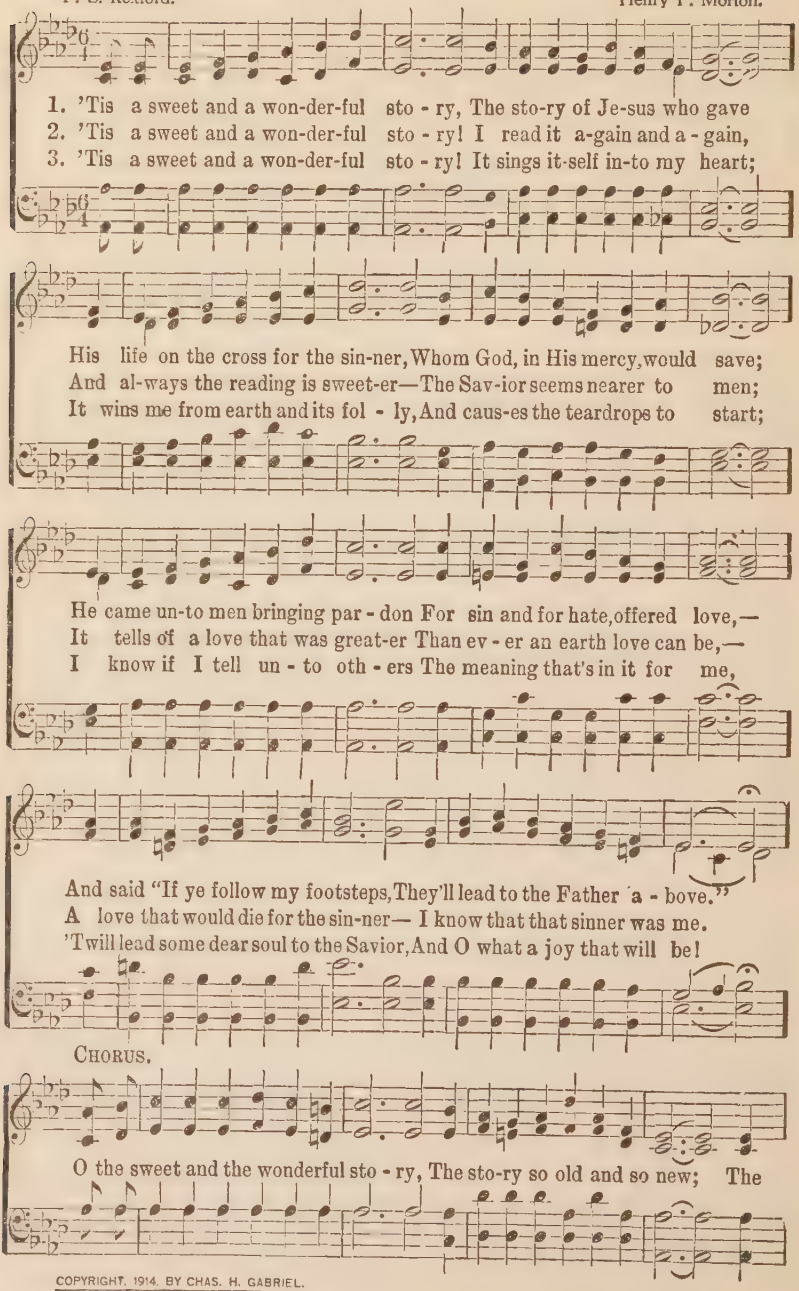
O Sweet and Wonderful Story.

F. E. Rexford. Henry P. Morton.


1. 'Tis a sweet and a won-der-ful sto - ry, The sto-ry of Je-sus who gave
2. 'Tis a sweet and a won-der-ful sto - ry! I read it a-gain and a - gain,
3. 'Tis a sweet and a won-der-ful sto - ry! It sings it-self in-to my heart;
His life on the cross for the sin-ner, Whom God, in His mercy, would save;
And al-ways the reading is sweet-er—The Sav-ior seems nearer to men;
It wins me from earth and its fol - ly, And caus-es the teardrops to start;
He came un-to men bringing par - don For sin and for hate, offered love,—
It tells of a love that was great-er Than ev - er an earth love can be,—
I know if I tell un - to oth - ers The meaning that's in it for me,
And said "If ye follow my footsteps, They'll lead to the Father a - bove."
A love that would die for the sin-ner— I know that that sinner was me.
'Twill lead some dear soul to the Savior, And O what a joy that will be!
CHORUS.
O the sweet and the wonderful sto - ry, The sto-ry so old and so new; The

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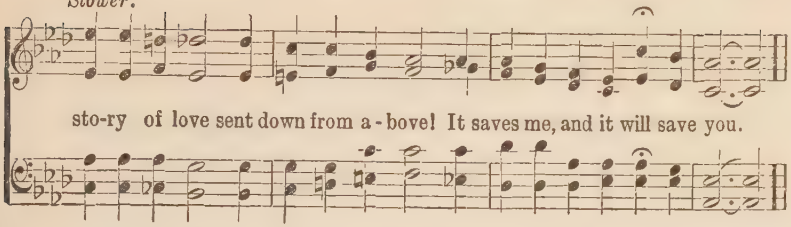
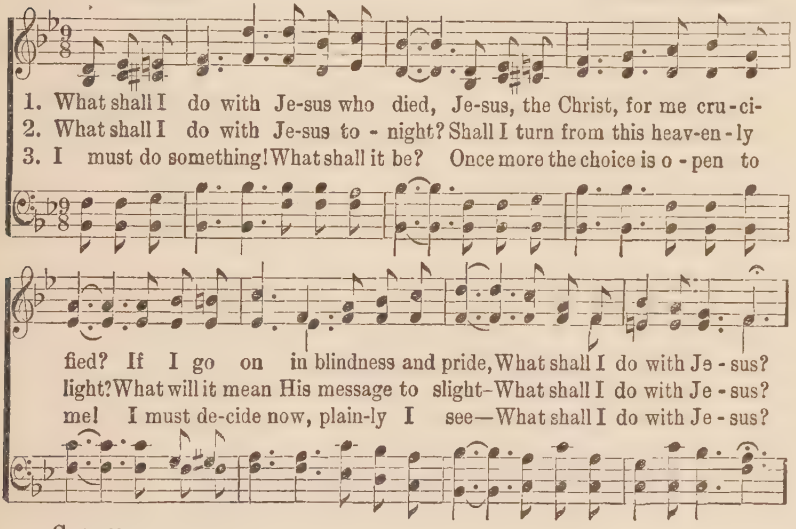
Slower.

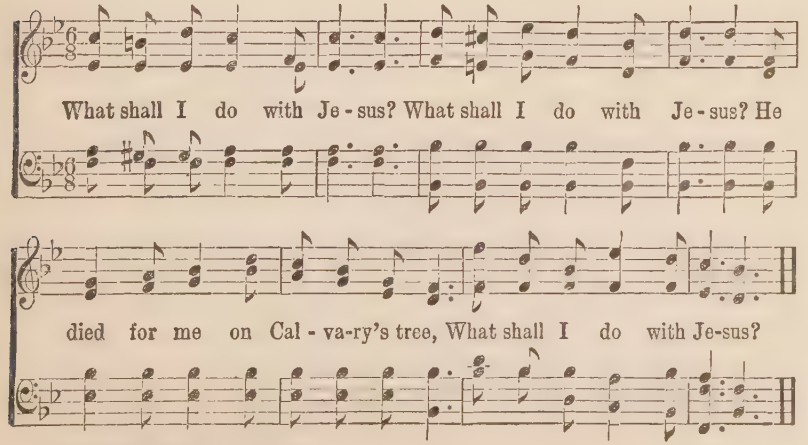


What Shall I Do With Jesus?

E. L. Thompson. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. What shall I do with Je-sus who died, Je-sus, the Christ, for me cru-ci-
2. What shall I do with Je-sus to-night? Shall I turn from this heav-en-ly
3. I must do something! What shall it be? Once more the choice is o-pen to
fied? If I go on in blindness and pride, What shall I do with Je-sus?
light? What will it mean His message to slight—What shall I do with Je-sus?
me! I must de-cide now, plain-ly I see—What shall I do with Je-sus?

CHORUS.



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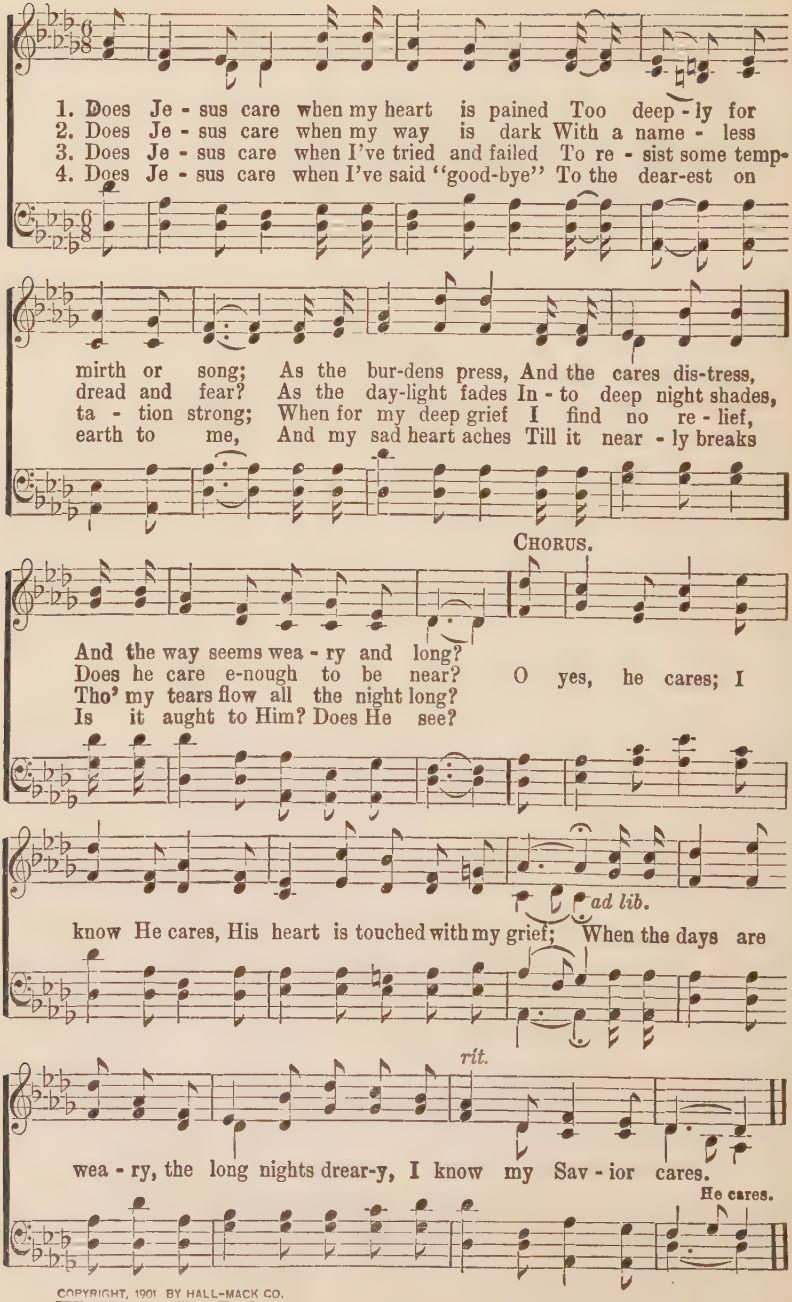
Does Jesus Care?

Rev. E. Frank Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp-
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear-est on
mirth or song; As the bur-dens press, And the cares dis-tress,
dread and fear? As the day-light fades In - to deep night shades,
ta - tion strong; When for my deep grief I find no re - lief,
earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks
CHORUS.
And the way seems wea - ry and long?
Does he care e-nough to be near? O yes, he cares; I
Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
Is it aught to Him? Does He see?
ad lib.
know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; When the days are
rit.
wea - ry, the long nights drear-y, I know my Sav - ior cares.
He cares.

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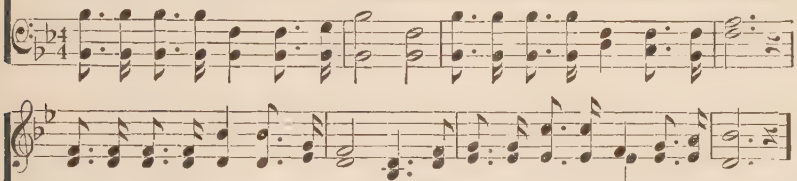
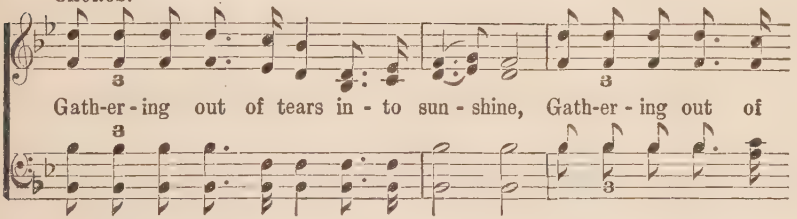
Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Steer our bark a-way to the homeland, Spread the sails of hope o'er the sea;
2. Steer our bark a-way to the homeland, On with-out a fear let us go;
3. Bright and fair the hills of the homeland, Clad in all the bloom of the spring;
4. Soft the winds that blow from the homeland, Sweet the morn that breaks on the shore,



Think of all the friends that a-waits us, When anchored safely there we shall be,
When the port of peace we are near-ing, The blessed harbor lights we shall know.
There, to Him, who loved and redeemed us, Our joyful, joyful praise we will sing.
Soon we'll meet again our be-lov'd ones, Where sorrows plaintive moan comes no more.

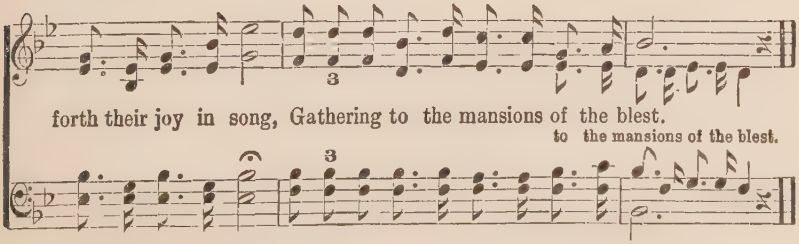
CHORUS.



Gath-er-ing out of tears in-to sun-shine, Gath-er-ing out of

la-bor in-to rest; Hear the ran-som'd throng shouting

out of la-bor in-to rest;



forth their joy in song, Gathering to the mansions of the blest.

to the mansions of the blest.

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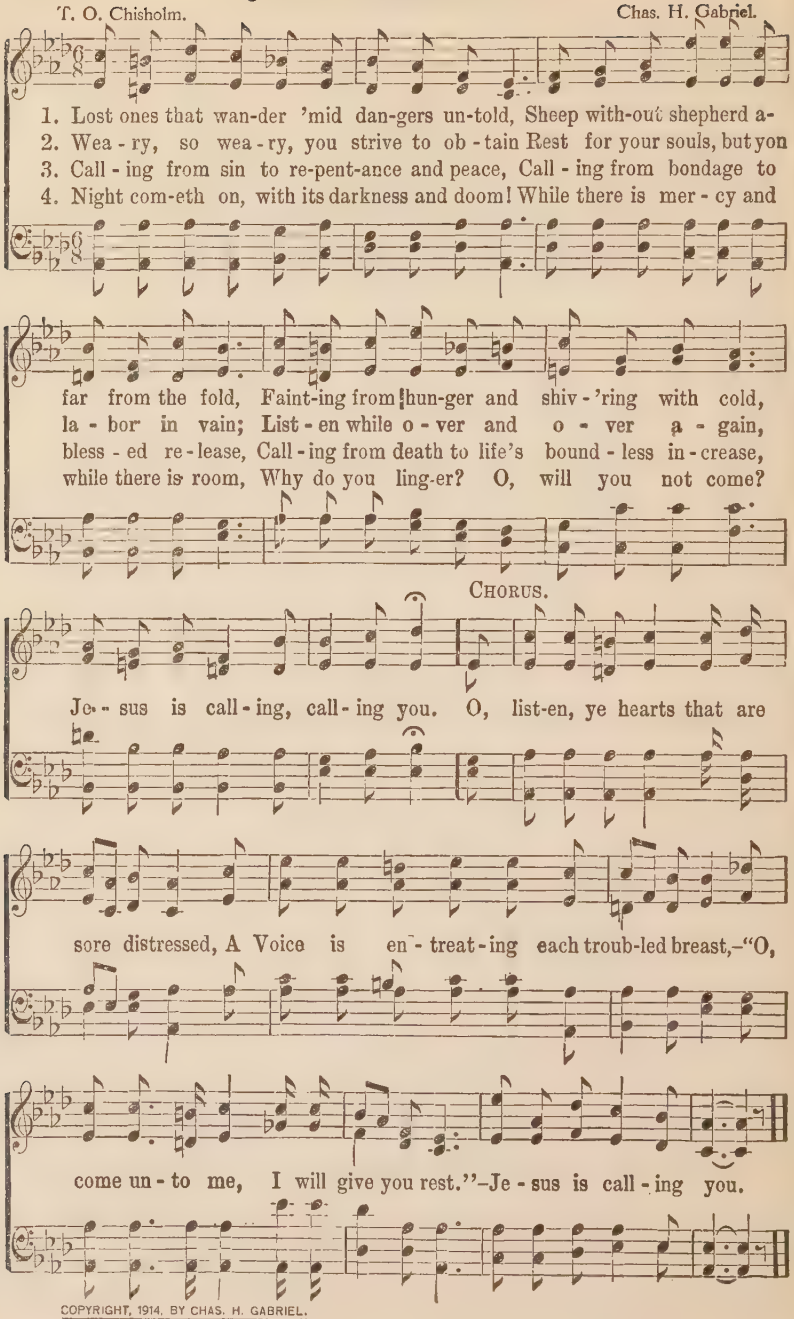
Jesus is Calling You.

T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Lost ones that wan-der 'mid dan-gers un-told, Sheep with-out shepherd a-
2. Wea-ry, so wea-ry, you strive to ob-tain Rest for your souls, but yon
3. Call-ing from sin to re-pent-ance and peace, Call-ing from bondage to
4. Night com-eth on, with its darkness and doom! While there is mer-cy and
far from the fold, Faint-ing from hun-ger and shiv-'ring with cold,
la-bor in vain; List-en while o-ver and o-ver a-gain,
bless-ed re-lease, Call-ing from death to life's bound-less in-crease,
while there is room, Why do you ling-er? O, will you not come?
CHORUS.
Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing you. O, list-en, ye hearts that are
sore distressed, A Voice is en-treat-ing each troub-led breast,—"O,
come un-to me, I will give you rest."—Je-sus is call-ing you.

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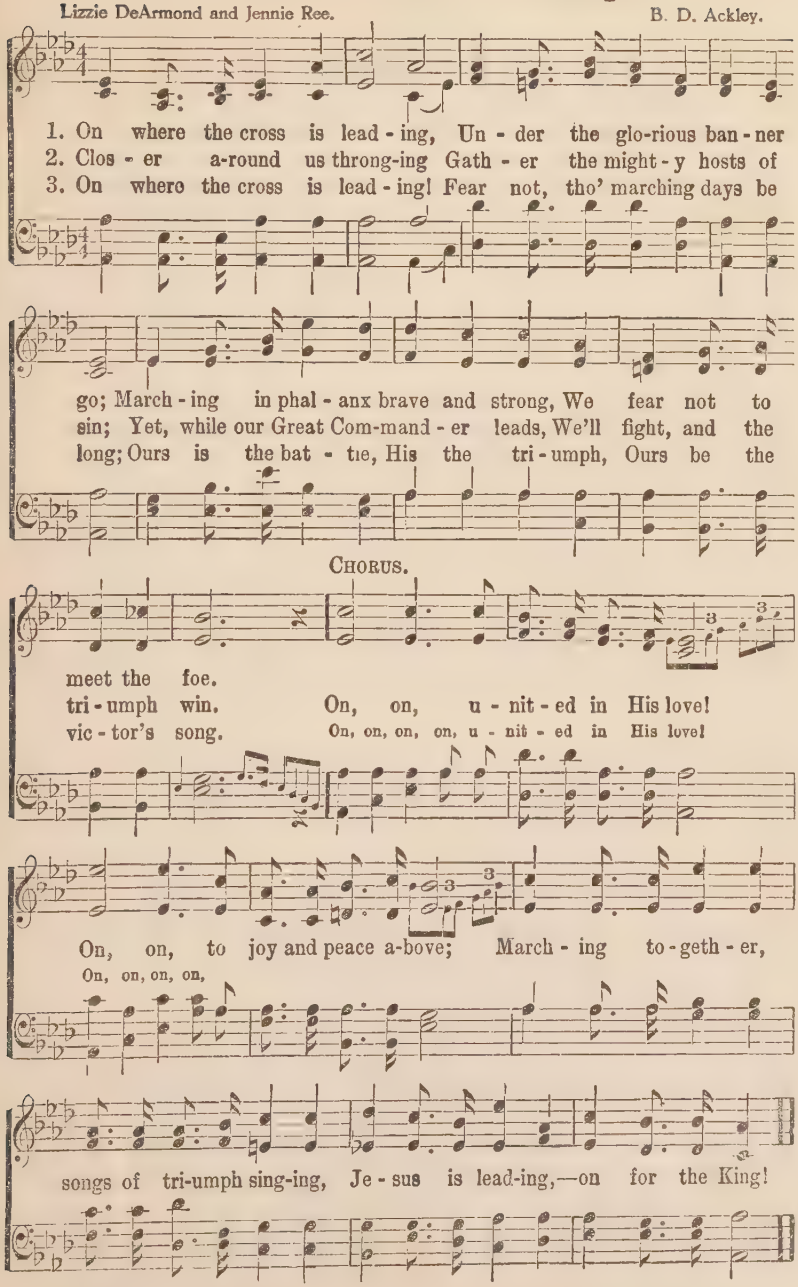
Lizzie DeArmond and Jennie Ree. B. D. Ackley.


1. On where the cross is lead - ing, Un - der the glo-rious ban - ner
2. Clos - er a-round us throng-ing Gath - er the might - y hosts of
3. On where the cross is lead - ing! Fear not, tho' marching days be
go; March - ing in phal - anx brave and strong, We fear not to
sin; Yet, while our Great Com-mand - er leads, We'll fight, and the
long; Ours is the bat - tle, His the tri - umph, Ours be the
CHORUS.
meet the foe.
tri - umph win. On, on, u - nit - ed in His love!
vic - tor's song. On, on, on, on, u - nit - ed in His love!
On, on, to joy and peace a-bove; March - ing to - geth - er,
On, on, on, on,
songs of tri-umph sing-ing, Je - sus is lead-ing,—on for the King!

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90 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Jesus come into your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come into your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come into your heart.
Find what a Friend He will be un-to you, Let Jesus come into your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come into your heart.
Chorus.
Just now, your doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re-ject Him no more;
Just now, my doubt-ings are o'er; Just now, re-ject-ing no more;
Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Just now, I o-pen the door And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

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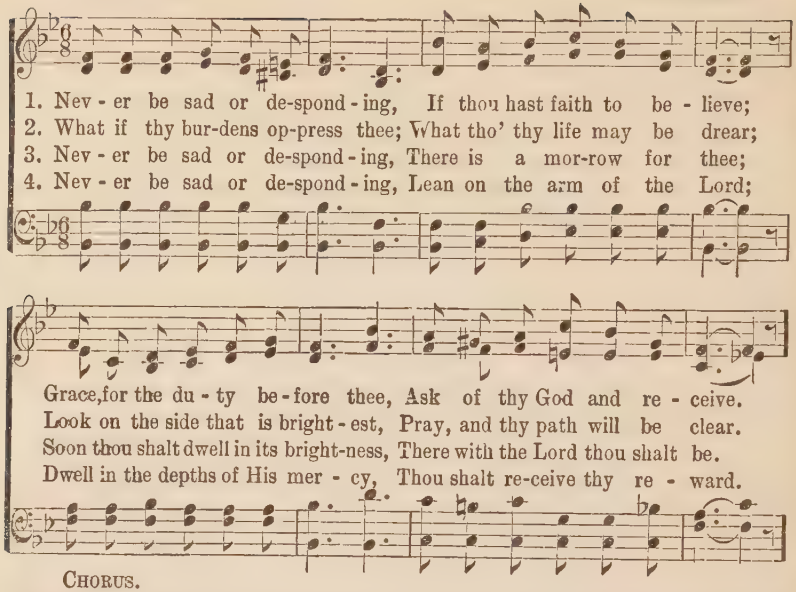
'Tis Wonderful to Know Such a Savior 91

F. A. F. Fred A. Fillmore.

1. What the Lord has done for me, He will sure-ly do for you! Come to
2. What the Lord has done for me, He will sure-ly do for you! If you
3. What the Lord has done for me, He will sure-ly do for you—Sim-ply
4. What the Lord has done for me, He will sure-ly do for you. To His
Him your sins con - fess - ing; Come be - liev - ing in His word, Come, ac-
on - ly learn to love Him; If you trust Him day by day, And His
trust Him now—be-lieve Him; For He loves you O so well—More than
name be praise and glo - ry! Of the prec-ious life He gave, Of His
cept the bless-ed Lord, Come with-out de-lay and claim the promised bless-ing.
grac - ious will o - bey, You will find there's not an-oth-er friend a - bove Him.
mor - tal tongue can tell, Will you har-den now your heart and not re-ceive Him?
migh - ty pow'r to save O I love to tell a-broad the dear old sto - ry!
CHORUS.
'Tis won-der-ful, it is wonderful, Such love, redeeming love, such favor! It is
won-der-ful, it is tru-ly, tru-ly won-der-ful, so won-der-ful to know such a Savior.

92 Never Give Up.

Fanny J. Crosby. I. Allen Sankey.


1. Nev - er be sad or de-spond - ing, If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy bur-dens op-press thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev - er be sad or de-spond - ing, There is a mor-row for thee;
4. Nev - er be sad or de-spond - ing, Lean on the arm of the Lord;
Grace, for the du - ty be - fore thee, Ask of thy God and re - ceive.
Look on the side that is bright - est, Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in its bright-ness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.
Dwell in the depths of His mer - cy, Thou shalt re-ceive thy re - ward.
CHORUS.
Nev - er give up,..... Nev - er give up,,.....
Nev - er give up, nev - er give up, Nev - er give up, nev - er give up,
Nev-er give up to thy sor - rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;
Trust..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the Lord,.....
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord,

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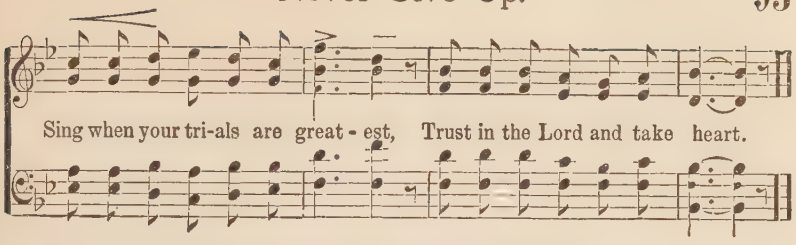
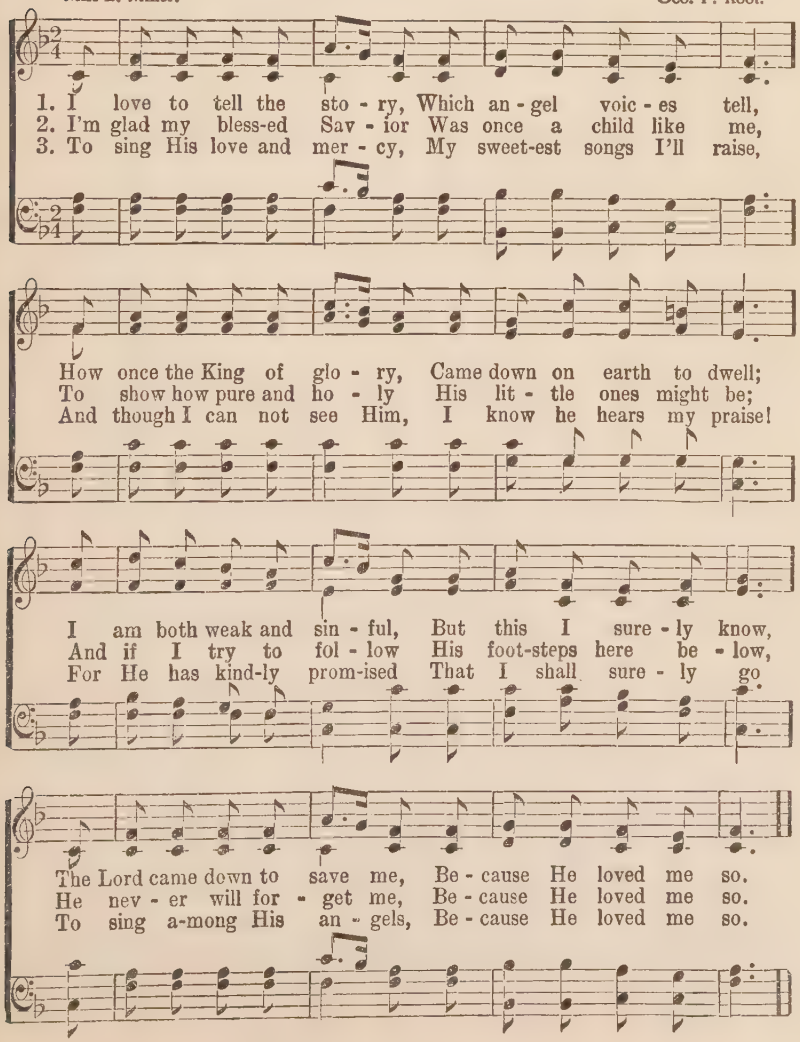


Because He Loved Me So.

Miss E. Miller. Geo. F. Root.


1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Which an - gel voic - es tell,
2. I'm glad my bless-ed Sav - ior Was once a child like me,
3. To sing His love and mer - cy, My sweet-est songs I'll raise,
How once the King of glo - ry, Came down on earth to dwell;
To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be;
And though I can not see Him, I know he hears my praise!
I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
And if I try to fol - low His foot-steps here be - low,
For He has kind-ly prom-ised That I shall sure - ly go
The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loved me so.
To sing a-mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loved me so.

Forward!

E. L. Thompson. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. March on, ye sol-diers of the cross, Un-til the set of sun!
2. His ban-ner o-ver you is love; He leads you in the way;
3. Press for-ward, then, with courage strong, Fear not the boast-ful foe,
4. The mar-tyrs died; ye are their sons, And each shall have a crown!
The church of God will suf-fer loss, Un-less the fight is won.
The strength for war comes from a-bove, Suf-fi-cient for the day.
For right at last shall conquer wrong—The Lord hath spo-ken so.
Leave now your shel-ter, man the guns, Nor haul your col-ors down!
CHORUS.
For-ward! for-ward! ev-er brave and strong, Fear not,
fear not! Lift your voice in song; Christ our Cap-tain
leads the host a-long, And vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry will come.

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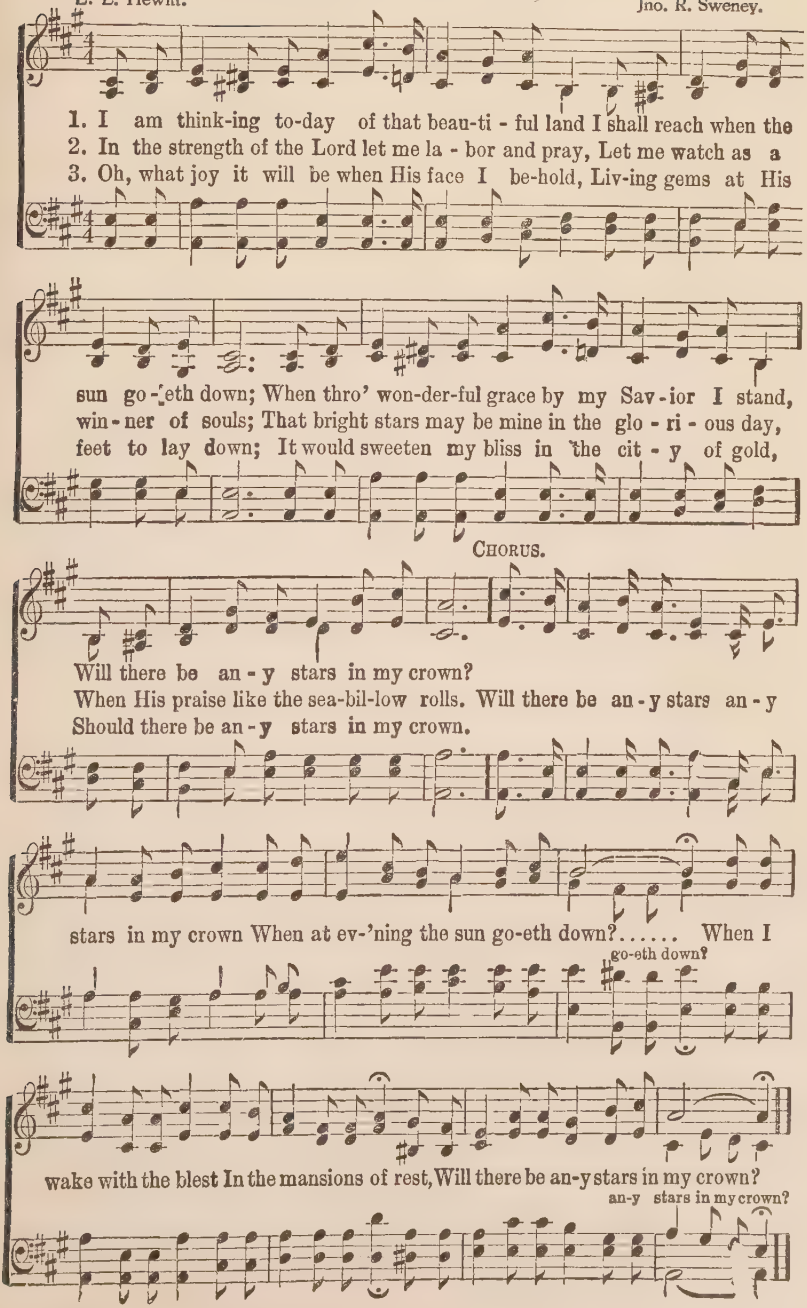
Will There be any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the sun go-'eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,
CHORUS.
Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars an - y
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.
stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I
go-eth down?
wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
an-y stars in my crown?

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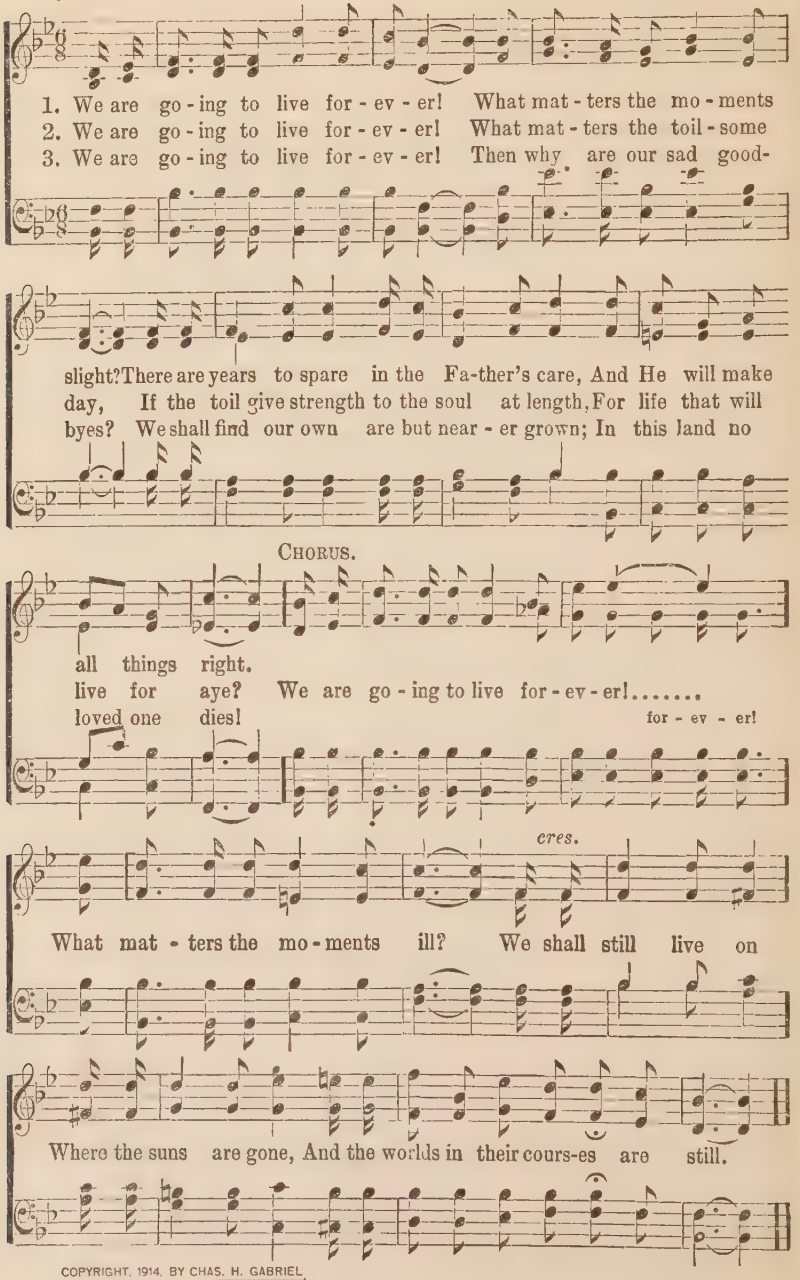
We Are Going to live Forever.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Solo. Henry P. Morton.


1. We are go - ing to live for - ev - er! What mat - ters the mo - ments
2. We are go - ing to live for - ev - er! What mat - ters the toil - some
3. We are go - ing to live for - ev - er! Then why are our sad good-
slight? There are years to spare in the Fa-ther's care, And He will make
day, If the toil give strength to the soul at length, For life that will
byes? We shall find our own are but near - er grown; In this land no
Chorus.
all things right.
live for aye? We are go - ing to live for - ev - er!.....
loved one dies!
for - ev - er!
cres.
What mat - ters the mo - ments ill? We shall still live on
Where the suns are gone, And the worlds in their cours-es are still.

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I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these
bur - dens a - lone, In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les, He is a kind, com-
pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-ior, One who can help my
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is
tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me
CHORUS.
He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub-les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.
Je - sus! I can not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell
rit.
Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

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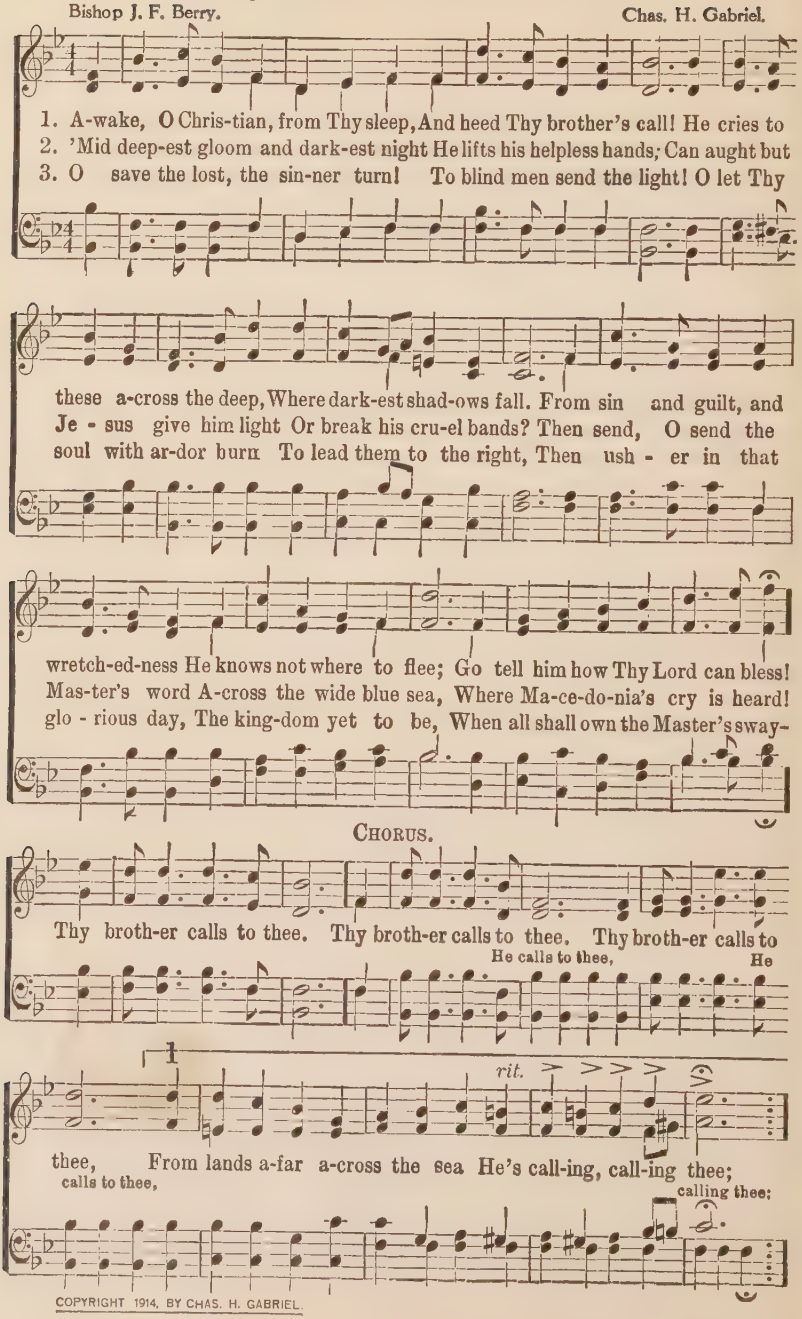
Thy Brother Calls to Thee.

Bishop J. F. Berry. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. A-wake, O Chris-tian, from Thy sleep, And heed Thy brother's call! He cries to
2. 'Mid deep-est gloom and dark-est night He lifts his helpless hands; Can aught but
3. O save the lost, the sin-ner turn! To blind men send the light! O let Thy
these a-cross the deep, Where dark-est shad-ows fall. From sin and guilt, and
Je - sus give him light Or break his cru-el bands? Then send, O send the
soul with ar-dor burn To lead them to the right, Then ush - er in that
wretch-ed-ness He knows not where to flee; Go tell him how Thy Lord can bless!
Mas-ter's word A-cross the wide blue sea, Where Ma-ce-do-nia's cry is heard!
glo - rious day, The king-dom yet to be, When all shall own the Master's sway-
CHORUS.
Thy broth-er calls to thee. Thy broth-er calls to thee. Thy broth-er calls to
He calls to thee, He
1
rit.
thee, From lands a-far a-cross the sea He's call-ing, call-ing thee;
calls to thee, calling thee;

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2

O send the news, the joy - ful news, Thy broth-er calls to thee.

As Doves to Their Windows.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. As doves to their win-dows we're com-ing to Thee, The mer - it of
2. As doves to their win-dows our spir-its would fly, And car - ry our
3. As doves to their win-dows—and Thou wilt re-ceive The pray'rs we

f.

Je - sus our hope and our plea; Dear Fa-ther in heav-en, our bur-den of
wants to the courts up - on high; We plead but the prom-ise of Je-sus to-
now of-fer, the hearts we now give; Cre- ate them a-new! let there nev-er more

D. S.—*O give us Thy Spir-it to witness with-*

FINE. CHORUS.

sin We long to lay down and the new life be - gin.
day; O Fa-ther in heav-en, have mer-cy, we pray! Com-ing.....
be A tho't or de - sire that's dis-loy- al to Thee. com-ing to Thee,

in, And we shall be free from our bur - den of sin.

D. S.

we're com-ing.....Fa - ther in heav-en we're com-ing to Thee;
we're com - ing to Thee.

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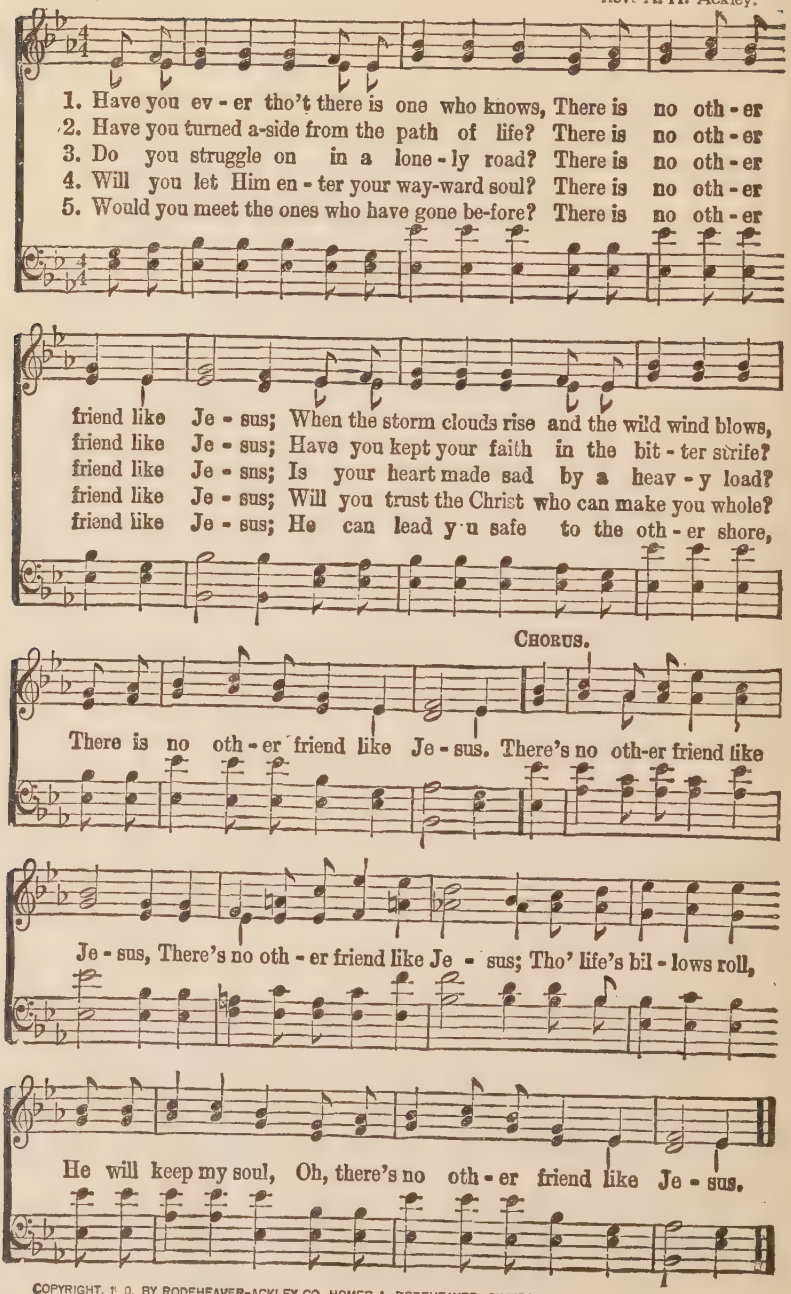
100 No Other Friend Like Jesus.

A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.


1. Have you ev - er tho't there is one who knows, There is no oth - er
2. Have you turned a-side from the path of life? There is no oth - er
3. Do you struggle on in a lone - ly road? There is no oth - er
4. Will you let Him en - ter your way-ward soul? There is no oth - er
5. Would you meet the ones who have gone be-fore? There is no oth - er
friend like Je - sus; When the storm clouds rise and the wild wind blows,
friend like Je - sus; Have you kept your faith in the bit - ter strife?
friend like Je - sus; Is your heart made sad by a heav - y load?
friend like Je - sus; Will you trust the Christ who can make you whole?
friend like Je - sus; He can lead y u safe to the oth - er shore,
CHORUS.
There is no oth - er friend like Je - sus. There's no oth-er friend like
Je - sus, There's no oth - er friend like Je - sus; Tho' life's bil - lows roll,
He will keep my soul, Oh, there's no oth - er friend like Je - sus.

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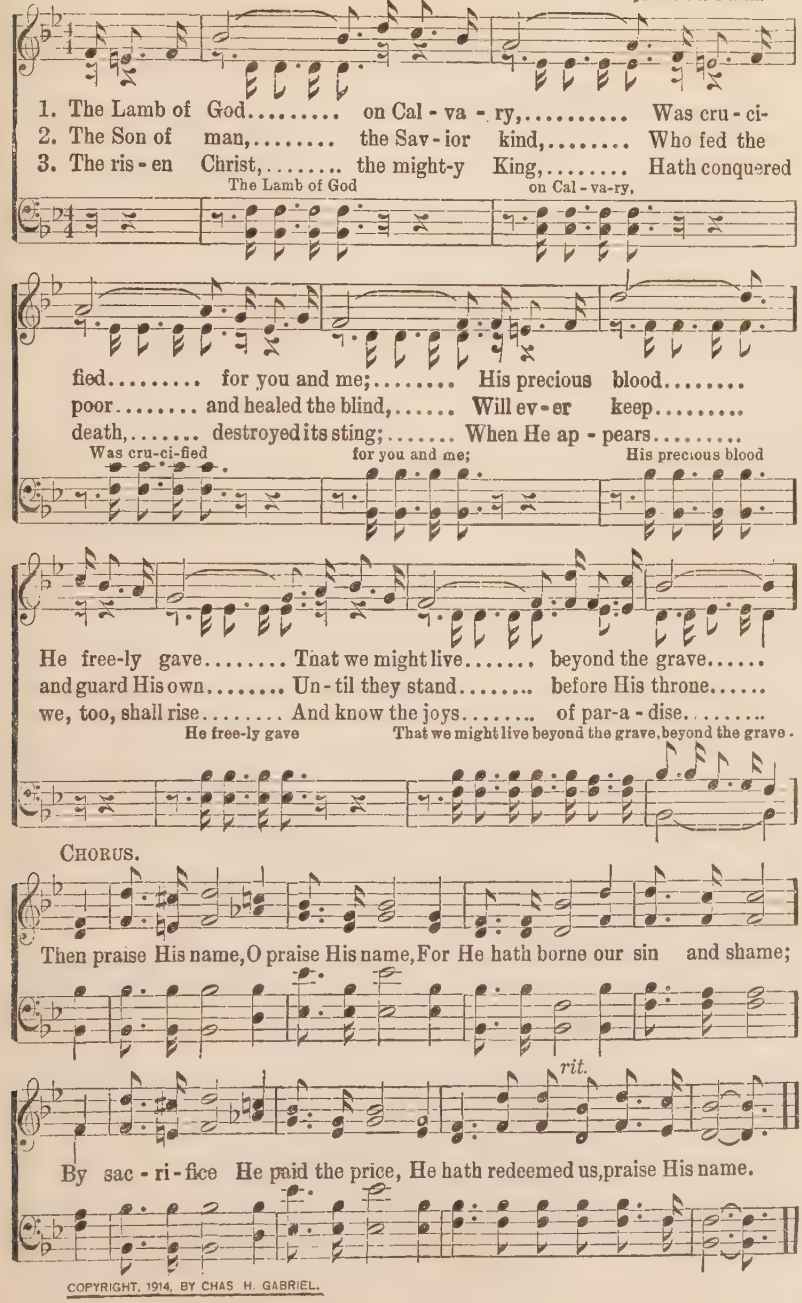
The Lamb of God.

Katharine E. Purvis. James M. Black.


1. The Lamb of God..... on Cal - va - ry,..... Was cru - ci-
2. The Son of man,..... the Sav - ior kind,..... Who fed the
3. The ris - en Christ,..... the might-y King,..... Hath conquered
The Lamb of God
on Cal - va-ry,
fied..... for you and me;..... His precious blood.....
poor..... and healed the blind,..... Will ev - er keep.....
death,..... destroyed its sting;..... When He ap - pears.....
Was cru-ci-fied
for you and me;
His precious blood
He free-ly gave..... That we might live..... beyond the grave.....
and guard His own..... Un - til they stand..... before His throne.....
we, too, shall rise..... And know the joys..... of par-a - dise.....
He free-ly gave
That we might live beyond the grave, beyond the grave.
CHORUS.
Then praise His name, O praise His name, For He hath borne our sin and shame;
rit.
By sac - ri - fice He paid the price, He hath redeemed us, praise His name.

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The Name of Names.

Herbert Buffum. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Who is the One who can give sweet peace, Bid all our sor - rows and sigh - ing cease, Bring to the sin - bur - dened soul re - lease?
2. Who is the One who knows all our grief? Brings to the doubt-troub-led heart re - lief? Who spake sweet words to the dy - ing thief?
3. Who un - der-stands all our se - cret woe? Noth-ing is hid - den He does not know; Whose blood can wash our heart white as snow?
4. Who will stand by us un - to the end? Al-ways on Him can our souls de - pend; Who is the sin - ner's best, on - ly Friend?
p pp f CHORUS.
Je - sus, Je - sus! He is the Lamb for all sin - ners slain; He who once died, but now lives a - gain;
cres. ff pp
Com - ing once more to the earth to reign, Je - sus! Je - sus!

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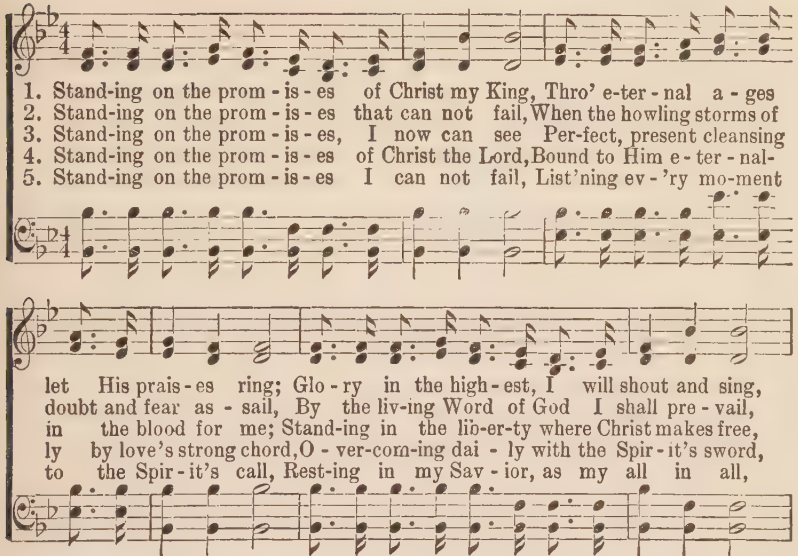
R, K, C, R, Kelso Carter,


1. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter - nal a - ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es that can not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es, I now can see Per-fect, present cleansing
4. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal-
5. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es I can not fail, List'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment
let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high - est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
ly by love's strong chord, O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,
stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom - is - es of God.
stand - ing on the prom - is - es,

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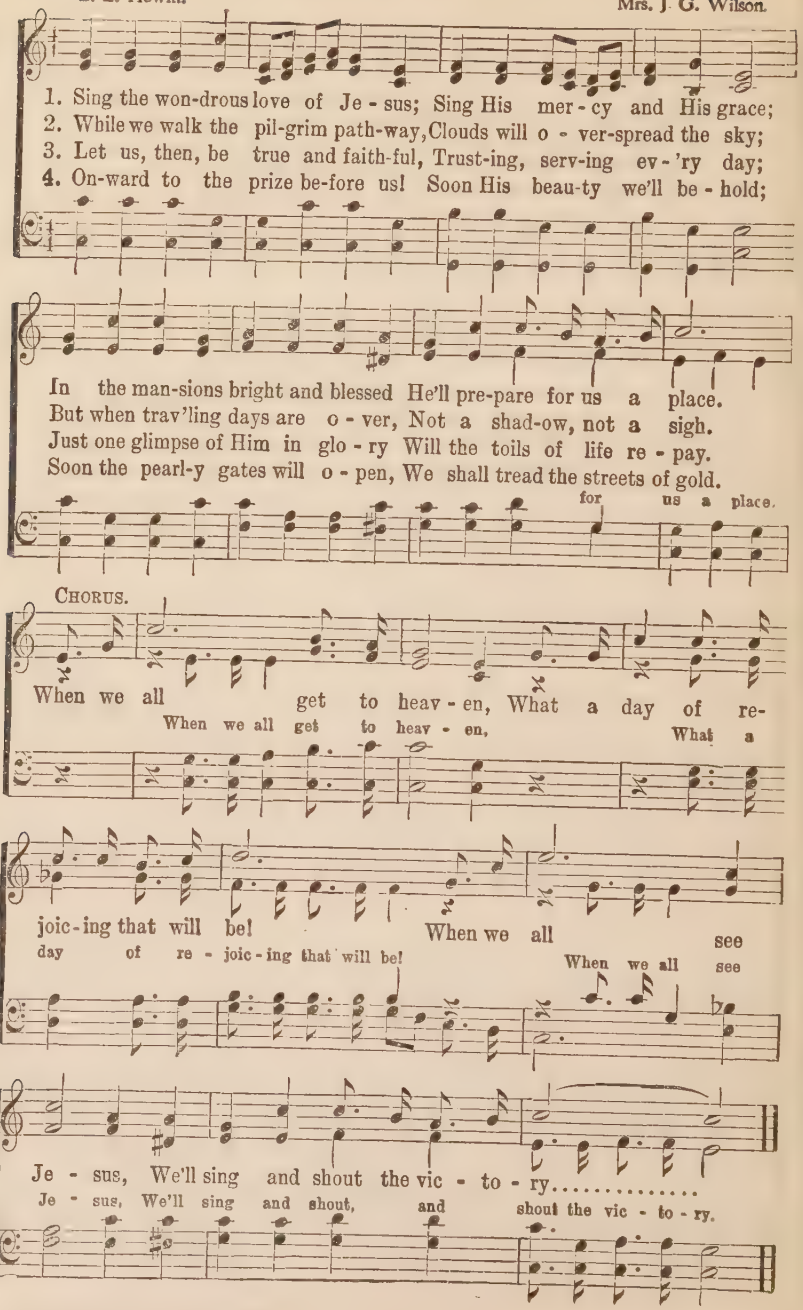
104 When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.


1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus; Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us, then, be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;
In the man-sions bright and blessed He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl-y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.
CHORUS.
When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all get to heav - en, What a
joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all see
Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
Je - sus, We'll sing and shout, and shout the vic - to - ry.

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Tell it Everywhere You Go. 105

Herbert Buffum. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. If your sins have been for-giv-en you in Je-sus' bless-ed name,
2. If you've found the Sav-ior pre-cious in your ev-'ry time of need,
3. If the love of God is sweet-er than the pleas-ures found in sin,
Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; It may help some oth-er wea-ry heart to
Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; Tell the world that He will always prove He
Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; There are souls who dwell in darkness whom to
CHORUS.
seek and find the same Tell it ev-'ry-where you go.
is a Friend indeed, Tell it ev-'ry-where you go. Tell it ev'rywhere you go,
Jesus you may win; Tell it ev-'ry-where you go. Tell it, tell it, ev'rywhere you go,
Tell it ev-'ry-where you go, As you jour-ney here be-low,
Tell it, tell it, ev-'ry-where you go.
Let the world a-round you know, Tell it ev-'ry-where you go.

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A Smile to Spare.

Francis McKinnon Morton. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I do not ask a shel-tered way Where care and toil are
2. I ask the strength to do Thy will, And keep my vis - ion
3. I do not ask to bear no cross, To feel no weight of
4. I crave the pow'r to do my task With love and hope and
nev - er known, But this the boon for which I pray,— The cour-age,
clear and fair, And with such joy my task ful - fill, That I shall
grief or pain, But love to sanc - ti - fy each loss, And heart to
brave good cheer, And on - ly this, dear Lord, I ask, A life of
CHORUS.
Lord, to walk a - lone!
have a smile to spare.
sing hope's sweet re - frain.
bless - ed ser - vice here.
Wear-ing a smile All of the
while, Help-ing my neigh - bor his bur-den to bear; Lord, I would
pray. For ev -'ry day— "Give me a smile and a bless-ing to share."

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L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft-en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft-er pain and anguish, aft-er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft-er foes are con-quered, aft-ter bat-tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be-fore, We shall see the

King some day (some day); On that blessed morning clouds will dis-ap-pear;
King some day (some day); Thro' the endless a-ges joy and blessing share,
King some day (some day): Aft-er strife is o-ver, aft-er set of sun,
King some day (some day); Sor-row past for-ev-er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day (some day).

We shall shout and sing some day (some day); Gathered 'round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

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108 His Love is Far Better Than Gold.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. The love of the Christ is so pre-cious, That no mor-tal its
2. He meets ev-'ry need with the prom-ise, No good thing from His
3. My heart ev-er yearns with a long-ing, To be-hold the great
wealth can un-fold; His grace is a store-house of rich-es to me, His
own to with-hold; So dai-ly I trust in the Cru-ci-fied One, His
joy of my soul, For-ev-er to dwell in the presence of Him, Whose
CHORUS.
love is far bet-ter than gold. His love..... is far
His love is far bet-
bet-ter than gold,..... Its full-ness can nev-er be
ter, far bet-ter than gold, Its fullness can nev-er can
told,..... It makes..... me an heir to the
nev-er be told, It makes me an heir to the

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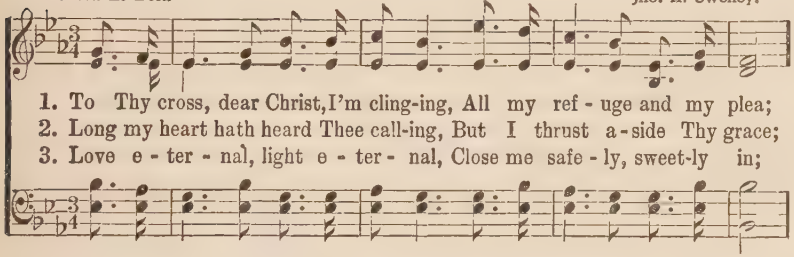
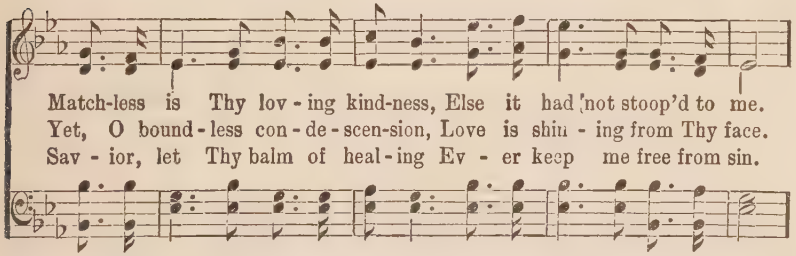
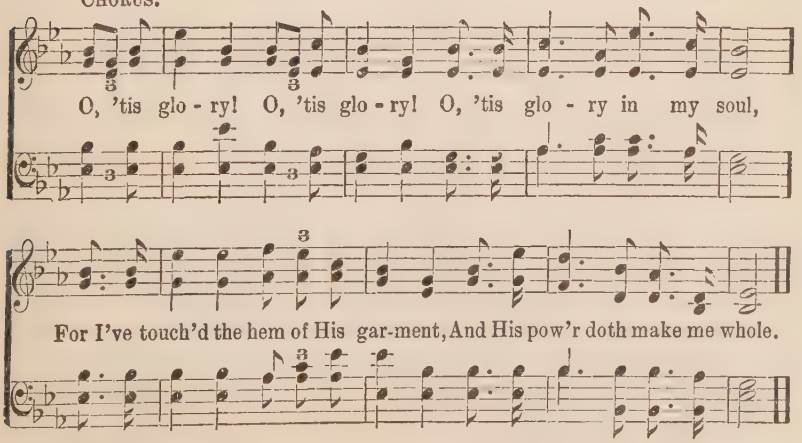
O 'tis Glory in my Soul.

Flora L. Best. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. To Thy cross, dear Christ, I'm cling-ing, All my ref - uge and my plea;
2. Long my heart hath heard Thee call-ing, But I thrust a-side Thy grace;
3. Love e - ter - nal, light e - ter - nal, Close me safe - ly, sweet-ly in;


Match-less is Thy lov - ing kind-ness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
Yet, O bound - less con - de - scen-sion, Love is shin - ing from Thy face.
Sav - ior, let Thy balm of heal - ing Ev - er keep me free from sin.

CHORUS.



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110 Go Ye Forth in Jesus' Name.

F. A. F. Fred A. Fillmore.

1. Send the bless-ed gos-pel to the sons of men, Its saving pow'r (Its saving pow'r)
2. Go ye forth as sol-diers of the cross to win The vic-to-ry, The vic-to-ry)
3. Go ye forth as christians! 'Tis the Lord's command; The gospel preach, (The gospel preach,)
to all pro-claim; (to all proclaim;) Tell the old, old sto-ry, tell it yet a-
with glad ac-claim! (with glad acclaim!) Go ye forth! the might-y con-quest now be-
its truths proclaim; (its truths proclaim;) 'Neath the blood-bought banner bold-ly take your
gain, Go ye forth in Je-sus' name, In-to all (In-to all) the world go
gin, Go ye forth in Je-sus' name, In His name (In His name) go forth, all
stand, Go ye forth in Je-sus' name, Go ye forth (Go ye forth) and, by His
seek the lost; Stay ye not; (Stay ye not) 'till lands and seas are crossed; Go in
nations teach, 'Till the world's ('Till the world's) remotest bounds you reach; Go ye
conq'ring love, True, and brave, (True and brave,) and val-iant soldiers prove—Win-ning
sum-mer heat or win-ter's chill-ing frost, Go ye forth in Je-sus' name.
in-to all the world, the gospel preach, Go ye forth in Je-sus' name.
ma-ny jew-els for your crown a-bove, Go ye forth in Je-sus' name.

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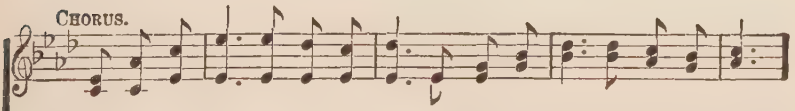
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground.

CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta - ble-land;

A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground.

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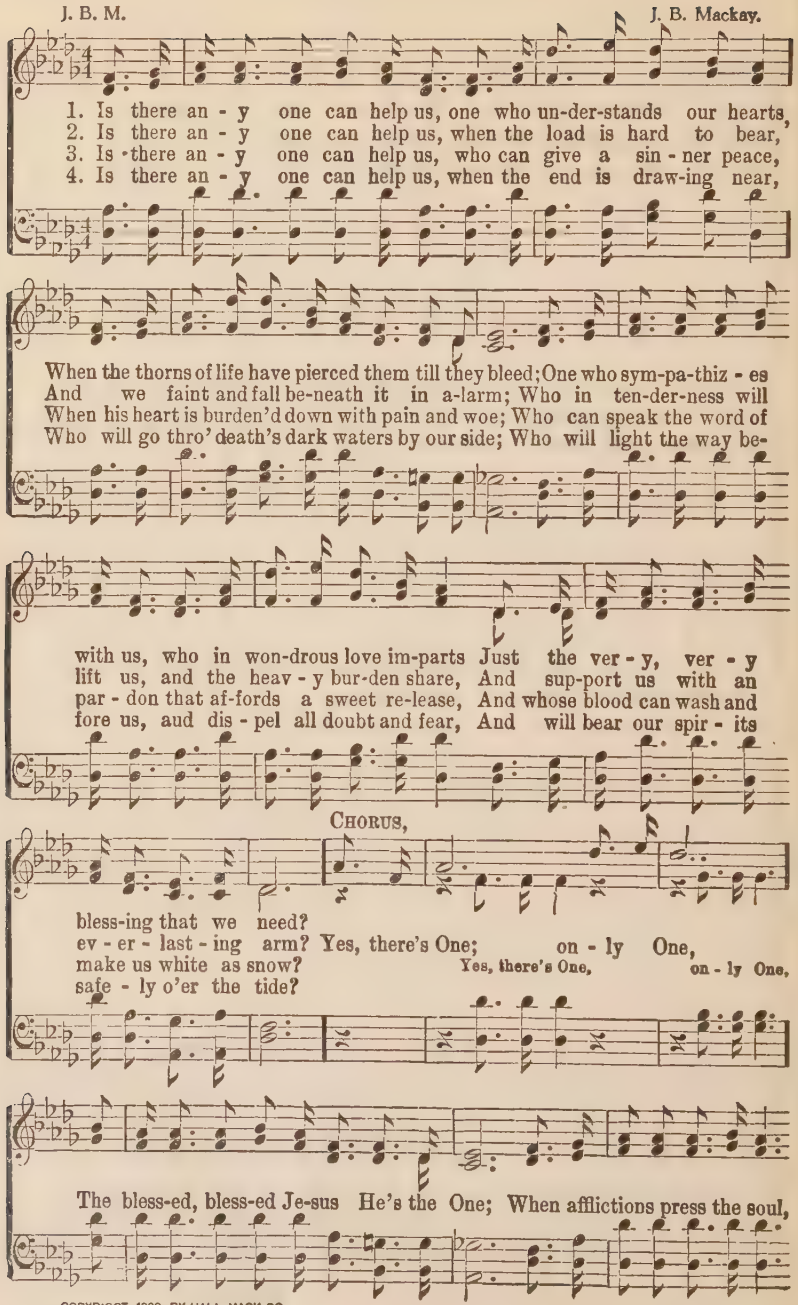
He's the One.

J. B. M. J. B. Mackay.


1. Is there an - y one can help us, one who un-der-stands our hearts,
2. Is there an - y one can help us, when the load is hard to bear,
3. Is there an - y one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace,
4. Is there an - y one can help us, when the end is draw-ing near,
When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym-pa-thiz - es
And we faint and fall be-neath it in a-larm; Who in ten-der-ness will
When his heart is burden'd down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of
Who will go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be-
with us, who in won-drous love im-parts Just the ver - y, ver - y
lift us, and the heav - y bur-den share, And sup-port us with an
par - don that af-fords a sweet re-lease, And whose blood can wash and
fore us, and dis - pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its
Chorus,
bless-ing that we need?
ev - er - last - ing arm? Yes, there's One; on - ly One,
make us white as snow? Yes, there's One, on - ly One,
safe - ly o'er the tide?
The bless-ed, bless-ed Je-sus He's the One; When afflictions press the soul,

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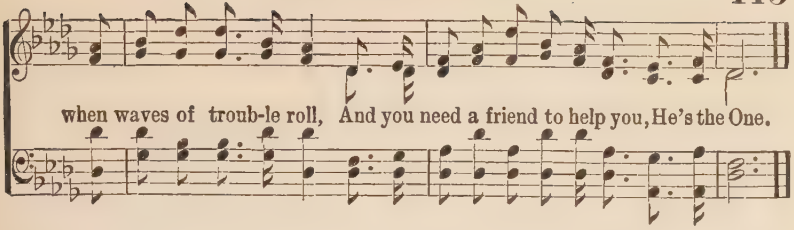

Since I found my Savior.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Life wears a dif-ferent phase to me, Since I found my Sav-ior;
2. He sought me in His won-drous love, So I found my Sav-ior;
3. The pass-ing clouds may in-ter-vene, Since I found my Sav-ior;
4. A strong hand kind-ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav-ior;
Rich mer-cy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv-ing Sav-ior.
He brought sal-va-tion from a-bove, My dear, al-might-y Sav-ior.
But He is with me, though un-seen, My ev-er pres-ent Sav-ior.
It leads me on-ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav-ior.
CHORUS.
Gold-en sunbeams 'round me play, Je-sus turns my night to day,
Heav-en seems not far a-way, Since I found my Sav-ior.

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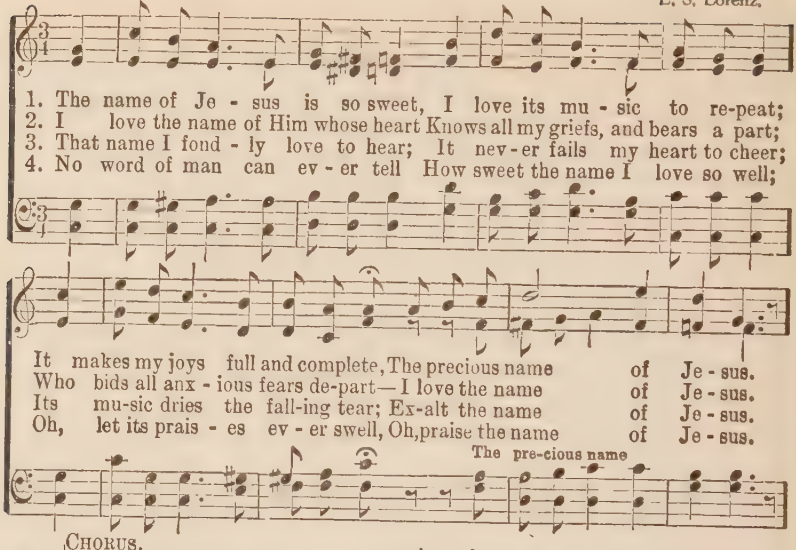
The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. G. Martin. E. S. Lorenz.


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear; It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;
It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
Who bids all anx - ious fears de-part—I love the name of Je - sus.
Its mu-sic dries the fall-ing tear; Ex-alt the name of Je - sus.
Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.
The pre-cious name
CHORUS.
"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;
"Je - sus, let all saints pro-claim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.
Its wor - thy praise

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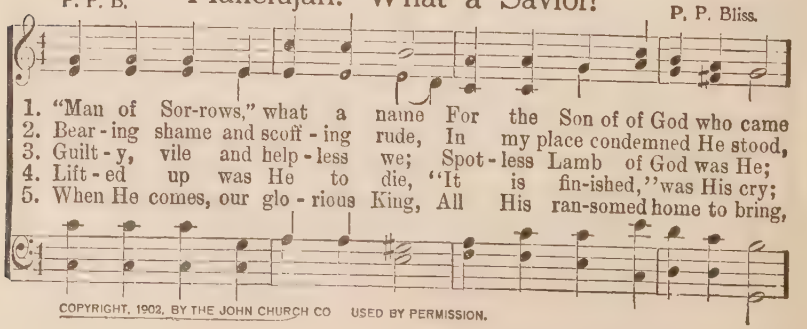
Hallelujah! What a Savior!

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of of God who came
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place condemned He stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile and help - less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

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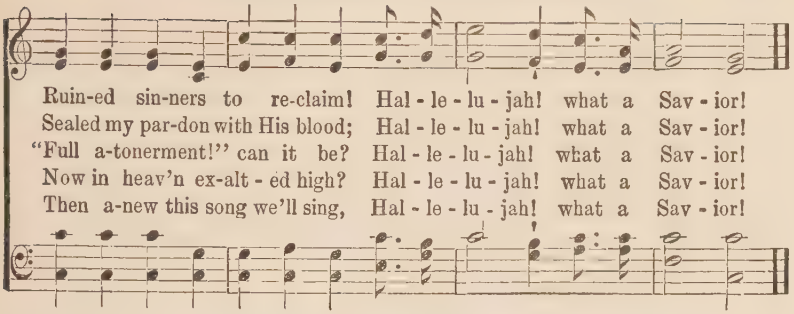
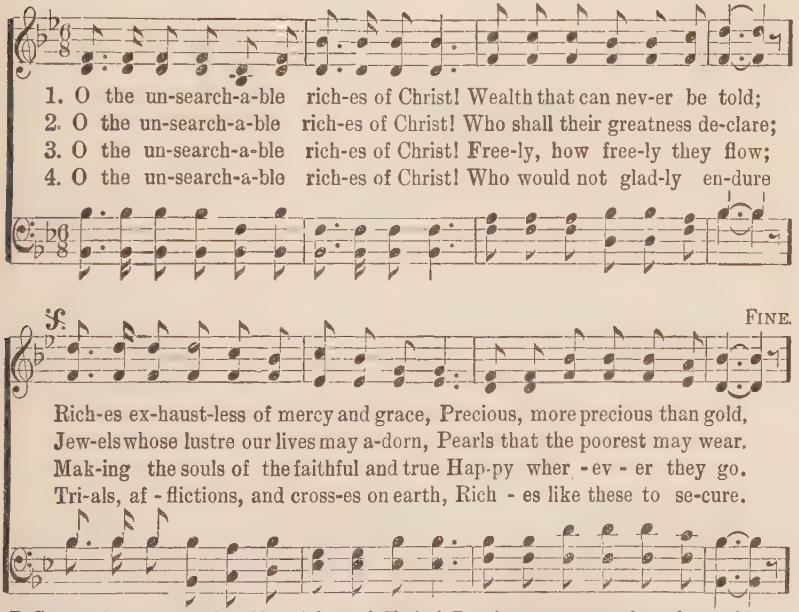

Ruin-ed sin-ners to re-claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
"Full a-tonerment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Now in heav'n ex-alt - ed high? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C. J. R. Sweney.


1. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Wealth that can nev-er be told;
2. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Who shall their greatness de-clare;
3. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Free-ly, how free-ly they flow;
4. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Who would not glad-ly en-dure
Rich-es ex-haust-less of mercy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold,
Jew-els whose lustre our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Mak-ing the souls of the faithful and true Hap-py wher - ev - er they go.
Tri-als, af - flictions, and cross-es on earth, Rich - es like these to se-cure.

FINE.

D.S.—*O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.*

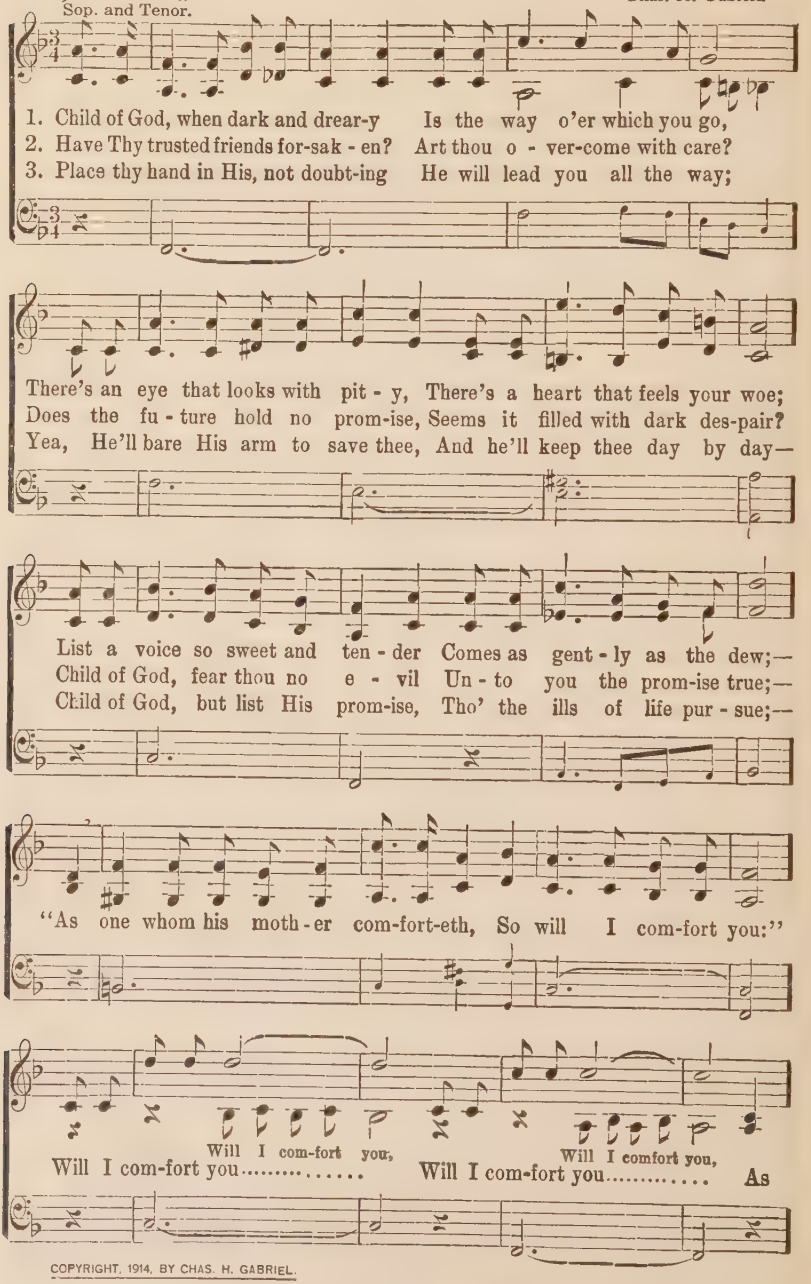
CHORUS. D. S.

USED BY PER.

116 As One Whom His Mother Comforteth.

Jennie P. Ames.
Sop. and Tenor.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Child of God, when dark and drear-y Is the way o'er which you go,
2. Have Thy trusted friends for-sak - en? Art thou o - ver-come with care?
3. Place thy hand in His, not doubt-ing He will lead you all the way;
There's an eye that looks with pit - y, There's a heart that feels your woe;
Does the fu - ture hold no prom-ise, Seems it filled with dark des-pair?
Yea, He'll bare His arm to save thee, And he'll keep thee day by day—
List a voice so sweet and ten - der Comes as gent - ly as the dew;—
Child of God, fear thou no e - vil Un - to you the prom-ise true;—
Child of God, but list His prom-ise, Tho' the ills of life pur - sue;—
"As one whom his moth - er com-fort-eth, So will I com-fort you:"
Will I com-fort you
Will I com-fort you,
Will I com-fort you.....
Will I comfort you,
Will I com-fort you..... As

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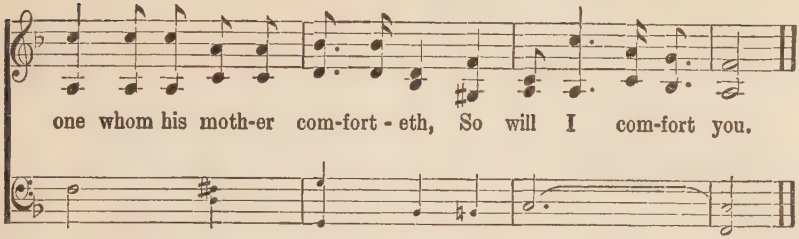
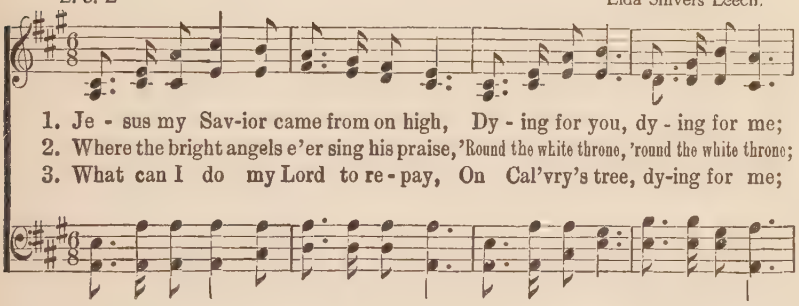
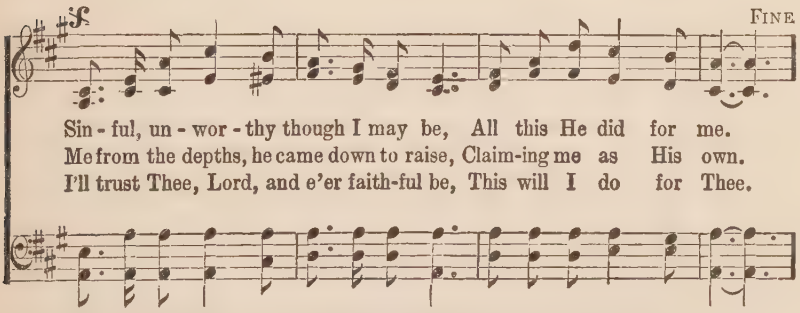


All for Me.

L. S. L

Lida Shivers Leech.

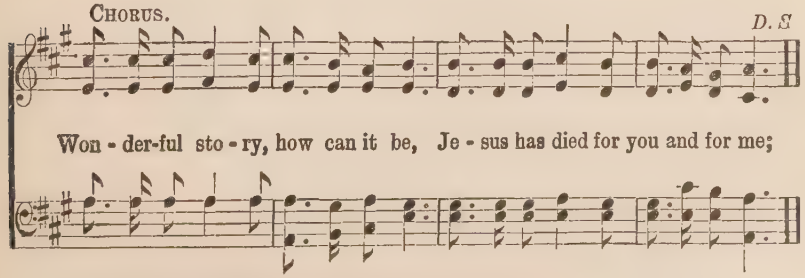

1. Je - sus my Sav-ior came from on high, Dy - ing for you, dy - ing for me;
2. Where the bright angels e'er sing his praise, 'Round the white throne, 'round the white throne;
3. What can I do my Lord to re - pay, On Cal'vry's tree, dy-ing for me;


Sin - ful, un - wor - thy though I may be, All this He did for me.
Me from the depths, he came down to raise, Claim-ing me as His own.
I'll trust Thee, Lord, and e'er faith-ful be, This will I do for Thee.

D. S.-*Left a bright home, a crown and a throne, All this He did for me.*

CHORUS.

D. S



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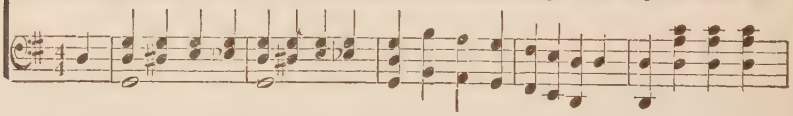
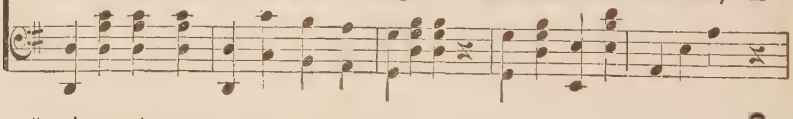
118 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. Adam Geibel.

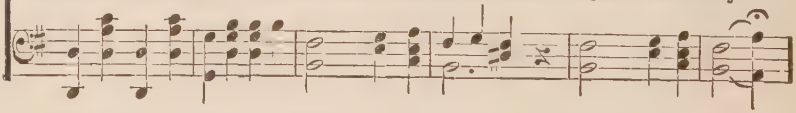
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His royal
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o-bey, Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



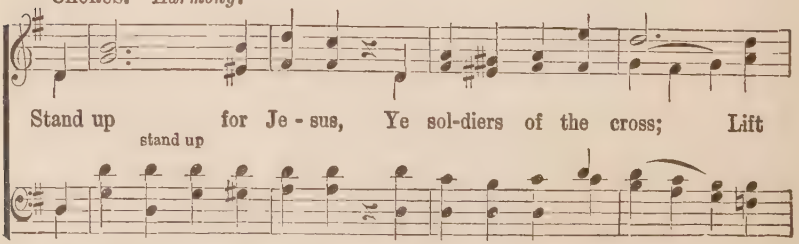
ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His
con - flict, In this His glo-rious day; "Ye that are men now serve Him" A-
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel ar - mor, Each
bat - tle, The next, the vic-tor's song: To him that o-ver - com - eth, A



ar - my shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord indeed.
gainst unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls or dan - ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter-nal-ly.



CHORUS. *Harmony.*



Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift
stand up

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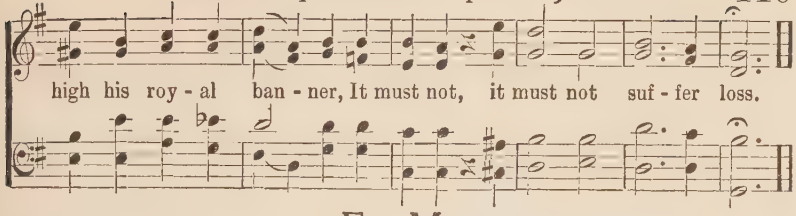
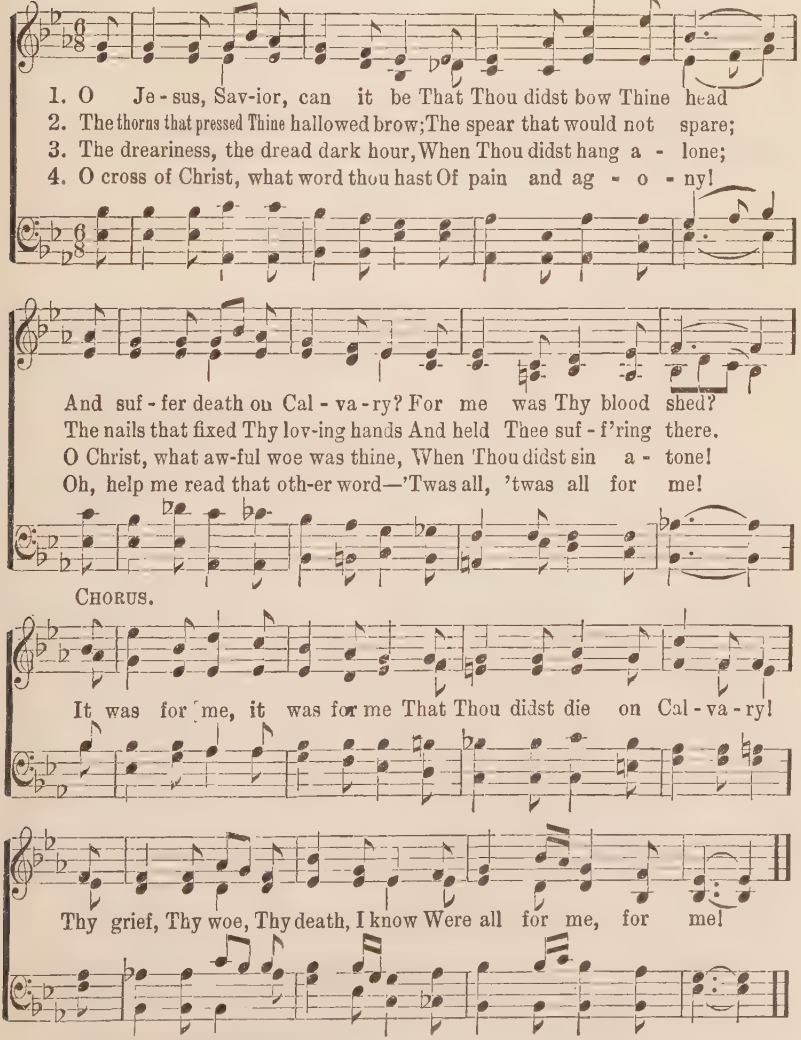


For Me.

Wallace I. Coburn. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.


1. O Je - sus, Sav-ior, can it be That Thou didst bow Thine head
2. The thorns that pressed Thine hallowed brow; The spear that would not spare;
3. The dreariness, the dread dark hour, When Thou didst hang a - lone;
4. O cross of Christ, what word thou hast Of pain and ag - o - ny!
And suf - fer death on Cal - va - ry? For me was Thy blood shed?
The nails that fixed Thy lov-ing hands And held Thee suf - f'ring there.
O Christ, what aw-ful woe was thine, When Thou didst sin a - tone!
Oh, help me read that oth-er word—'Twas all, 'twas all for me!
CHORUS.
It was for me, it was for me That Thou didst die on Cal - va - ry!
Thy grief, Thy woe, Thy death, I know Were all for me, for me!

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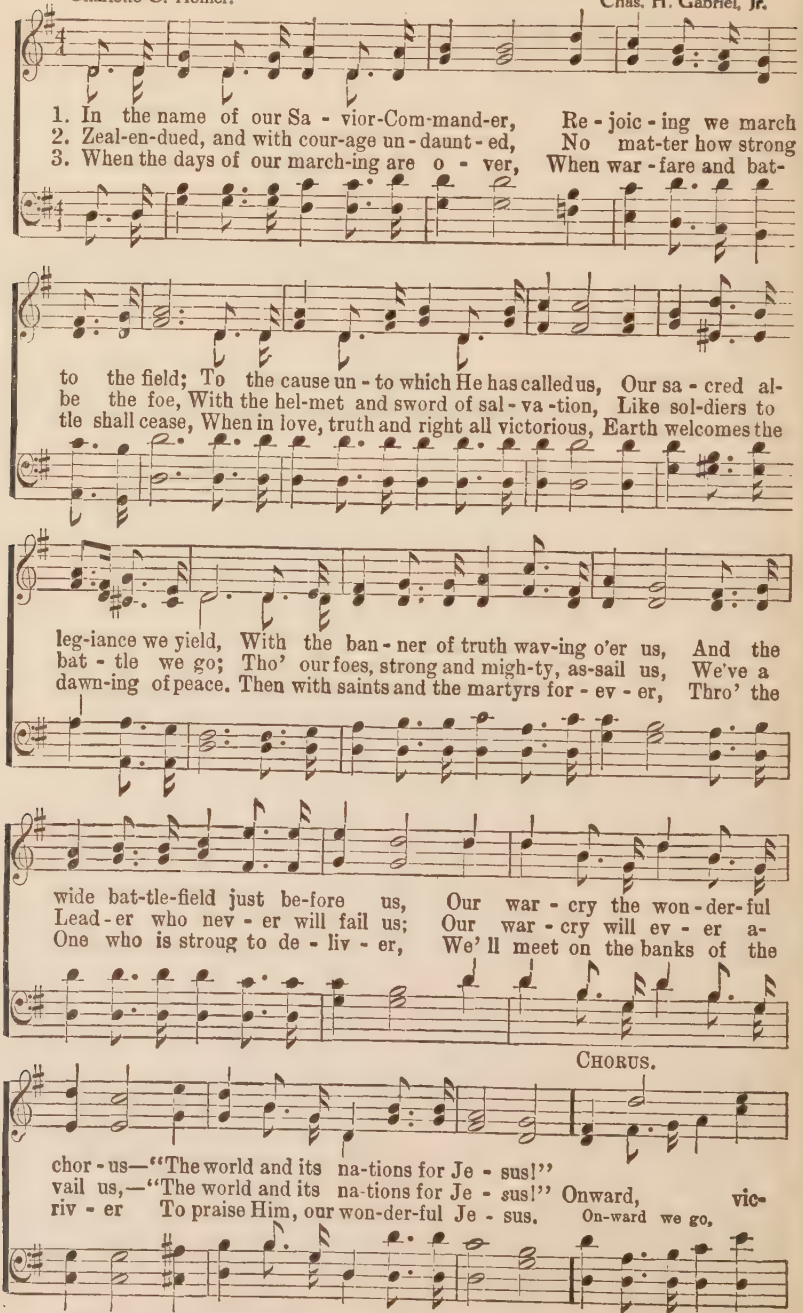
120 The World and its Nations for Jesus.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.


1. In the name of our Sa - vior-Com-mand-er, Re - joic - ing we march
2. Zeal-en-dued, and with cour-age un - daunt - ed, No mat-ter how strong
3. When the days of our march-ing are o - ver, When war - fare and bat-
to the field; To the cause un - to which He has called us, Our sa - cred al-
be the foe, With the hel-met and sword of sal - va - tion, Like sol-diers to
tle shall cease, When in love, truth and right all victorious, Earth welcomes the
leg-iance we yield, With the ban - ner of truth wav-ing o'er us, And the
bat - tle we go; Tho' our foes, strong and migh-ty, as-sail us, We've a
dawn-ing of peace. Then with saints and the martyrs for - ev - er, Thro' the
wide bat-tle-field just be-fore us, Our war - cry the won - der-ful
Lead - er who nev - er will fail us; Our war - cry will ev - er a-
One who is stroug to de - liv - er, We' ll meet on the banks of the
CHORUS.
chor - us—"The world and its na-tions for Je - sus!"
vail us,—"The world and its na-tions for Je - sus!" Onward, vic-
riv - er To praise Him, our won-der-ful Je - sus. On-ward we go,

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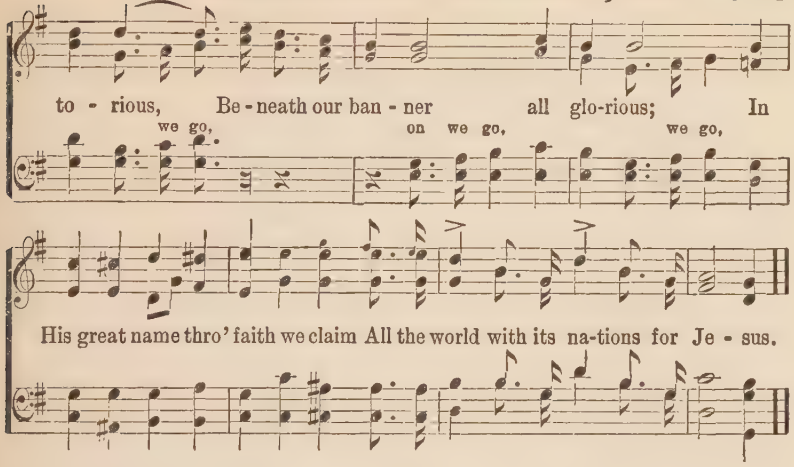
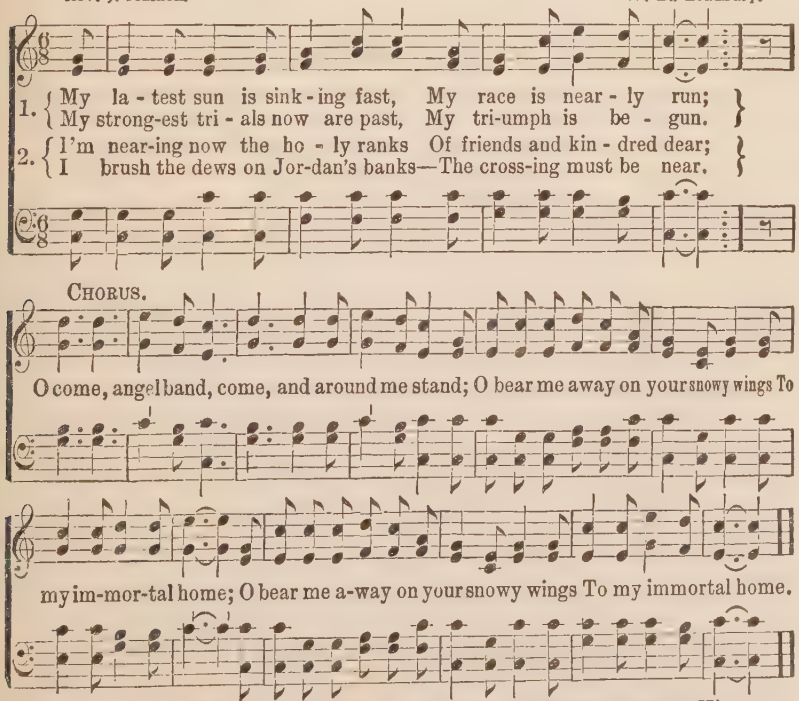

to - rious, Be - neath our ban - ner all glo-rious; In
we go, on we go, we go,
His great name thro' faith we claim All the world with its na-tions for Je - sus.

The Land of Beulah.

Rev. J. Haskell. W. B. Bradbury.

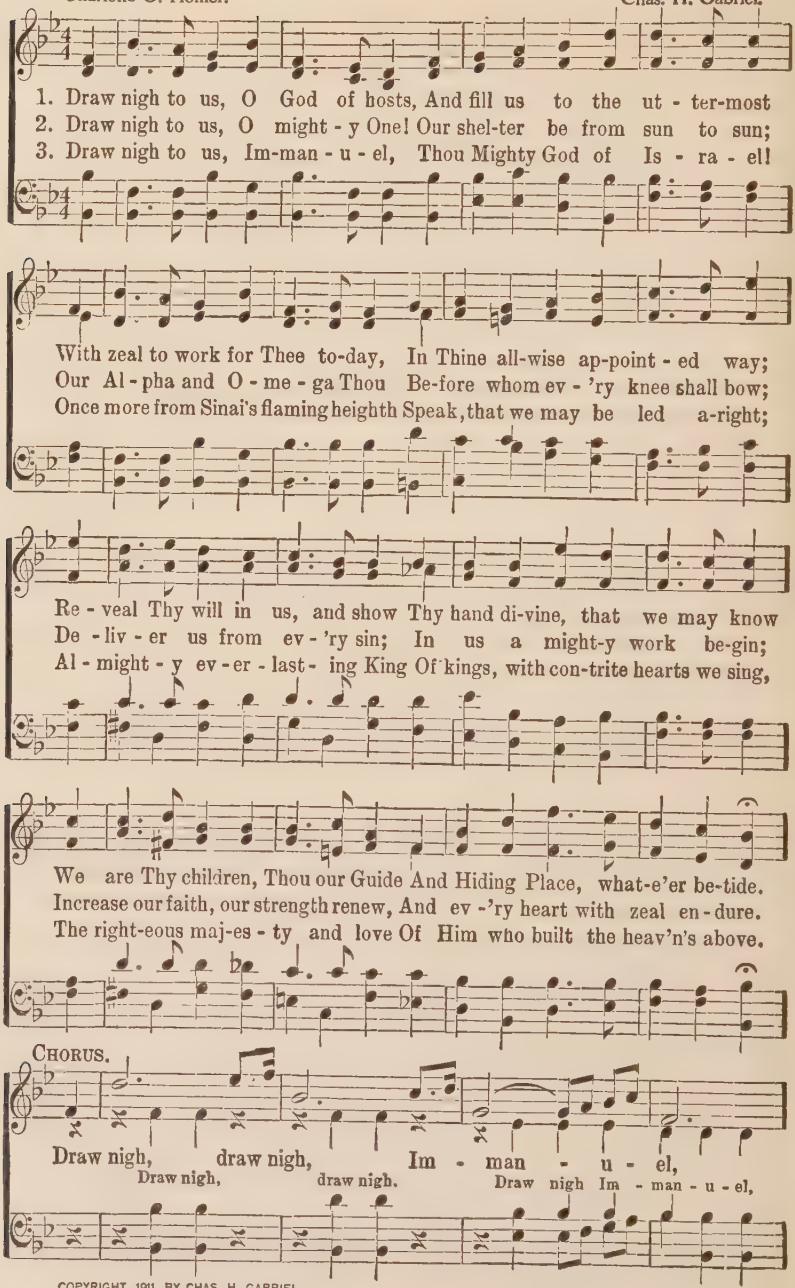

1. My la - test sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
My strong-est tri - als now are past, My tri-umph is be - gun.
2. I'm near-ing now the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear;
I brush the dews on Jor-dan's banks—The cross-ing must be near.
Chorus.
O come, angel band, come, and around me stand; O bear me away on your snowy wings To
my im-mor-tal home; O bear me a-way on your snowy wings To my immortal home.

3. I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4. O bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

122 Draw Nigh, Immanuel.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Draw nigh to us, O God of hosts, And fill us to the ut - ter-most
2. Draw nigh to us, O might - y One! Our shel-ter be from sun to sun;
3. Draw nigh to us, Im-man - u - el, Thou Mighty God of Is - ra - el!
With zeal to work for Thee to-day, In Thine all-wise ap-point - ed way;
Our Al - pha and O - me - ga Thou Be-fore whom ev - 'ry knee shall bow;
Once more from Sinai's flaming heighth Speak, that we may be led a-right;
Re - veal Thy will in us, and show Thy hand di-vine, that we may know
De - liv - er us from ev - 'ry sin; In us a might-y work be-gin;
Al - might - y ev - er - last - ing King Of kings, with con-trite hearts we sing,
We are Thy children, Thou our Guide And Hiding Place, what-e'er be-tide.
Increase our faith, our strength renew, And ev -'ry heart with zeal en - dure.
The right-eous maj-es - ty and love Of Him who built the heav'n's above.
CHORUS.
Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im - man - u - el,
Draw nigh, draw nigh. Draw nigh Im - man - u - el,

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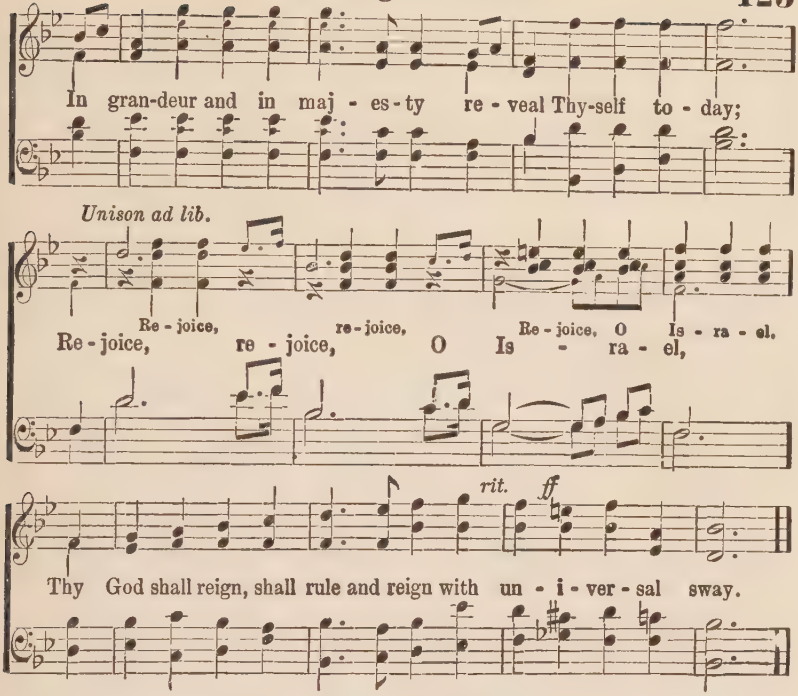
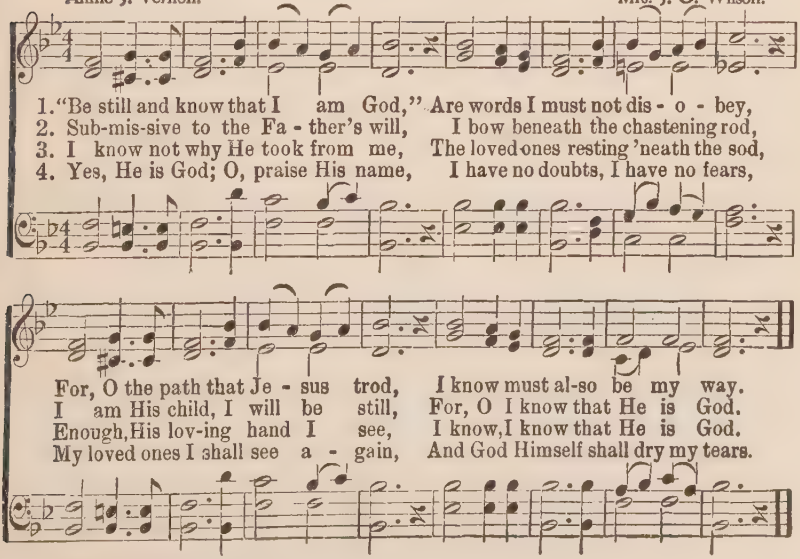
Draw Nigh Immanuel.


In gran-deur and in maj - es-ty re - veal Thy-self to - day;
Unison ad lib.
Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, O Is - ra - el.
Re - joice, re - joice, O Is - ra - el,
rit.
ff
Thy God shall reign, shall rule and reign with un - i - ver - sal sway.

Be Still and Know.

Annie J. Vernon. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.


1. "Be still and know that I am God," Are words I must not dis - o - bey,
2. Sub-mis-sive to the Fa - ther's will, I bow beneath the chastening rod,
3. I know not why He took from me, The loved ones resting 'neath the sod,
4. Yes, He is God; O, praise His name, I have no doubts, I have no fears,
For, O the path that Je - sus trod, I know must al-so be my way.
I am His child, I will be still, For, O I know that He is God.
Enough, His lov-ing hand I see, I know, I know that He is God.
My loved ones I shall see a - gain, And God Himself shall dry my tears.

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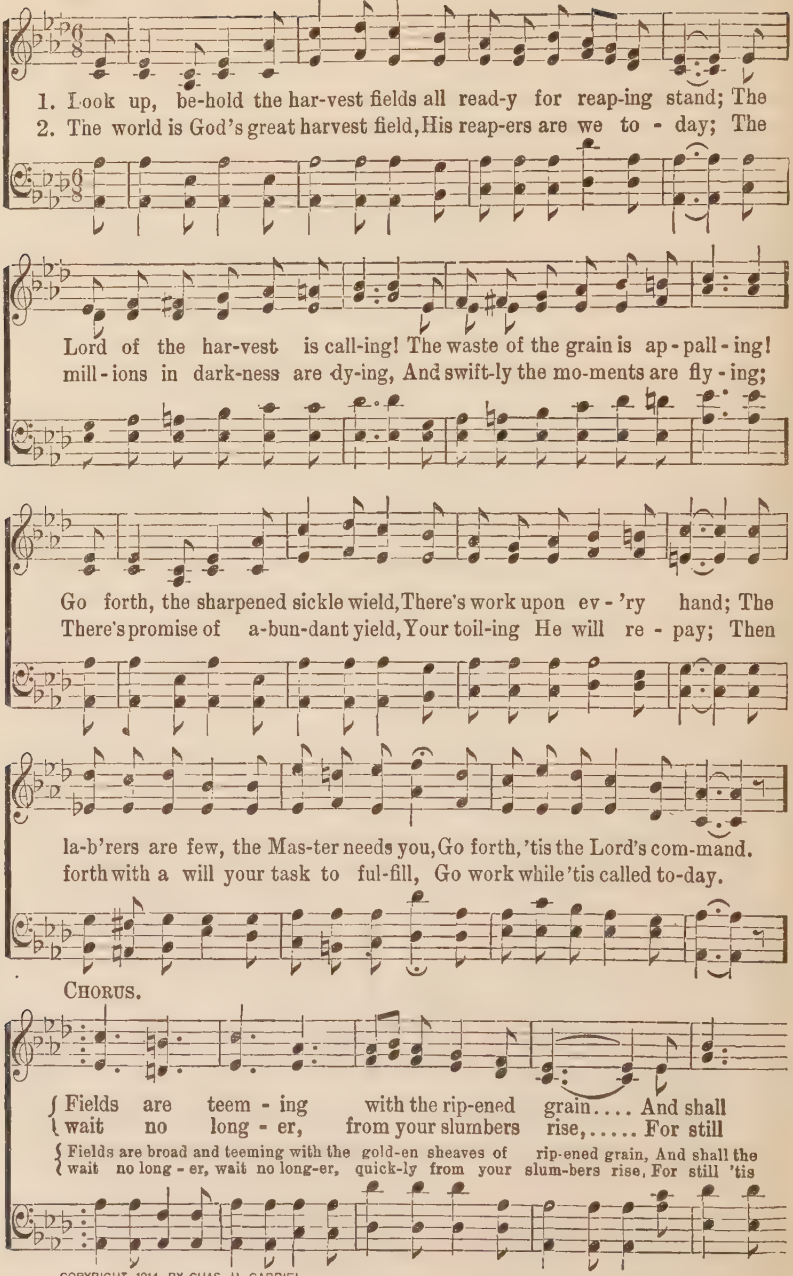
124 Reapers To-Day.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Look up, be-hold the har-vest fields all read-y for reap-ing stand; The
2. The world is God's great harvest field, His reap-ers are we to - day; The
Lord of the har-vest is call-ing! The waste of the grain is ap - pall - ing!
mill - ions in dark-ness are dy-ing, And swift-ly the mo-ments are fly - ing;
Go forth, the sharpened sickle wield, There's work upon ev - 'ry hand; The
There's promise of a-bun-dant yield, Your toil-ing He will re - pay; Then
la-b'rers are few, the Mas-ter needs you, Go forth, 'tis the Lord's com-mand.
forth with a will your task to ful-fill, Go work while 'tis called to-day.
CHORUS.
Fields are teem - ing with the rip-ened grain.... And shall
wait no long - er, from your slumbers rise,..... For still
Fields are broad and teeming with the gold-en sheaves of rip-ened grain, And shall the
wait no long - er, wait no long-er, quick-ly from your slum-bers rise, For still 'tis

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1
the Mas - ter long - er call for you in vain? Re-sound - ing
'tis true that "He that win-neth souls is wise!" (Omit - - -
Mas-ter, shall the Mas - ter
true, it still is true that
Re-sound-ing sweet-ly
clear - ly o'er mountain and val-ley and plain,... 'Tis reap - ers,
clear - ly o - ver mount - ain, hill and plain, reap-ers to-day,
'tis reap - ers, 'Tis reap - ers are need - ed to - day!..... Then
reap-ers to - day, 'Tis reap - ers are need - ed to-day, Then
2
Go gath - er for the gar - ners of the skies!
Go gath - er for the gar - ners, for the gar - ners of the skies!
The pre - cious sheaves of God's own rip - ened grain.
The pre-cious sheaves, the gold - en sheaves of God's own rip - ened grain,

126 Enlisted For the King.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel. Jr.

1. En - list - ed for the King, With loy - al - ty we bring Al-
2. The bu - gle call rings clear, And ech - oes far and near Re-
3. The bat - tle is be - gun, And, ere the day is done Our
le - giance to the Christ For sin - ners sac - ri - ficed, His
peat the or - der—"Go! Fear not to meet the foe!" Our
flag shall be un - furled And float o'er all the world! Then
call to arms we heed - ed, For sol-diers brave are need - ed, Where
Lead - er grand and glo - rious Must ev - er be vic - to - rious! His
ev - 'ry land and na - tion Shall see His great sal - va - tion, Shall
foes, in might - y pow'r revealed, En - camp up - on the field.
right-eous-ness and truth a - vail, His word shall nev - er fail.
hon - or Him, His name ex - tol, And crown Him Lord of all.
CHORUS.
On to the front like sol - diers, De-ter-mined the fight to win;
on, on, on;

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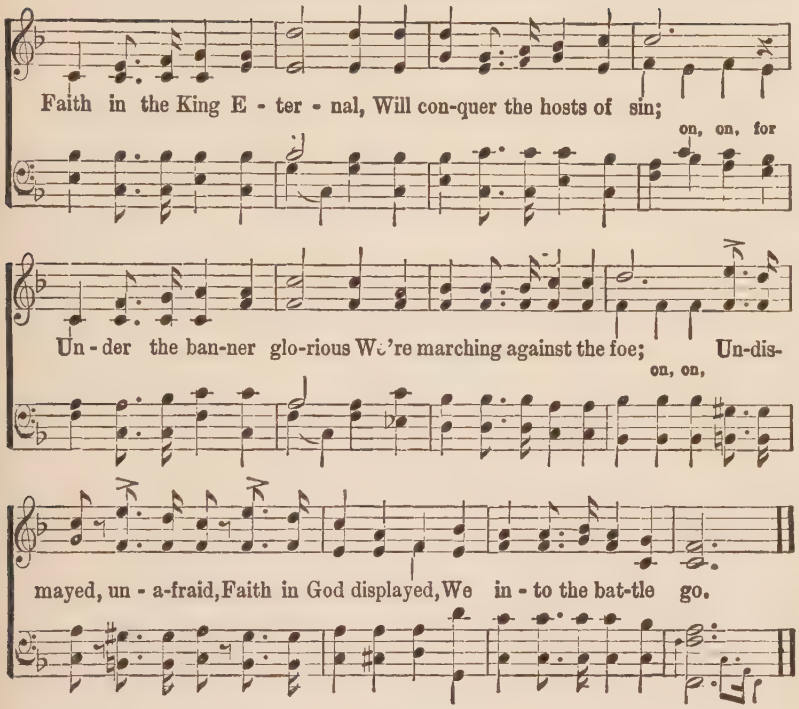
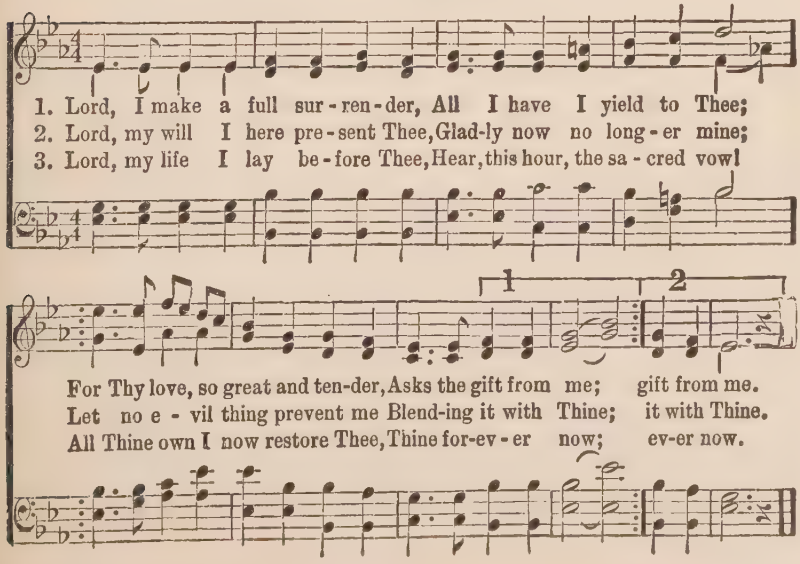
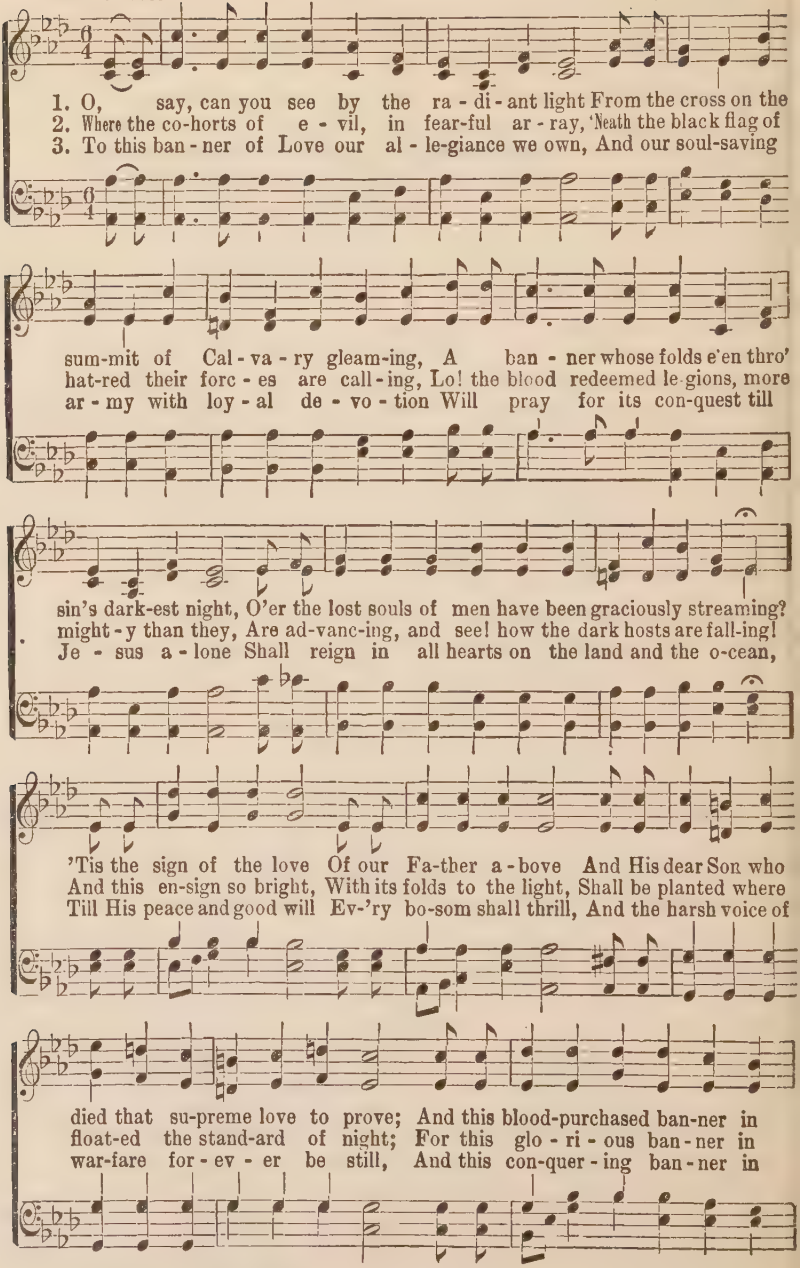

Faith in the King E - ter - nal, Will con-quer the hosts of sin;
on, on, for
Un - der the ban-ner glo-rious We're marching against the foe;
Un-dis-
on, on,
mayed, un - a-fraid, Faith in God displayed, We in - to the bat-tle go.

Full Surrender.


1. Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, All I have I yield to Thee;
2. Lord, my will I here pre - sent Thee, Glad-ly now no long - er mine;
3. Lord, my life I lay be - fore Thee, Hear, this hour, the sa - cred vow!
1
2
For Thy love, so great and ten-der, Asks the gift from me; gift from me.
Let no e - vil thing prevent me Blend-ing it with Thine; it with Thine.
All Thine own I now restore Thee, Thine for-ev - er now; ev-er now.

128 The Banner of Love.

Ida M. Budd. J. H. Minor.


1. O, say, can you see by the ra - di - ant light From the cross on the
2. Where the co-horts of e - vil, in fear-ful ar - ray, 'Neath the black flag of
3. To this ban - ner of Love our al - le-giance we own, And our soul-saving
sum-mit of Cal - va - ry gleam-ing, A ban - ner whose folds e'en thro'
hat-red their forc - es are call - ing, Lo! the blood redeemed le-gions, more
ar - my with loy - al de - vo - tion Will pray for its con-quest till
sin's dark-est night, O'er the lost souls of men have been graciously streaming?
might - y than they, Are ad-vanc-ing, and see! how the dark hosts are fall-ing!
Je - sus a - lone Shall reign in all hearts on the land and the o-cean,
'Tis the sign of the love Of our Fa-ther a - bove And His dear Son who
And this en-sign so bright, With its folds to the light, Shall be planted where
Till His peace and good will Ev-'ry bo-som shall thrill, And the harsh voice of
died that su-preme love to prove; And this blood-purchased ban-ner in
float-ed the stand-ard of night; For this glo - ri - ous ban - ner in
war-fare for - ev - er be still, And this con-quer - ing ban - ner in

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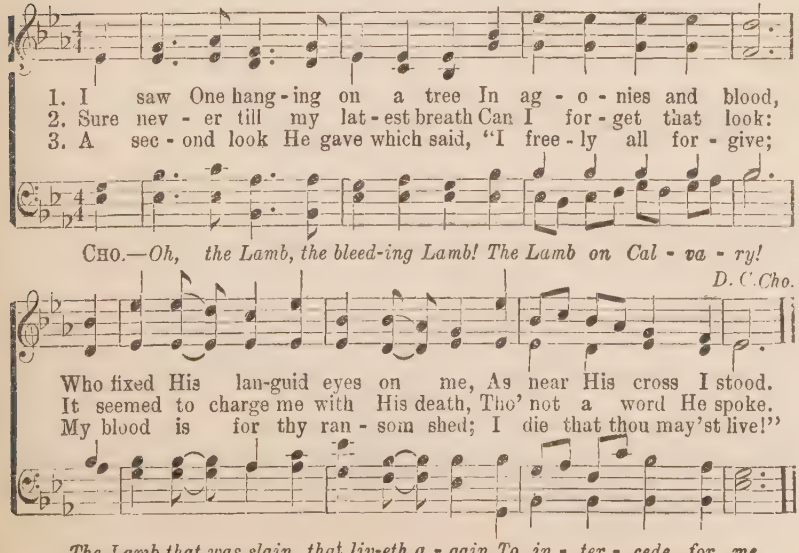
mer - cy doth wave As a to - ken that Je - sus is might-y to save.
tri-umph shall wave To the world the glad truth—He is might-y to save.
vic - to - ry wave To pro-claim to the world, He is might-y to save.
CHORUS.
Might - - y to save,.....
Might-y to save,
might - y to save,
Might-y to save,
Might - - y to save,. . . .
Might - y to
save,.....
might-y to save,
might - y, yes,
Je - sus is might - y, might-y to save!
might-y to save, is might - y to savo!

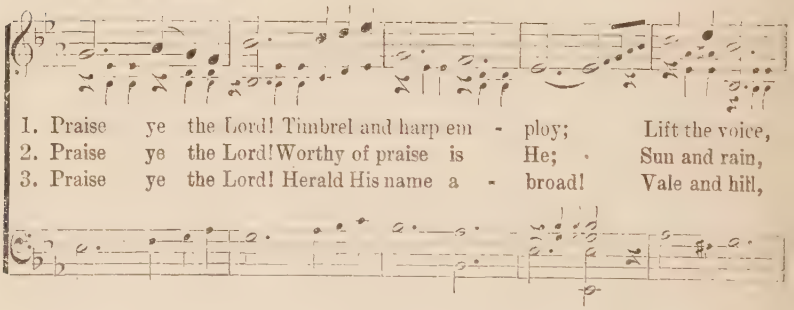
Oh, the Lamb!

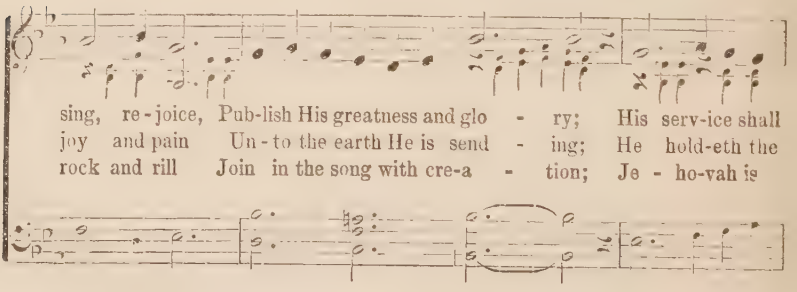

1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree In ag - o - nies and blood,
2. Sure nev - er till my lat - est breath Can I for - get that look:
3. A sec - ond look He gave which said, "I free - ly all for - give;
CHO.—Oh, the Lamb, the bleed-ing Lamb! The Lamb on Cal - va - ry!
D. C. Cho.
Who fixed His lan-guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
My blood is for thy ran - som shed; I die that thou may'st live!"
The Lamb that was slain, that liv-eth a - gain To in - ter - cede for me.

130 Praise Ye the Lord.

Jennie Ree. Carl Fisher.

Voices in unison.


1. Praise ye the Lord! Timbrel and harp em - ploy; Lift the voice,
2. Praise ye the Lord! Worthy of praise is He; Sun and rain,
3. Praise ye the Lord! Herald His name a - broad! Vale and hill,


sing, re - joice, Pub-lish His greatness and glo - ry; His serv-ice shall
joy and pain Un - to the earth He is send - ing; He hold-eth the
rock and rill Join in the song with cre-a - tion; Je - ho-vah is

be fraught with an end - less joy; Day and night be
stars, gov-erns the an - gry sea; Mount - ain peak and
He— there is no oth - er God! Worlds un-known are

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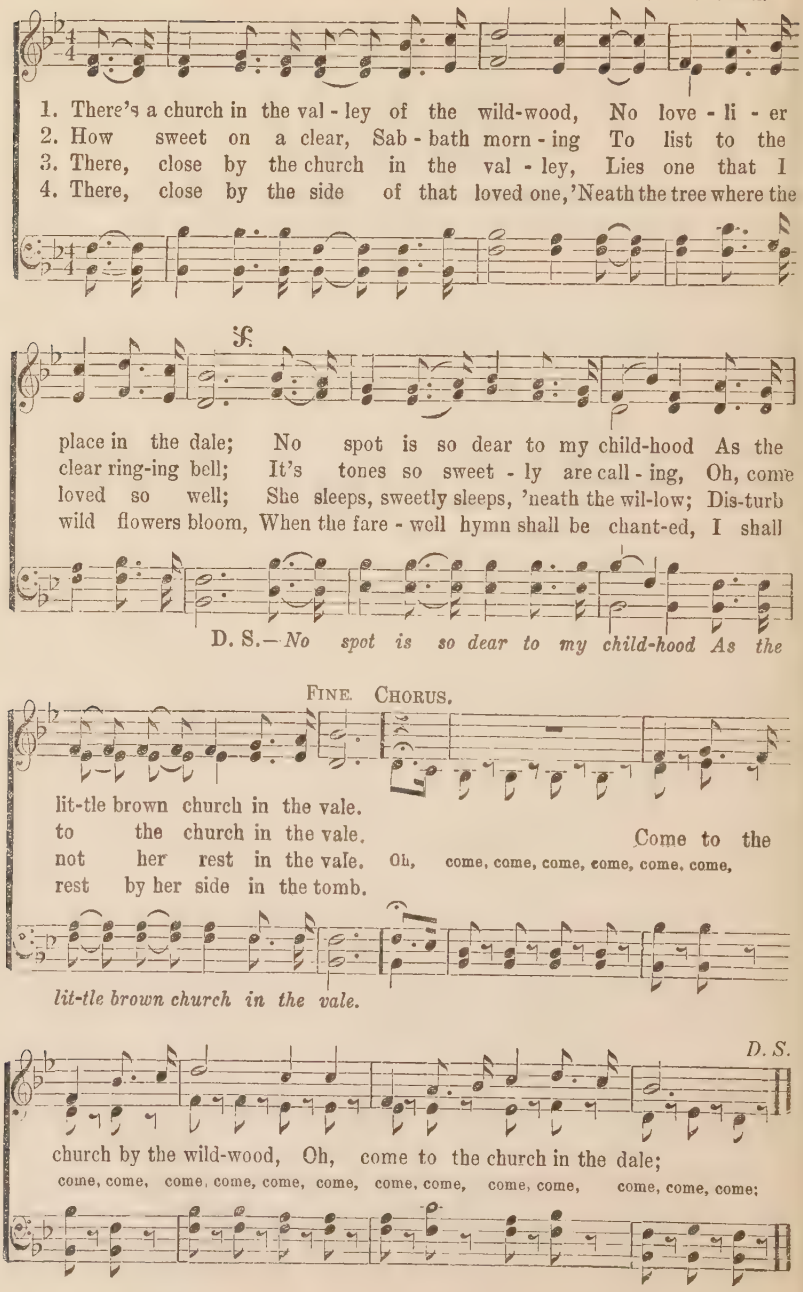
thy de-light, Tell-ing the won-der-ful sto - ry.
des - ert bleak Tell of His glo - ry un - end - ing.
His a-lone, Give Him your heart's ad-o - ra - tion.
CHORUS.
Great and glo-ri-ous! He is King for-ev-er-more!
Great is He, might-y and glo-ri-ous! He is King, is King for-ev-er-more!
O-ver all He is vic-to - ri-ous, We His ho-ly name a - dore!
All - vic - to - ri-ous We His ho - ly name a-dore!
Reign, reign o-ver us, Keep us ev-er, leave us nev - er, 'Till
Reigning in maj-es-ty o - ver us, Keep us ev - er, leave us nev - er, nev-er,
cres.
ff
"Thine be the glo - ry" Shall be the glad sto-ry From shore to shore!

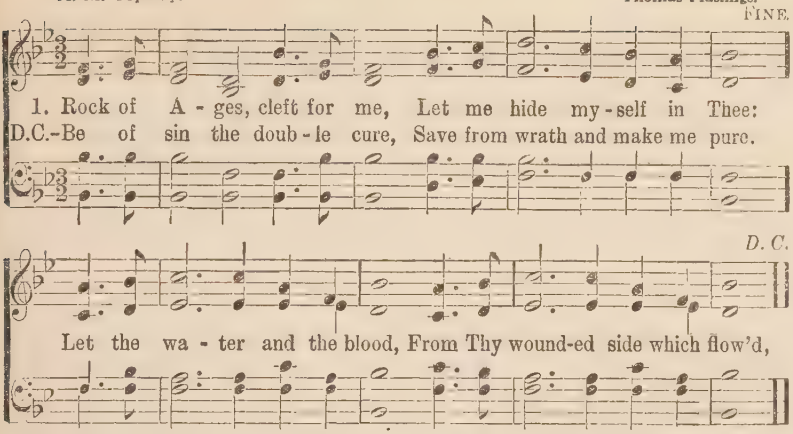
132 The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.


1. There's a church in the val - ley of the wild-wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab - bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the
place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; It's tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh, come
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the wil-low; Dis-turb
wild flowers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall
D. S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
FINE. CHORUS.
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
to the church in the vale.
not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb.
Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
D. S.
church by the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

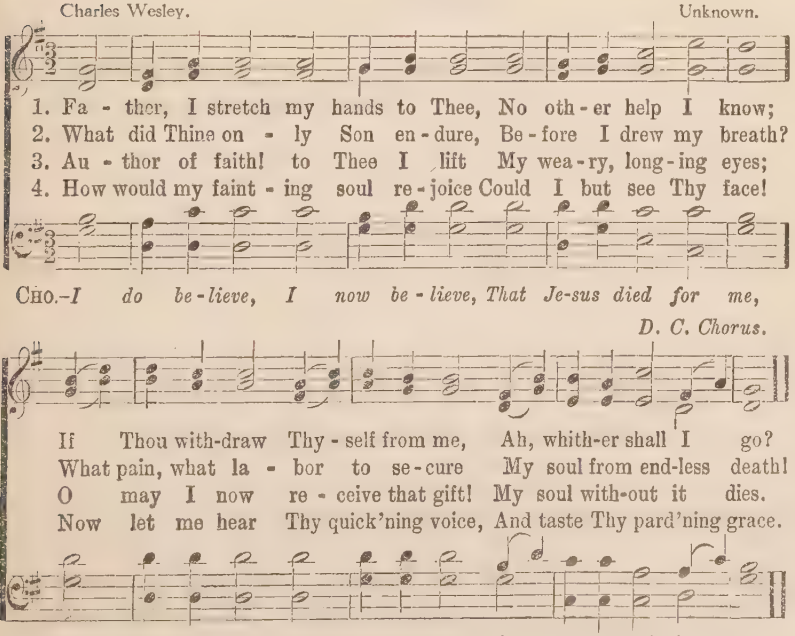

FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
D.C.-Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

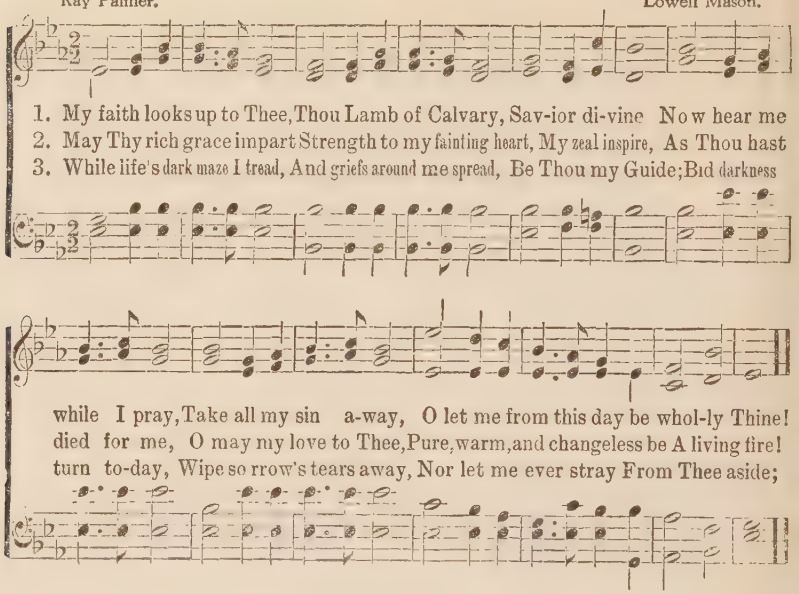
I Do Believe.

Charles Wesley. Unknown.


1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath?
3. Au - thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;
4. How would my faint - ing soul re - joice Could I but see Thy face!
Cho.-I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me,
D. C. Chorus.
If Thou with-draw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
O may I now re - ceive that gift! My soul with-out it dies.
Now let me hear Thy quick'ning voice, And taste Thy pard'ning grace.
And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

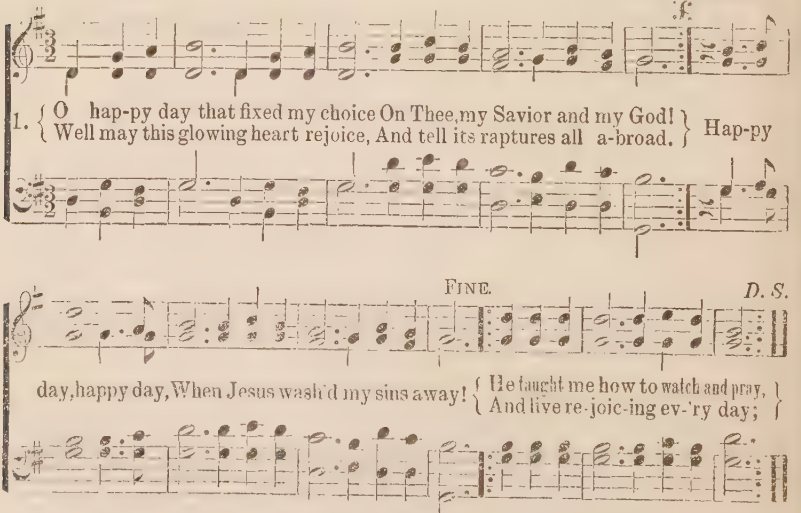
134 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Sav-ior di-vine Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire, As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!
turn to-day, Wipe sor row's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside;

Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. F. F. Rimbault.

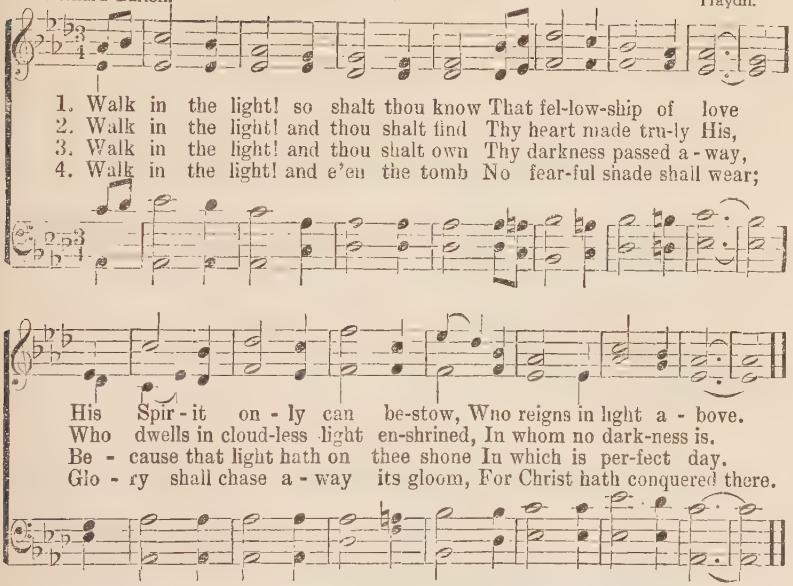

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. } Hap-py
FINE. D. S.
day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, / And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day; }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

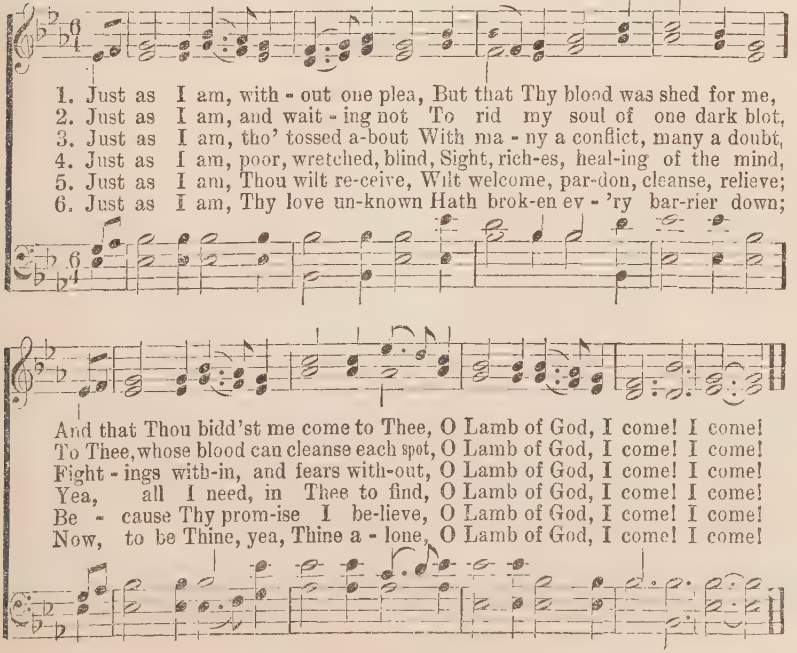
Walk in the Light. 135

Bernard Barton. Haydn.


1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love
His Spir - it on - ly can be-stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly His,
Who dwells in cloud-less light en-shrined, In whom no dark-ness is.
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a - way,
Be - cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per-fect day.
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear;
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.

Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

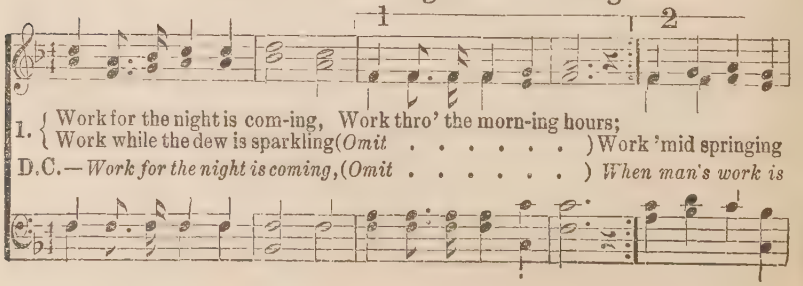

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With ma - ny a conflict, many a doubt,
Fight - ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
6. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath brok-en ev - 'ry bar-rier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

136 Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins.

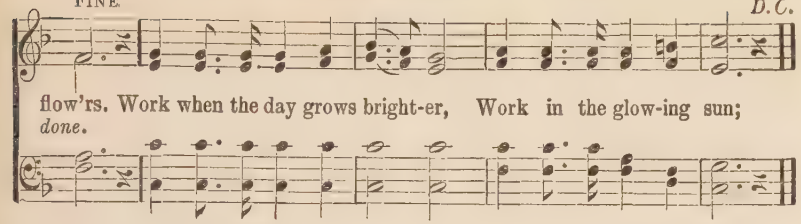
1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, mor- tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! wel - come e-
ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, oh, loved and blest,
Earth has no rest-ing place, Je-sus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void; Je-sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

Work, for the Night is Coming.


1
2
1. { Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
{ Work while the dew is sparkling (*Omit . . . . . .*) Work 'mid springing
D.C.—*Work for the night is coming,* (*Omit . . . . . .*) *When man's work is*

Work for the Night is Coming. 137

FINE. D.C.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

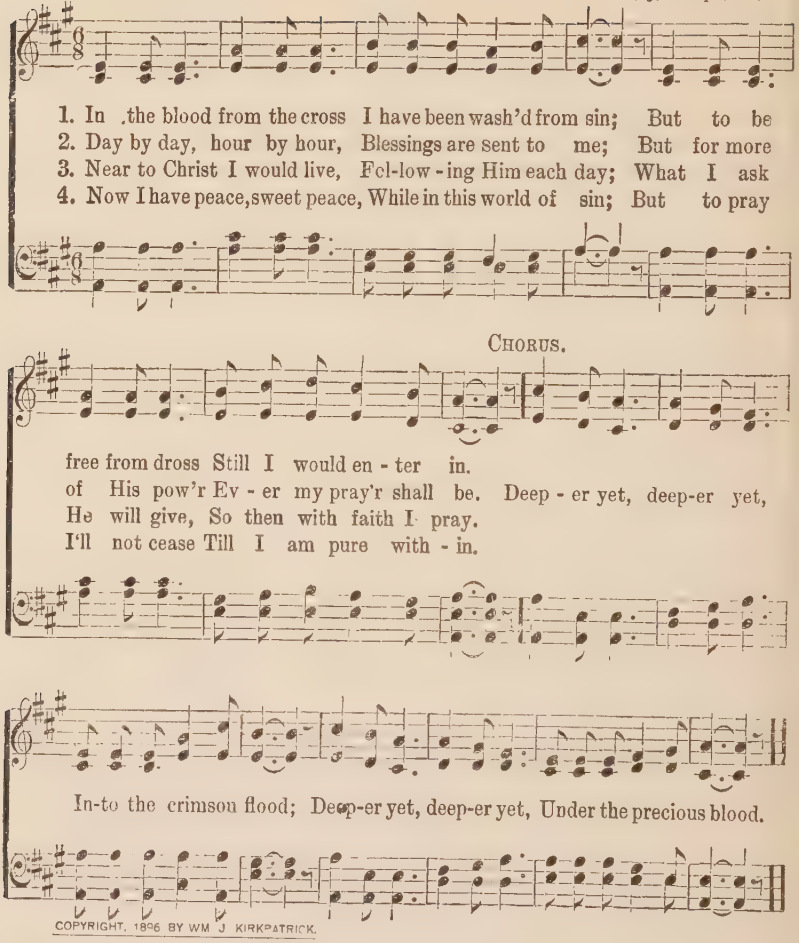
What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—
FINE.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D.S.–All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev-er be dis - cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref-uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.
D. S.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer,

138 Deeper Yet.

Rev. Johnson Oatman. Wm. J. Kirkpatriek.


1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour, Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fel-low-ing Him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray
CHORUS.
free from dross Still I would en-ter in.
of His pow'r Ev-er my pray'r shall be. Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,
He will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.
In-to the crimson flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Under the precious blood.

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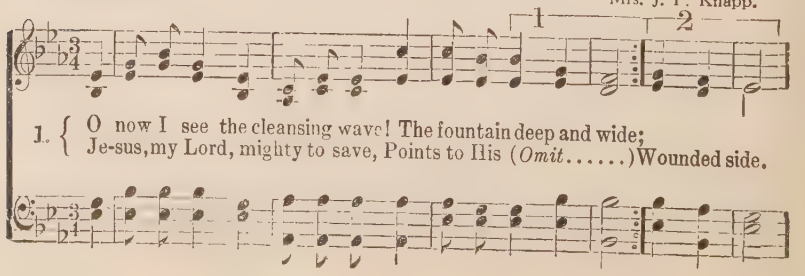
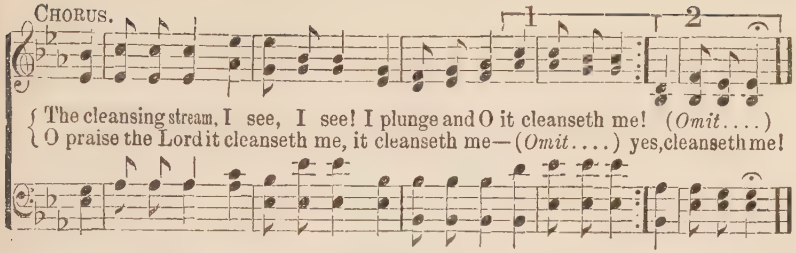
Cleansing Wave.

Phoebe Palmer. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



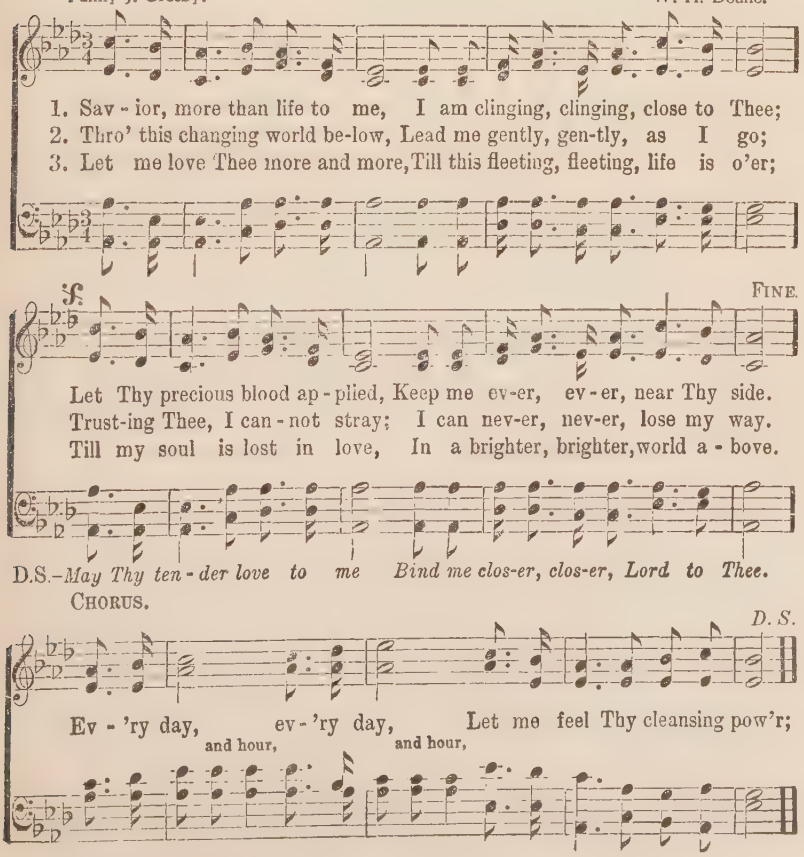

Chorus.
1
2
The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge and O it cleanseth me! (Omit....)
O praise the Lord it cleanseth me, it cleanseth me—(Omit....) yes, cleanseth me!

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,]
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

Every Day and Hour.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging, close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gently, gen-tly, as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting, life is o'er;
Fine.
Let Thy precious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev-er, ev - er, near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can - not stray; I can nev-er, nev-er, lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter, world a - bove.
D.S.—May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord to Thee.
Chorus.
D. S.
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
and hour, and hour,

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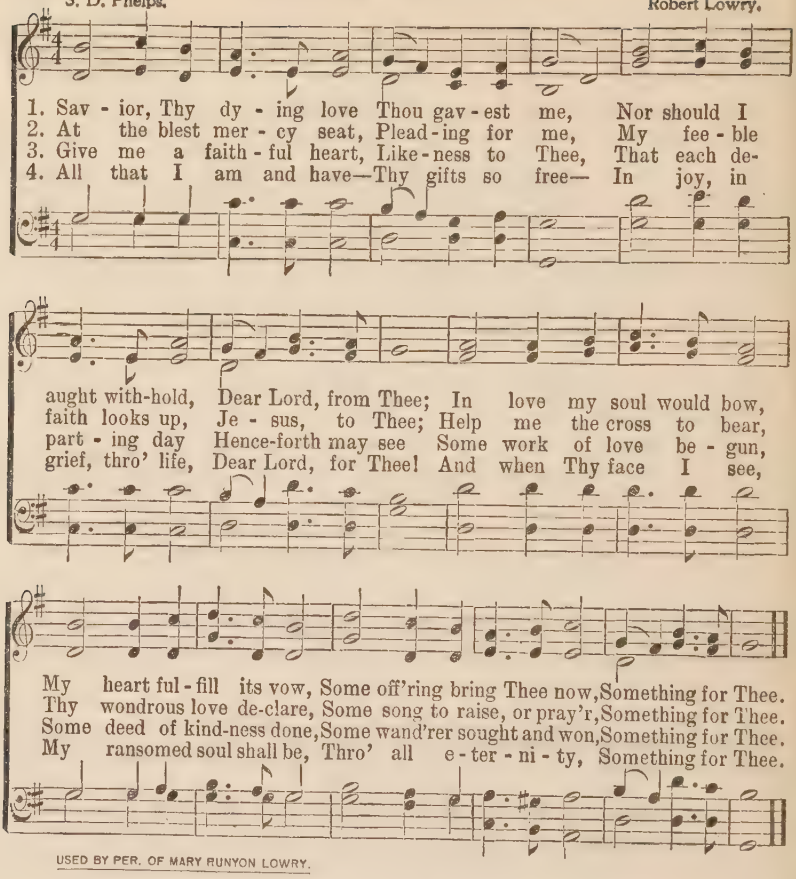
140 Something for Thee.

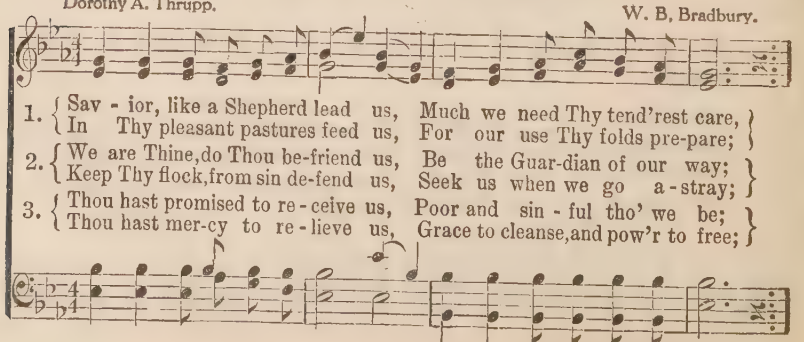
S. D. Phelps. Robert Lowry.

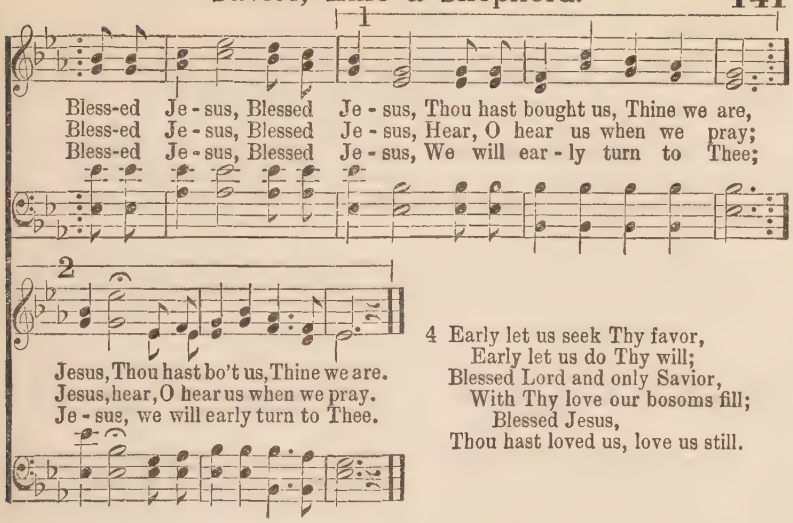

1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee, That each de-
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— In joy, in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee; Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,
My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kind-ness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

USED BY PER. OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.

Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. W. B. Bradbury.

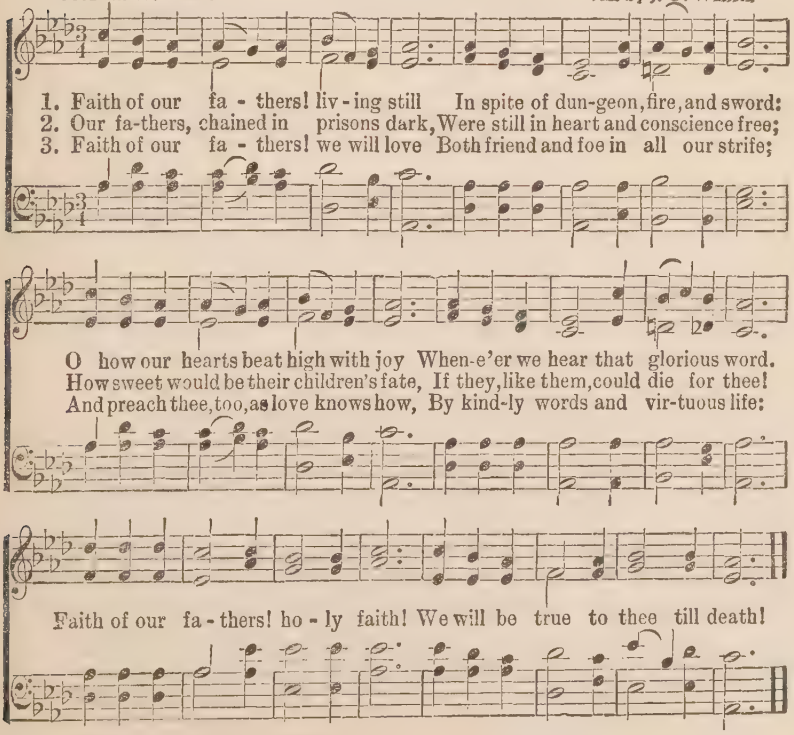

1. Sav - ior, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare;
2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guar-dian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray;
3. Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;
Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free;


1
Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee;
2
Jesus, Thou hast bo't us, Thine we are.
Jesus, hear, O hear us when we pray.
Je - sus, we will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Faith of Our Fathers.

Fredrick W. Faber. Ad. by J. G. Walton.


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glorious word.
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

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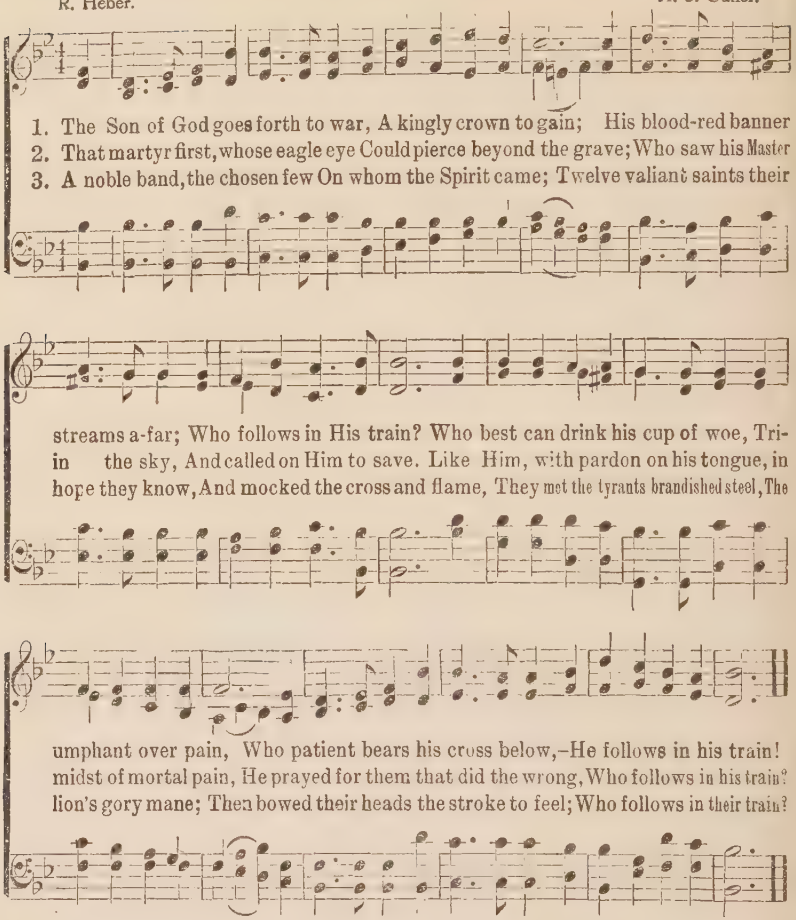
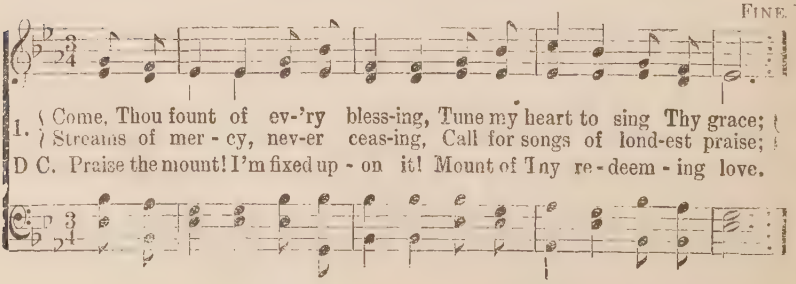
142 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

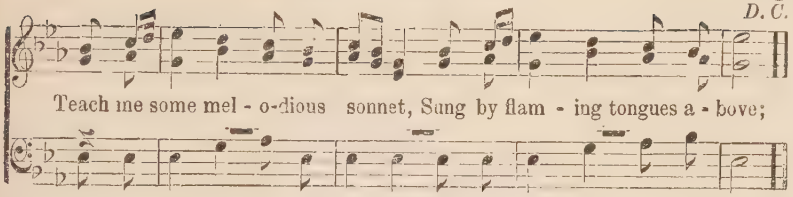
R. Heber. H. S. Cutler.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner
2. That martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw his Master
3. A noble band, the chosen few On whom the Spirit came; Twelve valiant saints their
streams a-far; Who follows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-
in the sky, And called on Him to save. Like Him, with pardon on his tongue, in
hope they know, And mocked the cross and flame, They met the tyrants brandished steel, The
umphant over pain, Who patient bears his cross below,—He follows in his train!
midst of mortal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong, Who follows in his train?
lion's gory mane; Then bowed their heads the stroke to feel; Who follows in their train?

Come, Thou Fount.


FINE.
1. Come, Thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of lond-est praise;
D C. Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

D. C.

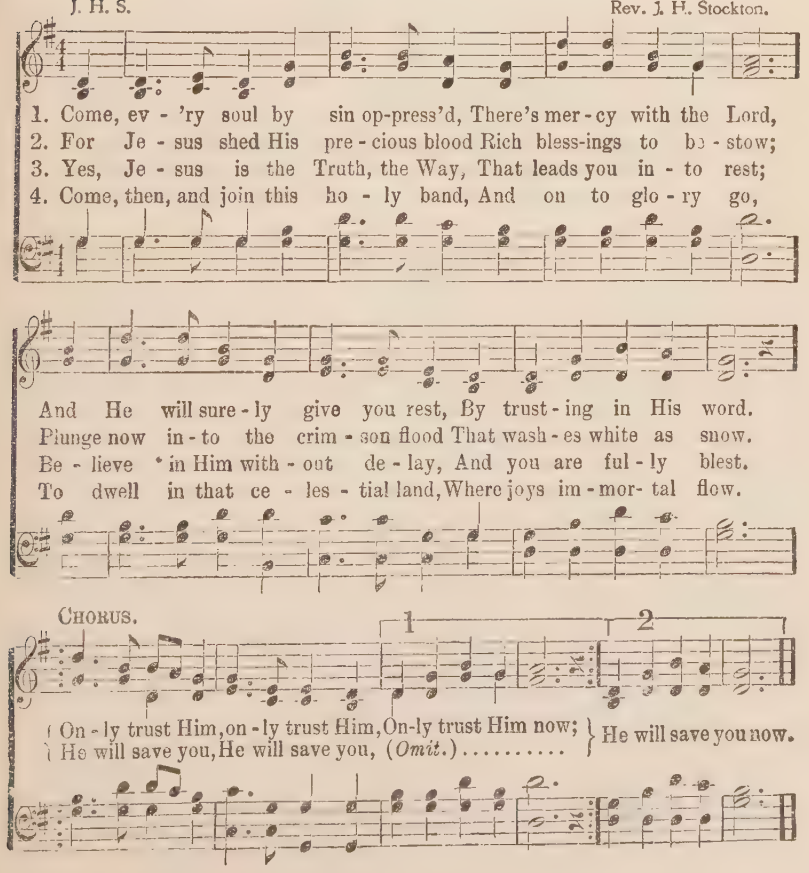


2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

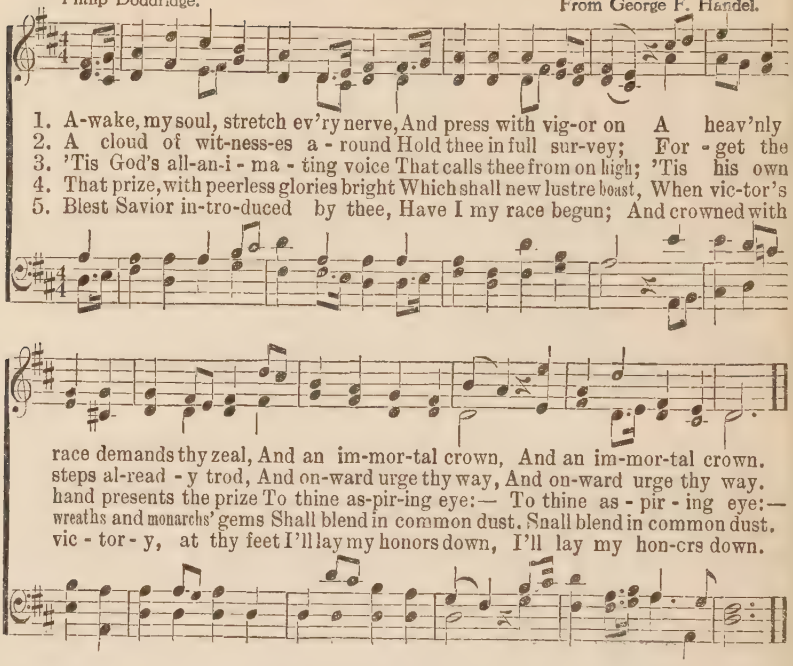
Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-press'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor- tal flow.
Chorus.
1
2
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, (Omit.).....
He will save you now.

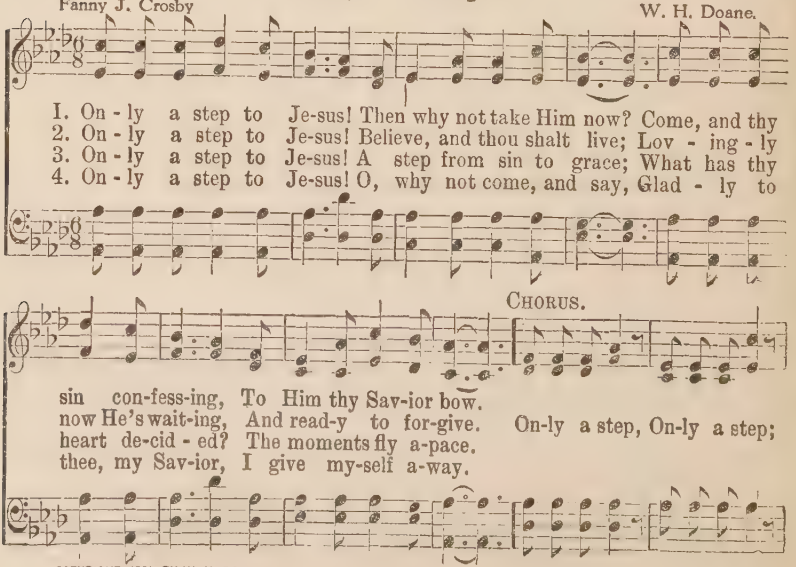
Awake, My Soul.

Phtlip Doddridge. From George F. Handel.


1. A-wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on A heav'nly
2. A cloud of wit-ness-es a - round Hold thee in full sur-vey; For - get the
3. 'Tis God's all-an-i - ma - ting voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own
4. That prize, with peerless glories bright Which shall new lustre boast, When vic-tor's
5. Blest Savior in-tro-duced by thee, Have I my race begun; And crowned with
race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
steps al-read - y trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.
hand presents the prize To thine as-pir-ing eye:— To thine as - pir - ing eye:—
wreaths and monarchs' gems Shall blend in common dust. Shall blend in common dust.
vic - tor - y, at thy feet I'll lay my honors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.

Only A Step.

Fanny J. Crosby W. H. Doane.


1. On - ly a step to Je-sus! Then why not take Him now? Come, and thy
2. On - ly a step to Je-sus! Believe, and thou shalt live; Lov - ing - ly
3. On - ly a step to Je-sus! A step from sin to grace; What has thy
4. On - ly a step to Je-sus! O, why not come, and say, Glad - ly to
CHORUS.
sin con-fess-ing, To Him thy Sav-ior bow.
now He's wait-ing, And read-y to for-give. On-ly a step, On-ly a step;
heart de-cid - ed? The moments fly a-pace.
thee, my Sav-ior, I give my-self a-way.

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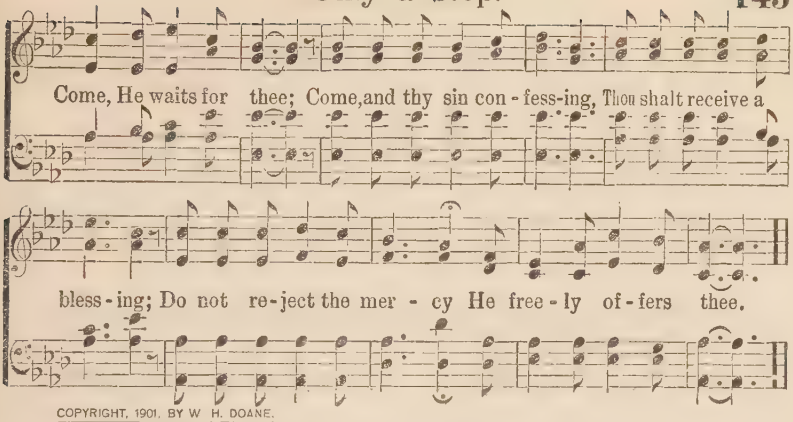
Come, He waits for thee; Come, and thy sin con - fess-ing, Thou shalt receive a
bless - ing; Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

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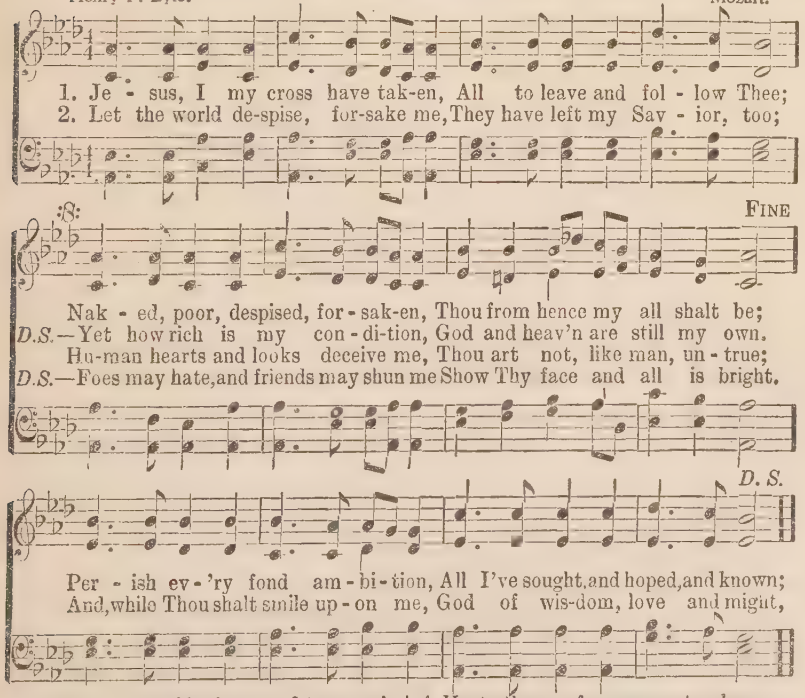
Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

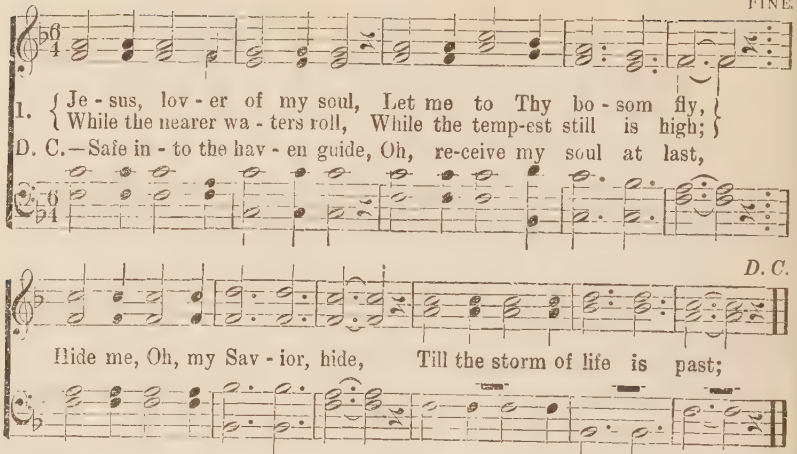
Henry F. Lyte. Mozart.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise, for-sake me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
:8:
FINE
Nak - ed, poor, despised, for - sak-en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like man, un - true;
D.S.—Foes may hate, and friends may shun me Show Thy face and all is bright.
D. S.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis-dom, love and might,

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

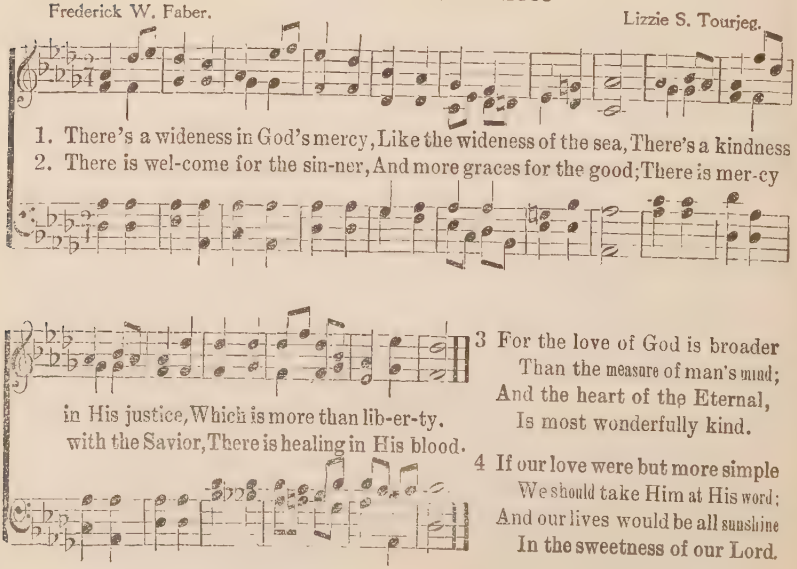

FINE.
1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the temp-est still is high;
D. C.—Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last,
D. C.
Hide me, Oh, my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind;
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

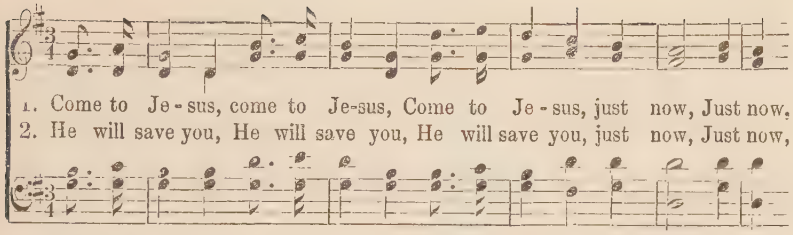
There's a Wideness

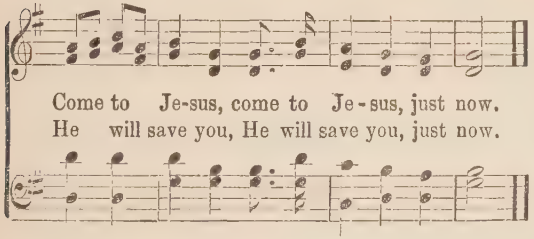
Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.


1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea, There's a kindness
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more graces for the good; There is mer-cy
in His justice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
with the Savior, There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

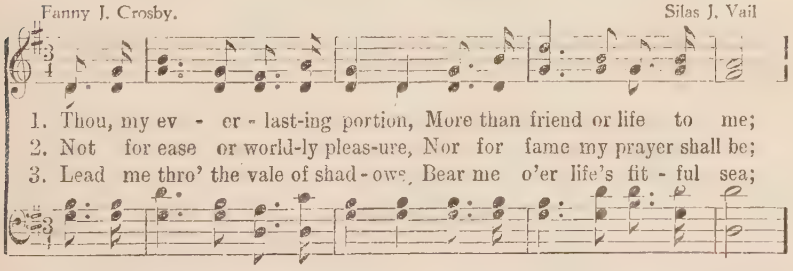

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je-sus, Come to Je - sus, just now, Just now.
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you, just now, Just now,

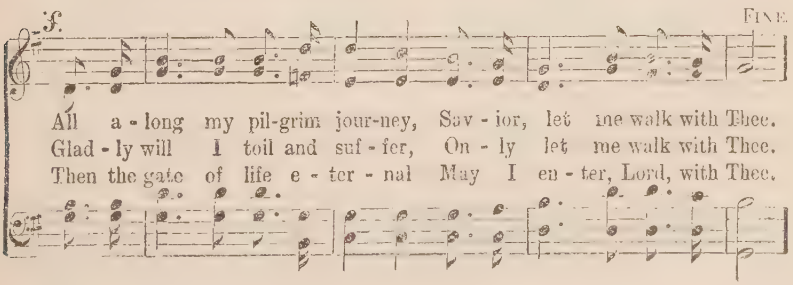


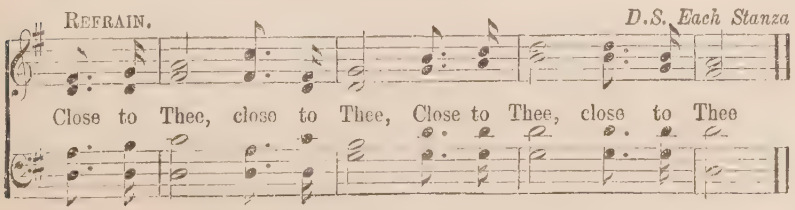
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 Call upon Him.
7 He will hear you.
8 He'll forgive you.
9 He will cleanse you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail

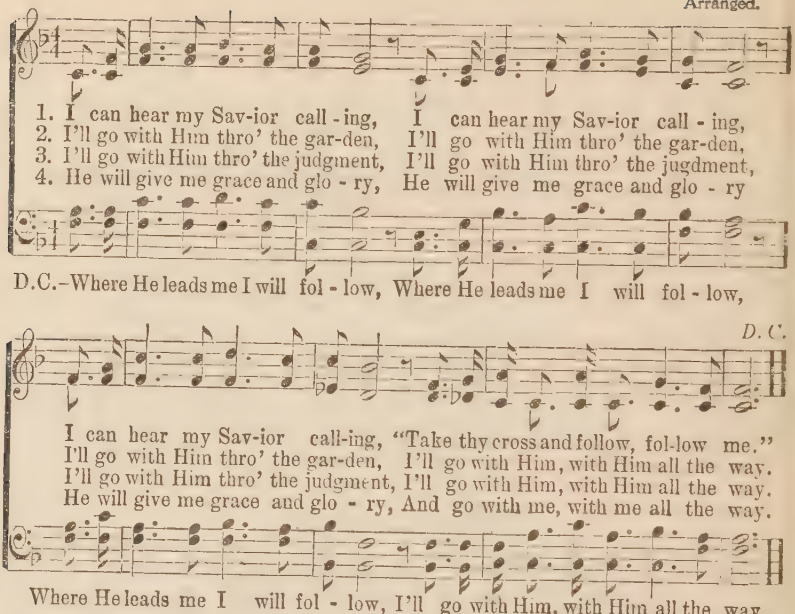

1. Thou, my ev - er - last-ing portion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;


f.
FINE.
All a - long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.



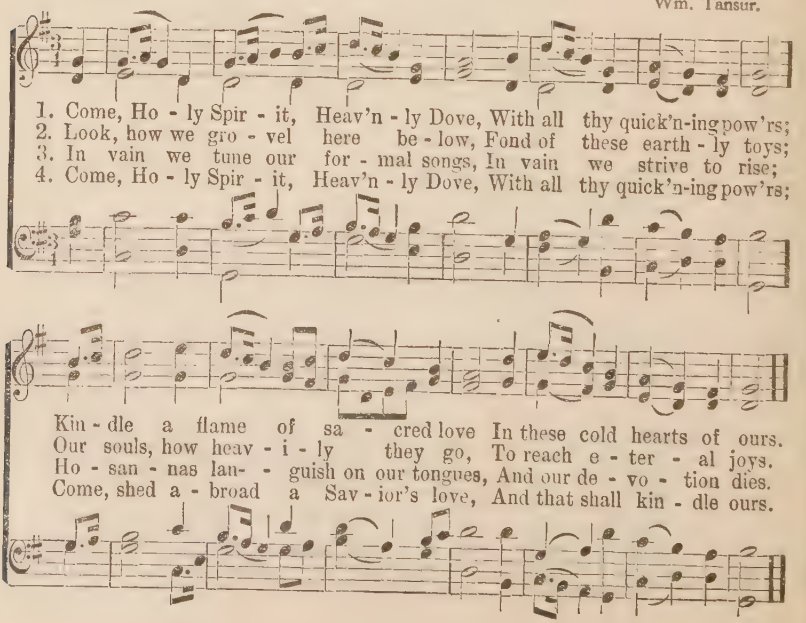
The Way of the Cross.

Arranged.


1. I can hear my Sav-ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry
D.C.–Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
D. C.
I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

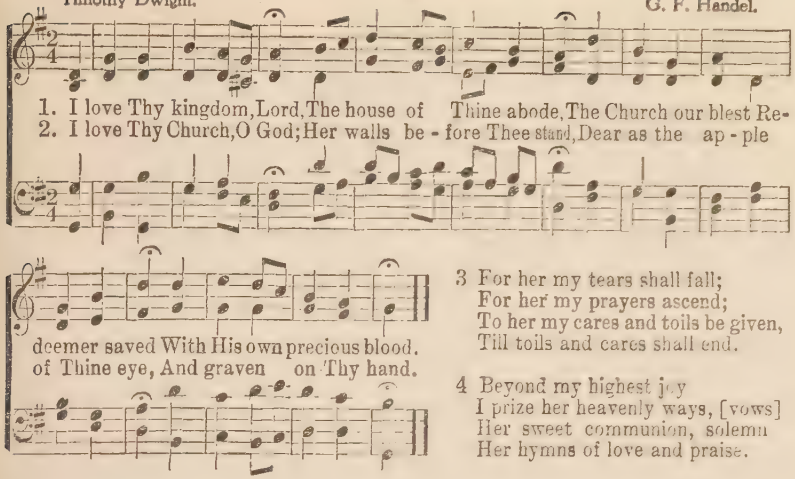
Come Holy Spirit.

I. Watts. Wm. Tansur.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n-ing pow'rs;
2. Look, how we gro - vel here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n-ing pow'rs;
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - al joys.
Ho - san - nas lan- - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.

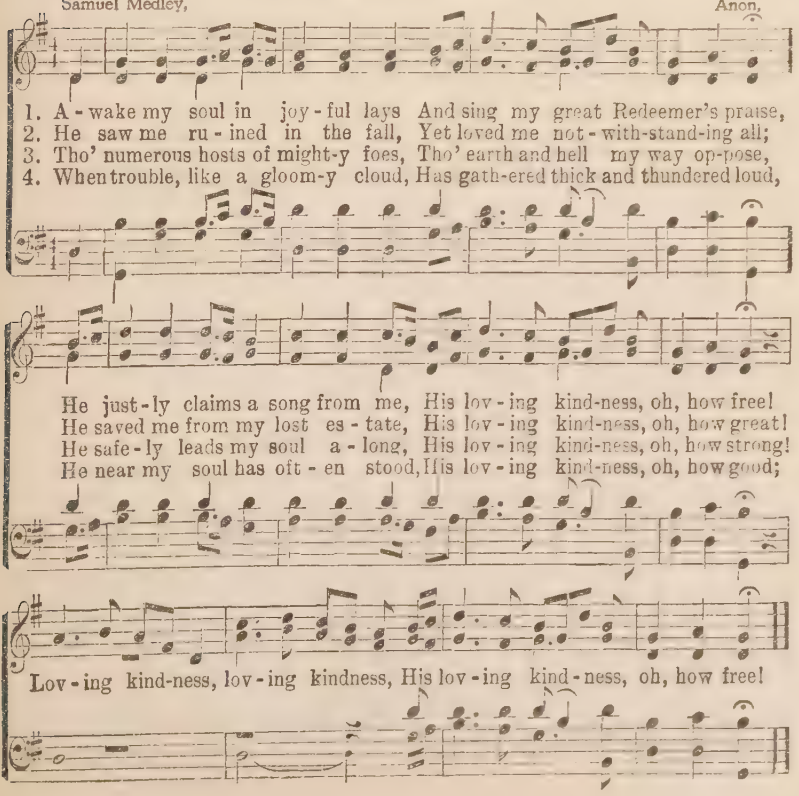

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The Church our blest Re-
2. I love Thy Church, O God; Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple
deemer saved With His own precious blood.
of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows]
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

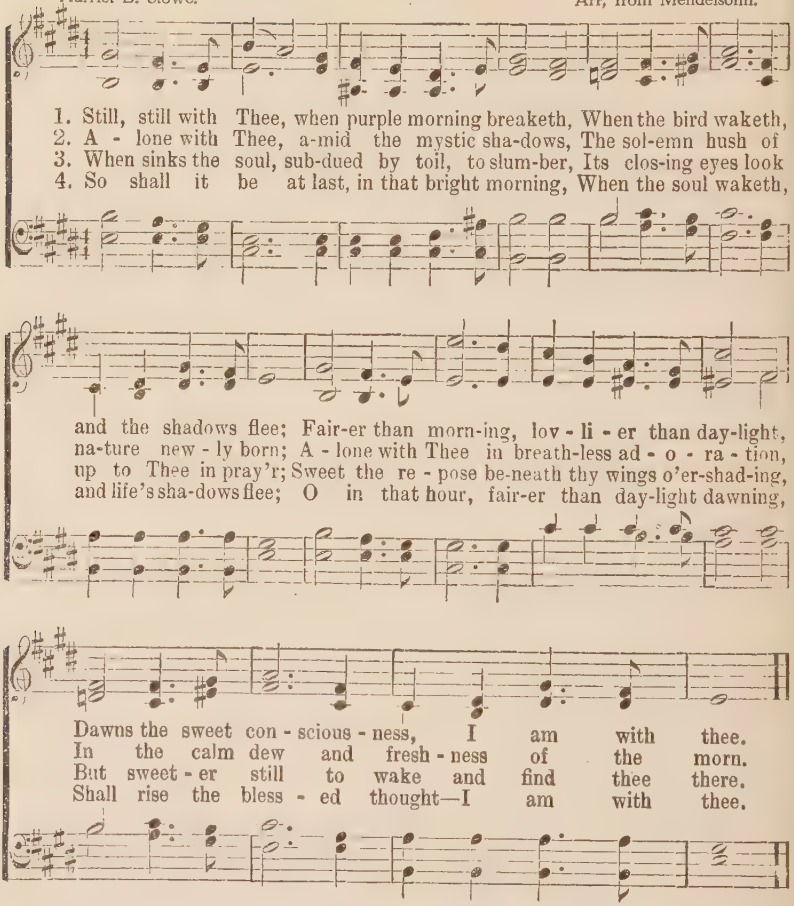
Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley, Anon.


1. A - wake my soul in joy - ful lays And sing my great Redeemer's praise,
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thundered loud,
He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has oft - en stood, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how good;
Lov - ing kind-ness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!

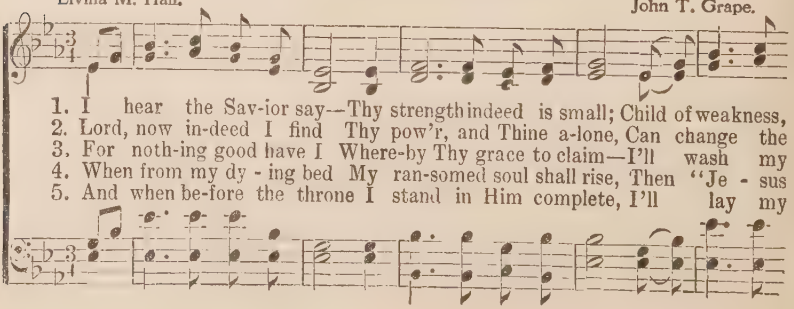
150 Still, Still with Thee.

Harriet B. Stowe. Arr. from Mendelsohn.

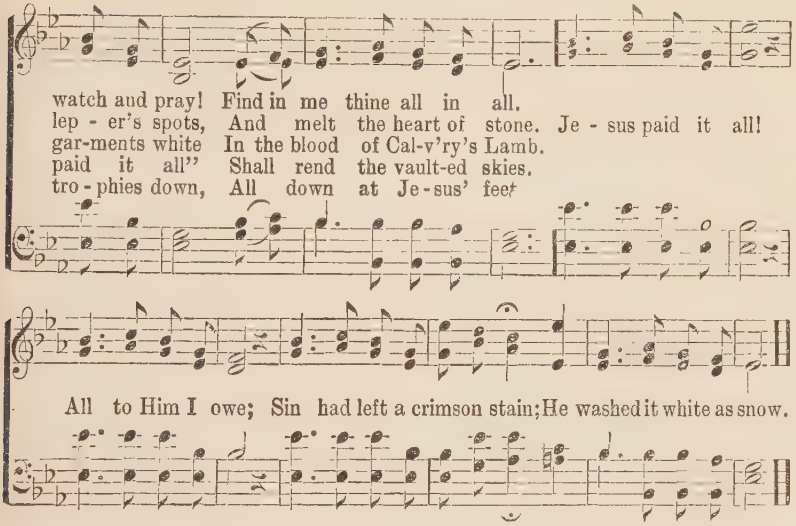

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh,
2. A - lone with Thee, a-mid the mystic sha-dows, The sol-emn hush of
3. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing eyes look
4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning, When the soul waketh,
and the shadows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, lov - li - er than day-light,
na-ture new - ly born; A - lone with Thee in breath-less ad - o - ra - tion,
up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re - pose be-neath thy wings o'er-shad-ing,
and life's sha-dows flee; O in that hour, fair-er than day-light dawning,
Dawns the sweet con - scious - ness, I am with thee.
In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.
But sweet - er still to wake and find thee there.
Shall rise the bless - ed thought—I am with thee.

All to Christ I Owe.

Elvina M. Hall. John T. Grape.

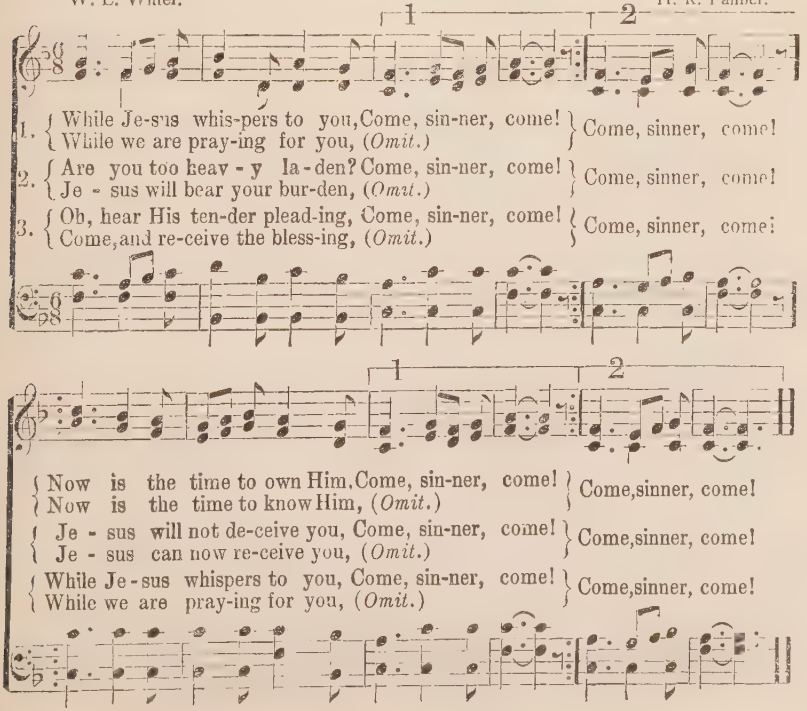

1. I hear the Sav-ior say—Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
4. When from my dy - ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus
5. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.


watch and pray! Find in me thine all in all.
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all!
gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
paid it all" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
tro - phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

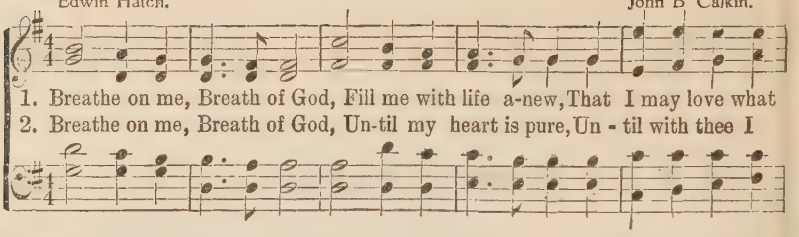
While Jesus Whispers to You.

W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.


1
2
1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, (Omit.)
Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y la-den? Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus will bear your bur-den, (Omit.)
Come, sinner, come!
3. Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, and re-ceive the bless-ing, (Omit.)
Come, sinner, come!
1
2
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Now is the time to know Him, (Omit.)
Come, sinner, come!
Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus can now re-ceive you, (Omit.)
Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, (Omit.)
Come, sinner, come!

152 Breath of God.

Edwin Hatch. John B. Calkin.

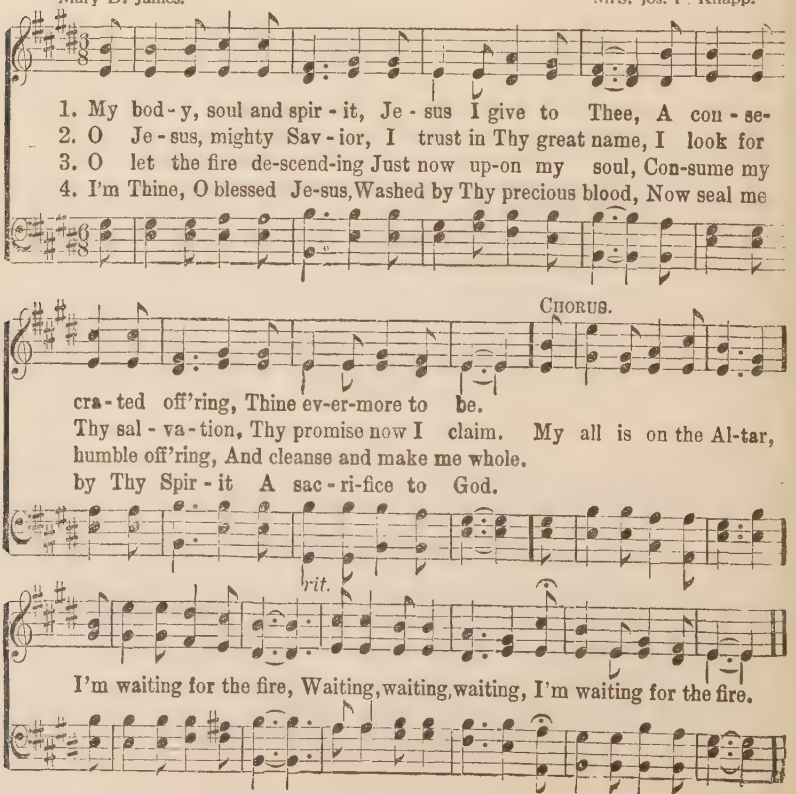

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a-new, That I may love what
2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un-til my heart is pure, Un-til with thee I
thou dost love, And do what thou wouldst do.
will one will, To do or to en-dure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

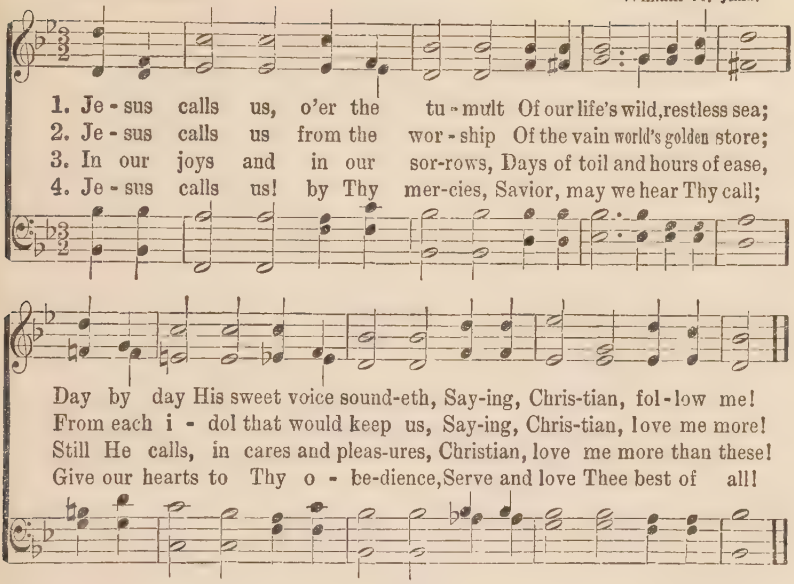
Consecration.

Mary D. James. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.


1. My bod-y, soul and spir-it, Je-sus I give to Thee, A con-se-
2. O Je-sus, mighty Sav-ior, I trust in Thy great name, I look for
3. O let the fire de-scend-ing Just now up-on my soul, Con-sume my
4. I'm Thine, O blessed Je-sus, Washed by Thy precious blood, Now seal me
Chorus.
cra-ted off'ring, Thine ev-er-more to be.
Thy sal-va-tion, Thy promise now I claim. My all is on the Al-tar,
humble off'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
by Thy Spir-it A sac-ri-fice to God.
rit.
I'm waiting for the fire, Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

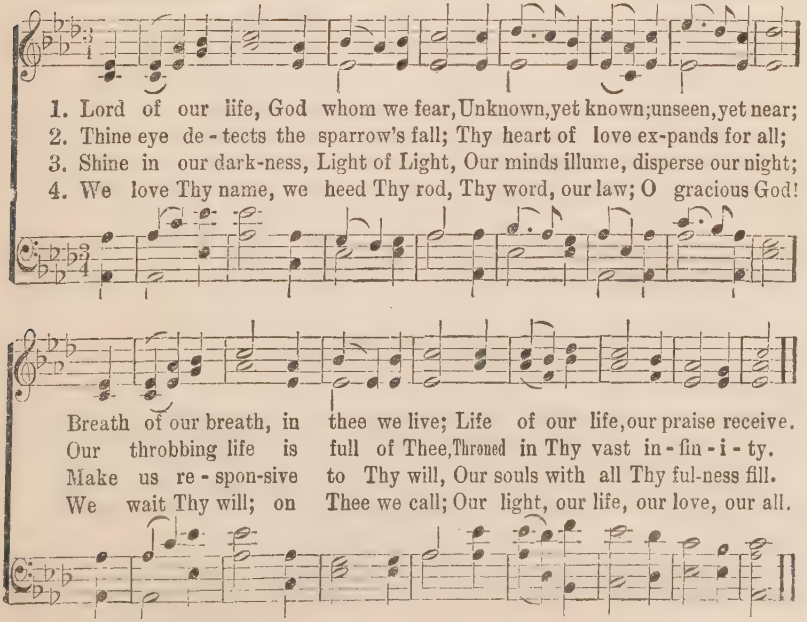
Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. William H. Jude.


1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, restless sea;
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer-cies, Savior, may we hear Thy call;
Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, Chris-tian, fol-low me!
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, Chris-tian, love me more!
Still He calls, in cares and pleas-ures, Christian, love me more than these!
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all!

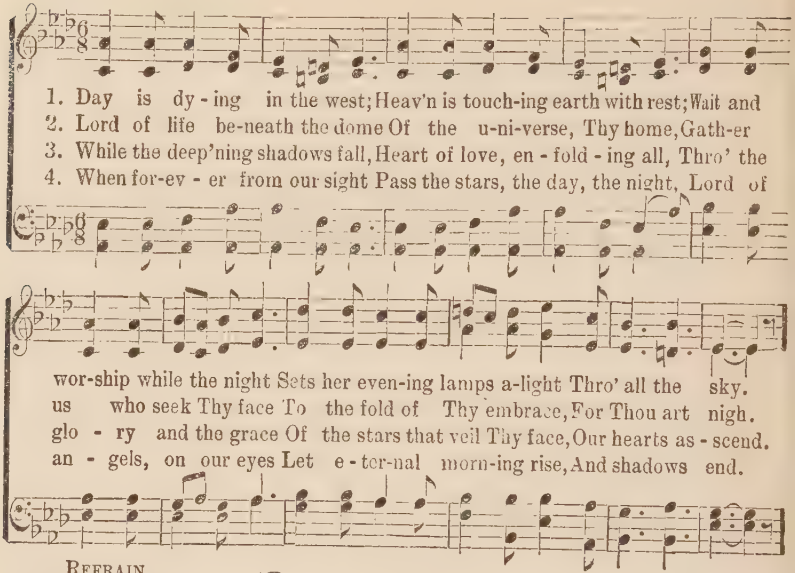
Lord of Our Life.

Samuel F. Smith. Virgil G. Taylor.


1. Lord of our life, God whom we fear, Unknown, yet known; unseen, yet near;
2. Thine eye de - tects the sparrow's fall; Thy heart of love ex-pands for all;
3. Shine in our dark-ness, Light of Light, Our minds illume, disperse our night;
4. We love Thy name, we heed Thy rod, Thy word, our law; O gracious God!
Breath of our breath, in thee we live; Life of our life, our praise receive.
Our throbbing life is full of Thee, Throned in Thy vast in - fin - i - ty.
Make us re - spon-sive to Thy will, Our souls with all Thy ful-ness fill.
We wait Thy will; on Thee we call; Our light, our life, our love, our all.

154 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u-ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the
4. When for-ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of
wor-ship while the night Sets her even-ing lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
glo-ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-scend.
an-gels, on our eyes Let e-ter-nal morn-ing rise, And shadows end.
REFRAIN.
Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are
full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

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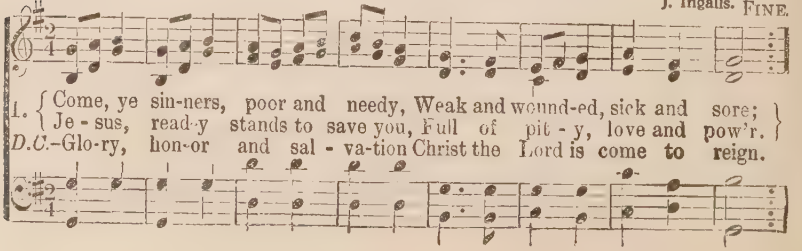
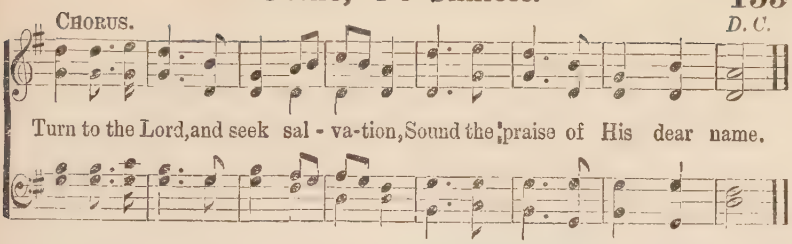
Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart. J. Ingalls. FINE.


1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
{ Je-sus, ready stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r.
D.C.-Glo-ry, hon-or and sal-va-tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.



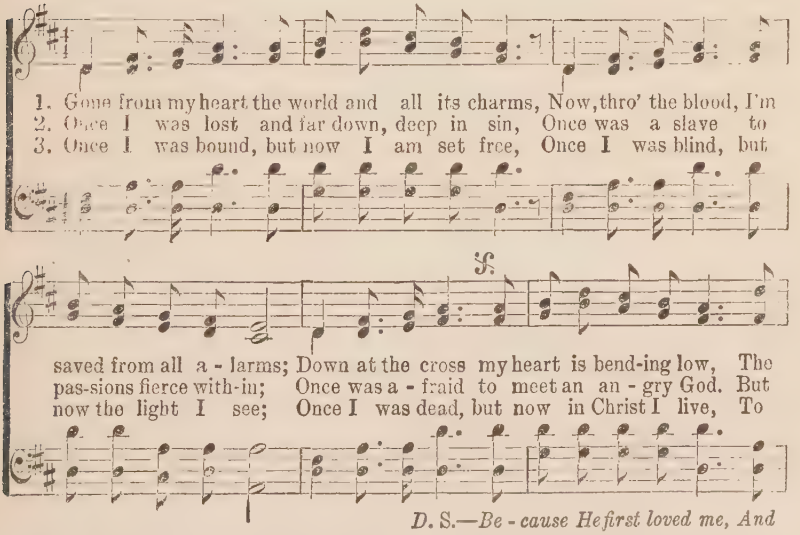
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

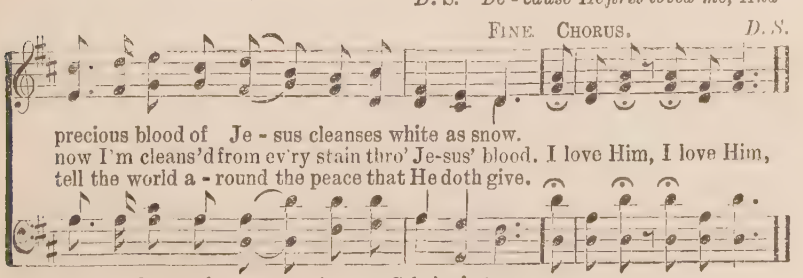
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

I Love Him.

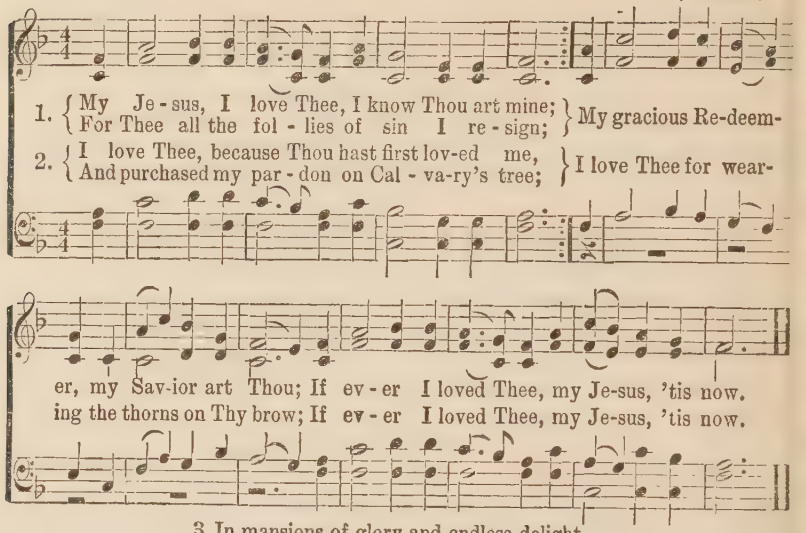
London Hymn Book. S. C. Foster, Arr.


1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm
2. Once I was lost and far down, deep in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but
saved from all a - larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The
pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a - fraid to meet an an - gry God. But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
D. S.—Be - cause He first loved me, And


Fine. Chorus. D. S.
precious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world a - round the peace that He doth give.
purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

156 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

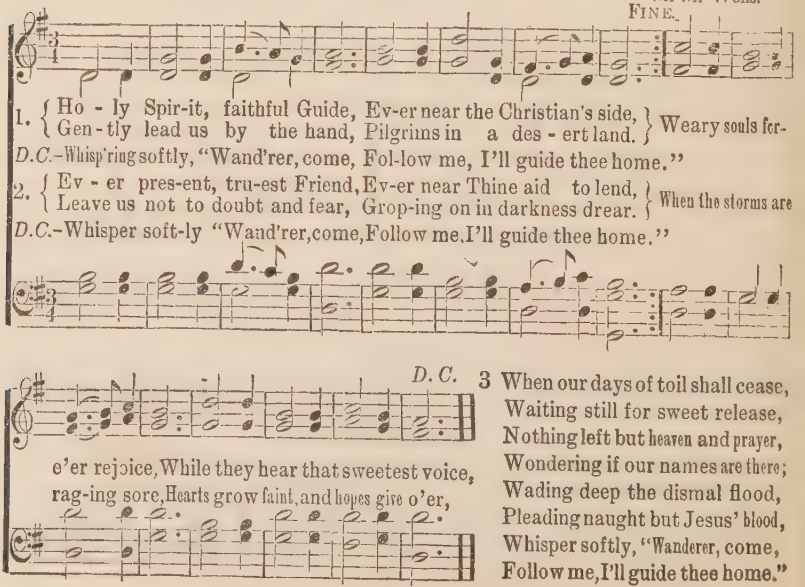
London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol-lies of sin I re-sign; My gracious Re-deem-
2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal-va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-
er, my Sav-ior art Thou; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

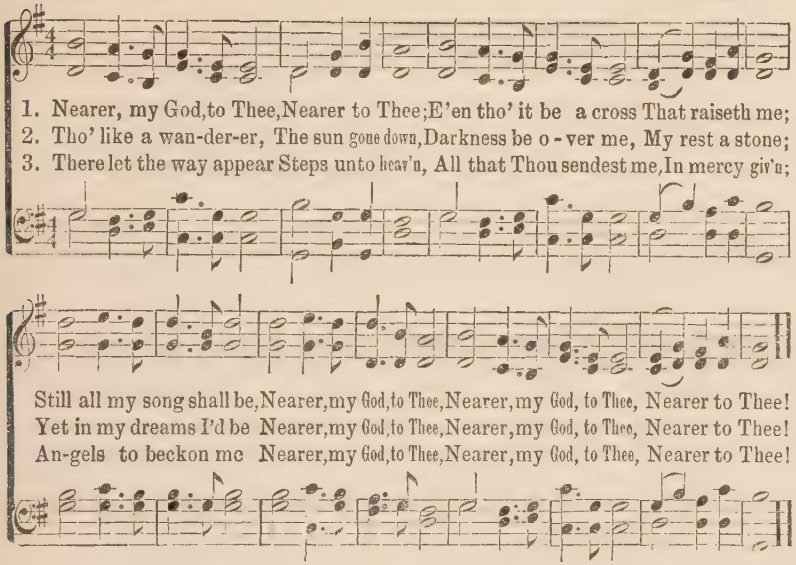
M. M. W. M. M. Wells.


FINE.
1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faithful Guide, Ev-er near the Christian's side, Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des-ert land. Weary souls for-
D.C.—Whisp'ring softly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."
2. Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in darkness drear. When the storms are
D.C.—Whisper soft-ly "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."
D. C.
e'er rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

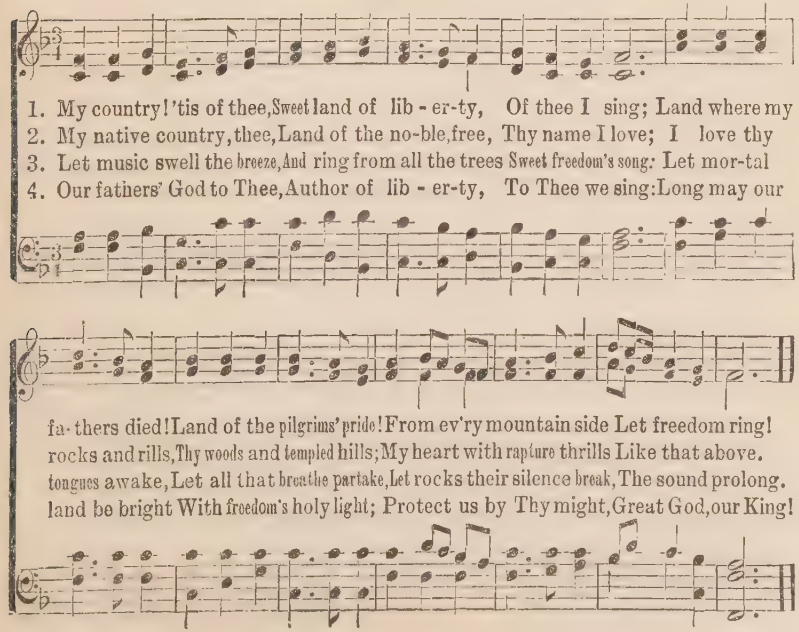
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.


1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear Steps unto heav'n, All that Thou sendest me, In mercy giv'n;
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

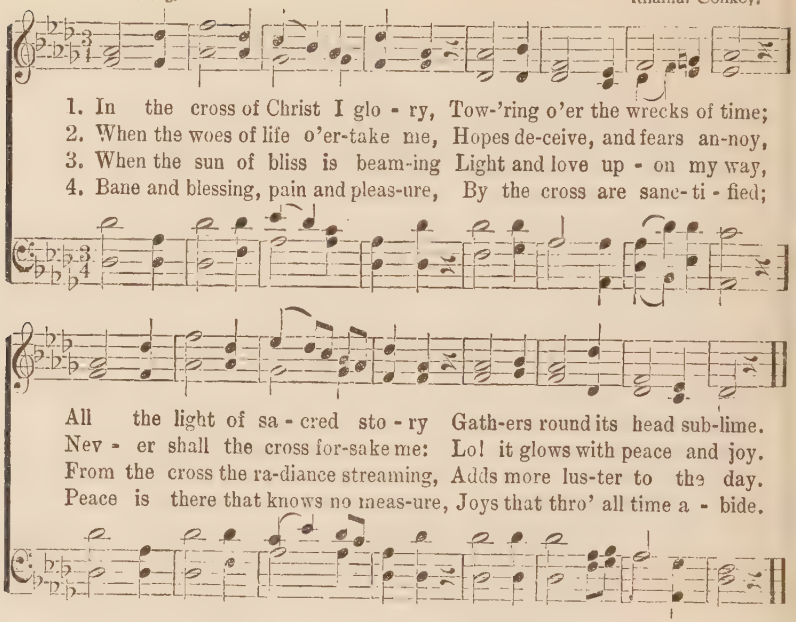
My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. (AMERICA.) Henry Carey.

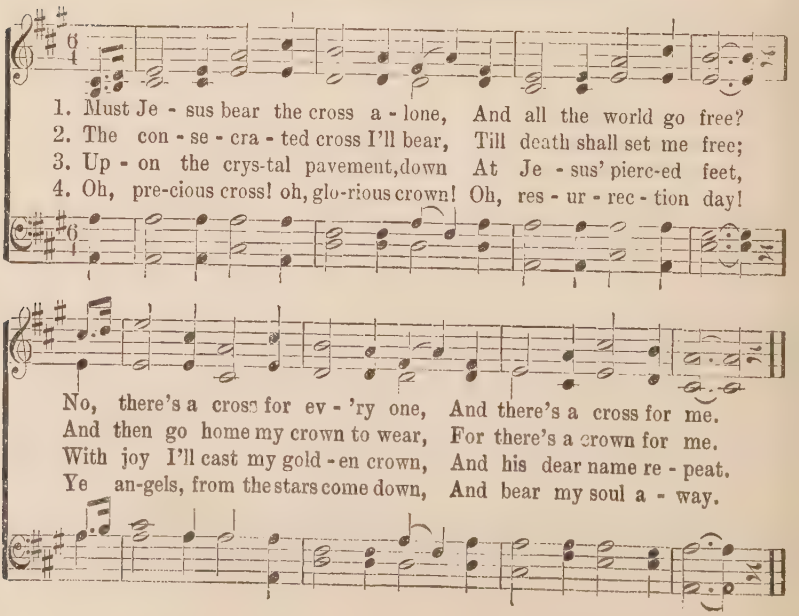

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor-tal
4. Our fathers' God to Thee, Author of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our
fa-thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

158 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

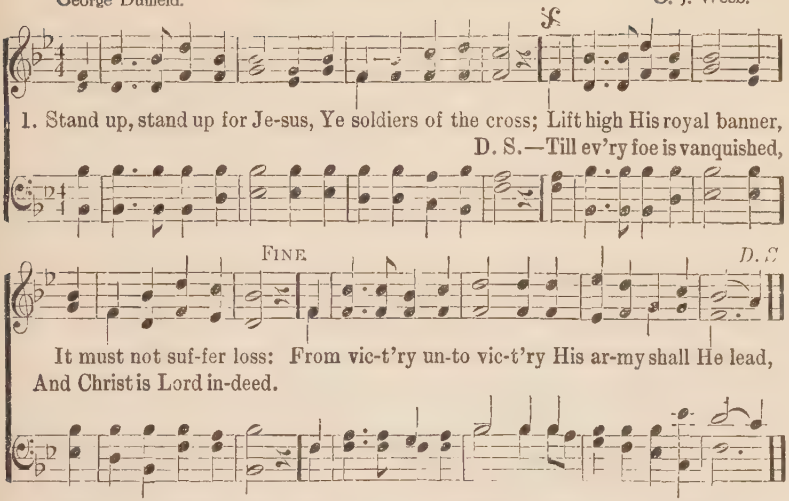

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds more lus-ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. Oh, pre-cious cross! oh, glo-rious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

Stand Up For Jesus.

George Duffield. G. J. Webb.

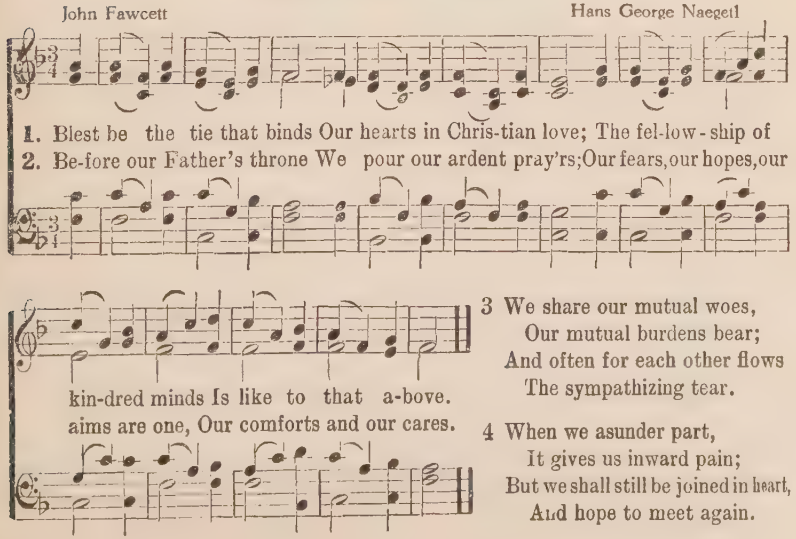

1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal banner,
D. S.—Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,
FINE.
D. S.
It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry His ar-my shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in-deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett Hans George Naegeli

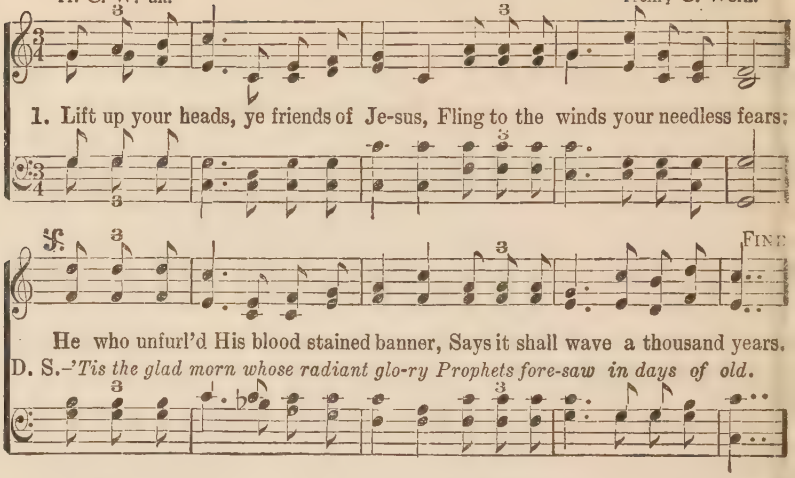

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel-low-ship of
2. Be-fore our Father's throne We pour our ardent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our
kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

A Thousand Years.

H. C. W. alt. Henry C. Work.


1. Lift up your heads, ye friends of Je-sus, Fling to the winds your needless fears;
He who unfurl'd His blood stained banner, Says it shall wave a thousand years.
D. S.—'Tis the glad morn whose radiant glo-ry Prophets fore-saw in days of old.
FINE
CHORUS.
D. S.
A thousand years, my own lov'd Zi - on, 'Tis the glad day so long fore-told;

2 What if the clouds, one little moment,
Hide the glad sight when morn appears;
Christ has declared with Him in glory,
We shall all reign a thousand years.

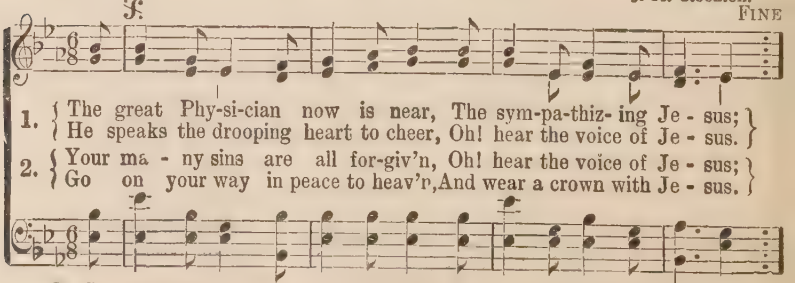
3 Tell the great world these blessed tidings;
Yes, and be sure each sinner hears;
Tell the sin-cursed of every nation
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.

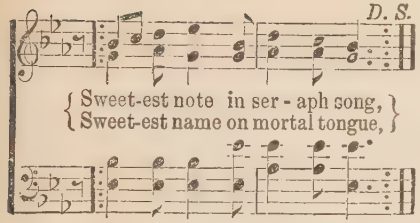
4 Foes all around the wide world over,
Little may heed our prayers and tears;
But the great King our blessed Savior,
Says we shall reign a thousand years.

5 A thousand years, bright reign of glory!
Only the dawn when day appears,
Only the dawn of peace unending,
Each of it stays a thousand years.

The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.


FINE
1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz- ing Je - sus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus;
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
D. S.—Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung; Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.



3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispells my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

The Comforter Has Come.

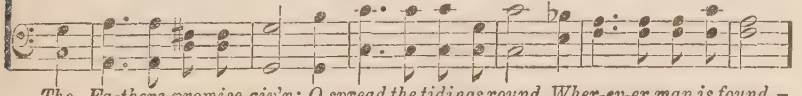
Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O spread the tidings round, Wher-ev - er man is found, Wher-ev-er hu-man hearts
2. The long, long night is past, The morning breaks at last; And hush'd the dreadful wail
3. Be - hold the King of kings, With heal-ing in His wings, To ev-'ry cap-tive soul
4. O boundless Love di-vine! How shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring mortals tell
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly A-bove the vaulted sky, And all the saints above

D. S.—*The Holy Ghost from heav'n,*

FINE.

And hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev'ry Christian tongue Proclaim the joyful sound:
And fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en hills The day ad-vanc-es fast:
A full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant cells The song of triumph rings:
The matchless grace di-vine!—That I, a child of sin, Should in His im-age shine!
To all be-low re - ply, In strains of endless love, The song that ne'er will die:

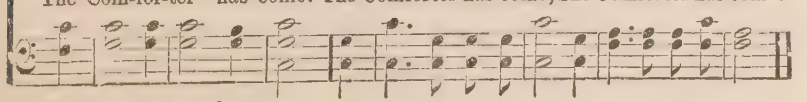


The Fa-thers promise giv'n; O, spread the tidings round, Wher-ev-er man is found,—

D. S.

FINE.

The Com-for-ter has come! The Comforter has come, The Comforter has come!



The Com-for-ter has come.

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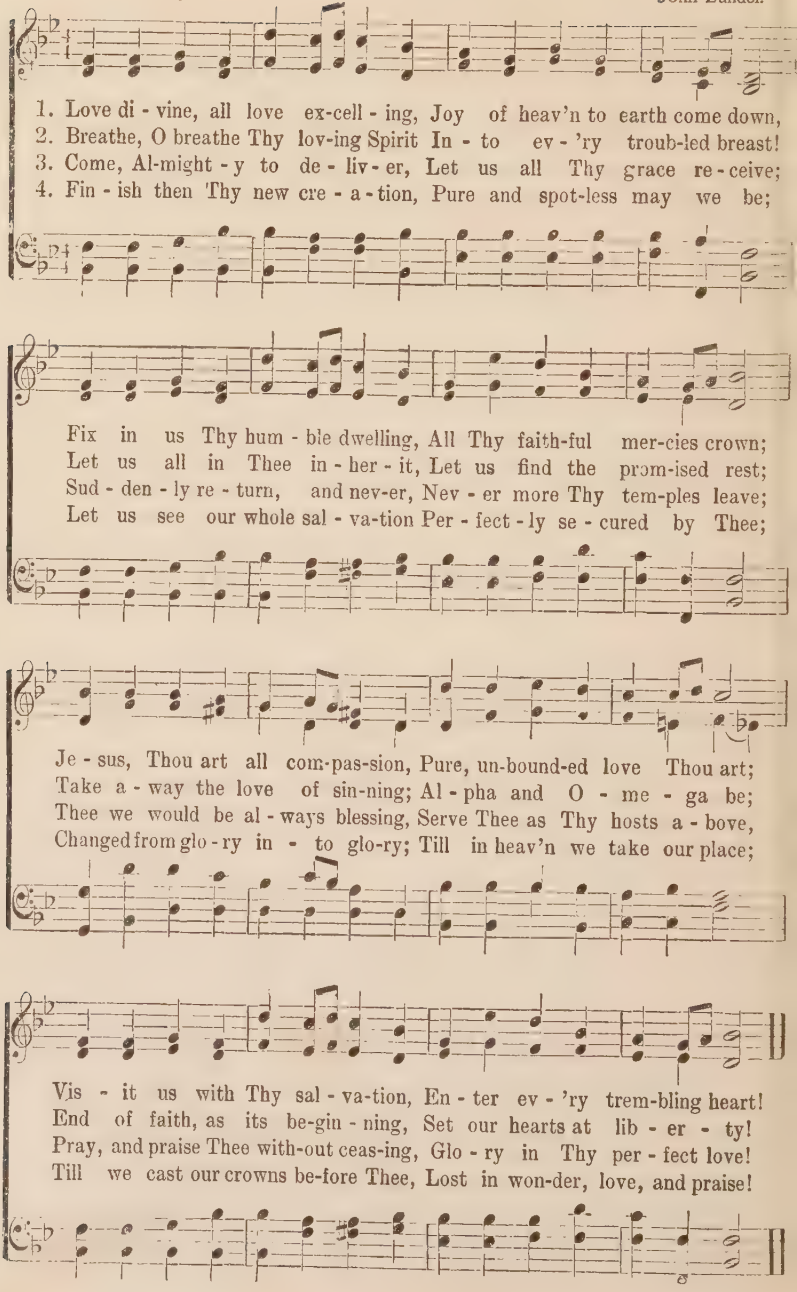
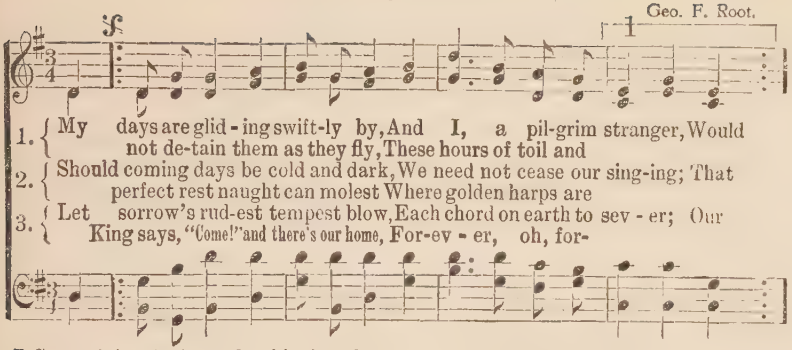
162 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.

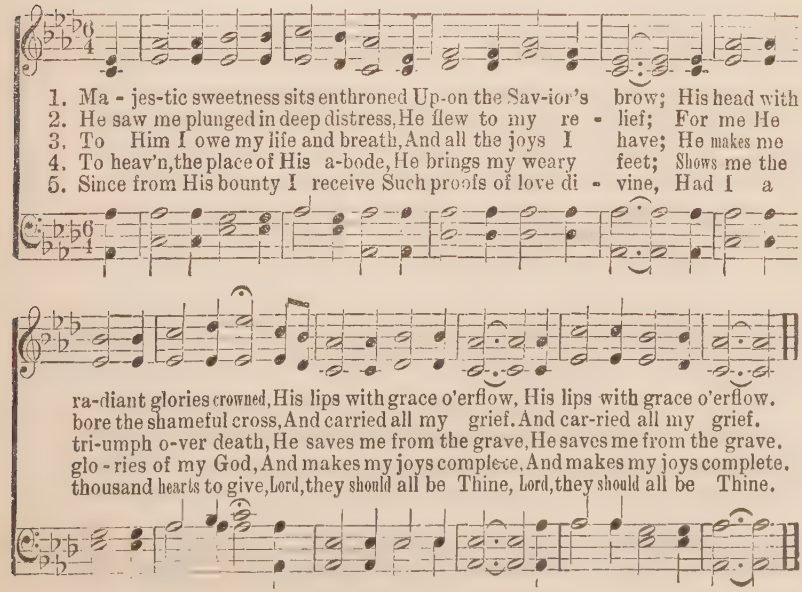

1. Love di - vine, all love ex-cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down,
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spirit In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot-less may we be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwelling, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown;
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom-ised rest;
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev-er, Nev - er more Thy tem-ples leave;
Let us see our whole sal - va-tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee;
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo-ry; Till in heav'n we take our place;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart!
End of faith, as its be-gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty!
Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love!
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise!

Geo. F. Root.


1.
My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger, Would
not de-tain them as they fly, These hours of toil and
2.
Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing; That
perfect rest naught can molest Where golden harps are
3.
Let sorrow's rud-est tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er; Our
King says, "Come!" and there's our home, For-ev - er, oh, for-
D.S.–And just be-fore the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-
FINE.
2
REFRAIN.
D. S.
dan-ger.
ring-ing. For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver;
ev - er.
cov - er.

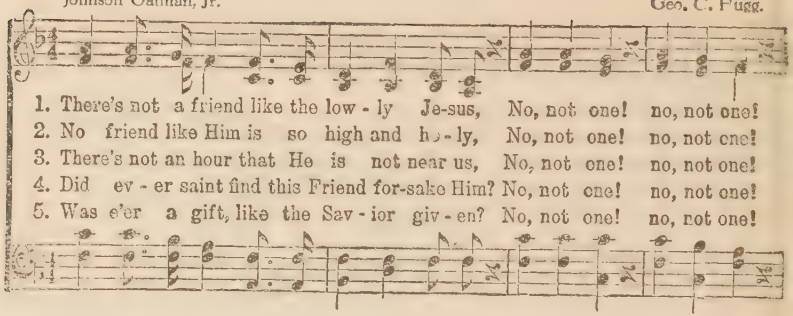
Majestic Sweetness.

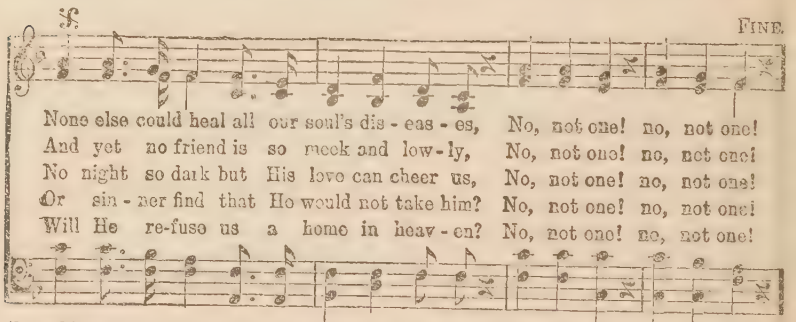
Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.


1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. He saw me plunged in deep distress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He
3. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me
4. To heav'n, the place of His a-bode, He brings my weary feet; Shows me the
5. Since from His bounty I receive Such proofs of love di - vine, Had I a
ra-diant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief. And car-ried all my grief.
tri-umph o-ver death, He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.
glo - ries of my God, And makes my joys complete, And makes my joys complete.
thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

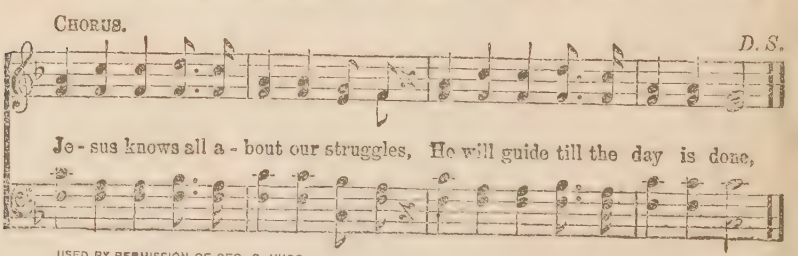
No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake Him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift, like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!


FINE.
None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*



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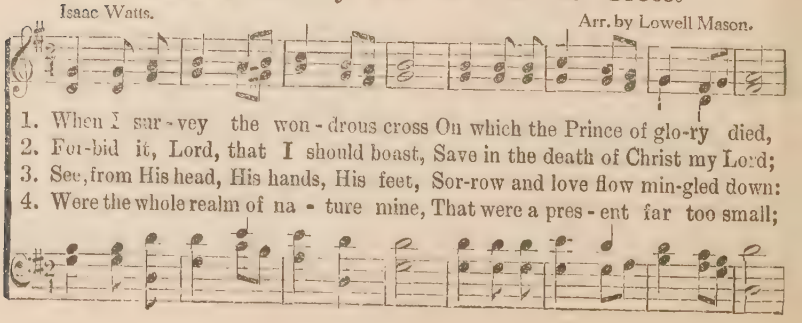
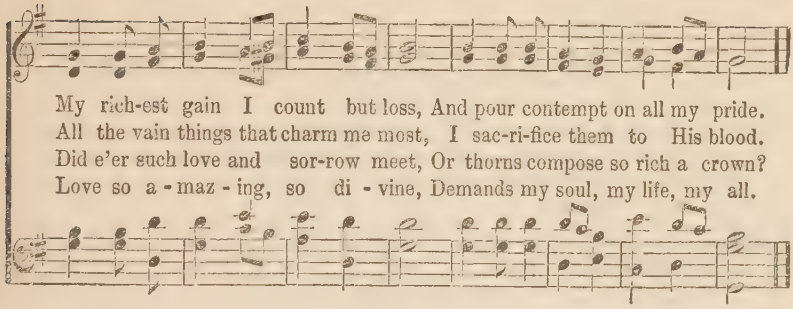
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

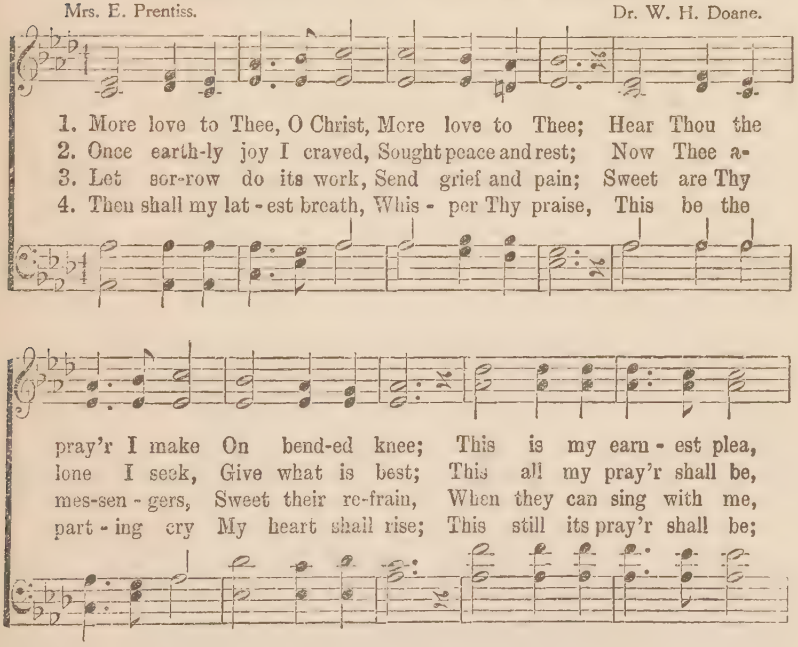
Isaac Watts. Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;


My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

More Love to Thee, O Christ.

Mrs. E. Prentiss. Dr. W. H. Doane.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whis-per Thy praise, This be the
pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,
part-ing cry My heart shall rise; This still its pray'r shall be;
More love, O Christ to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

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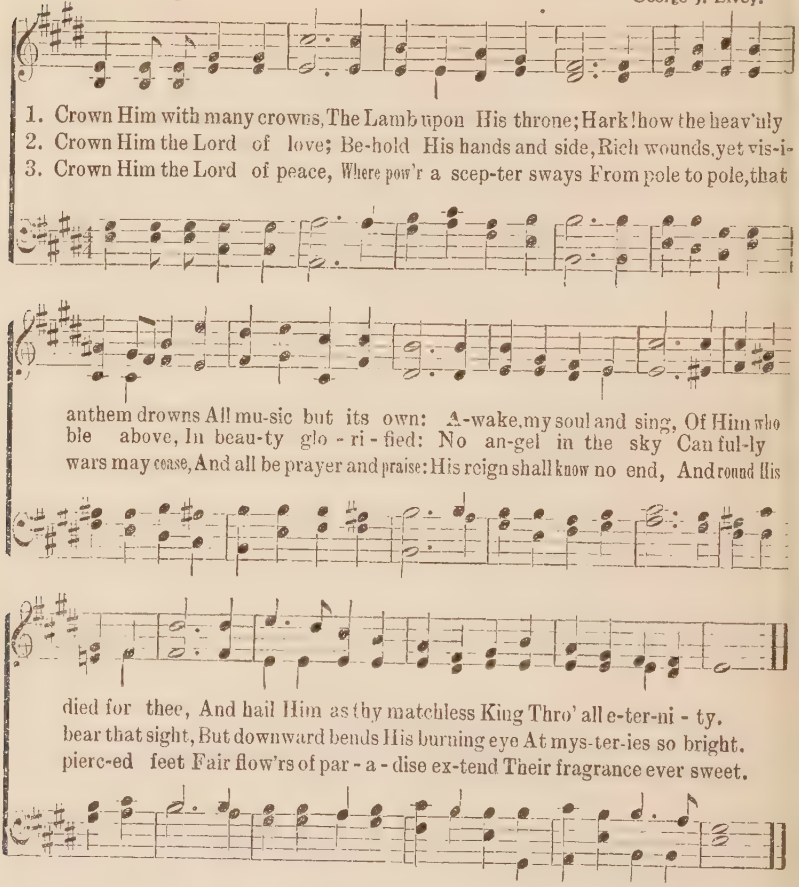
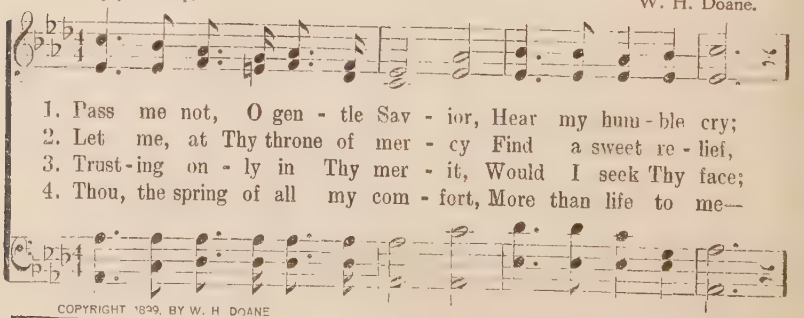
166 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. George J. Elvey.


1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne; Hark! how the heav'nly
2. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be-hold His hands and side, Rich wounds, yet vis-i-
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep-ter sways From pole to pole, that
anthem drowns All mu-sic but its own: A-wake, my soul and sing, Of Him who
ble above, In beau-ty glo-ri-fied: No an-gel in the sky Can ful-ly
wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise: His reign shall know no end, And round His
died for thee, And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
bear that sight, But downward bends His burning eye At mys-ter-ies so bright.
pierc-ed feet Fair flow'rs of par-a-dise ex-tend Their fragrance ever sweet.

Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry;
2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief,
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me—

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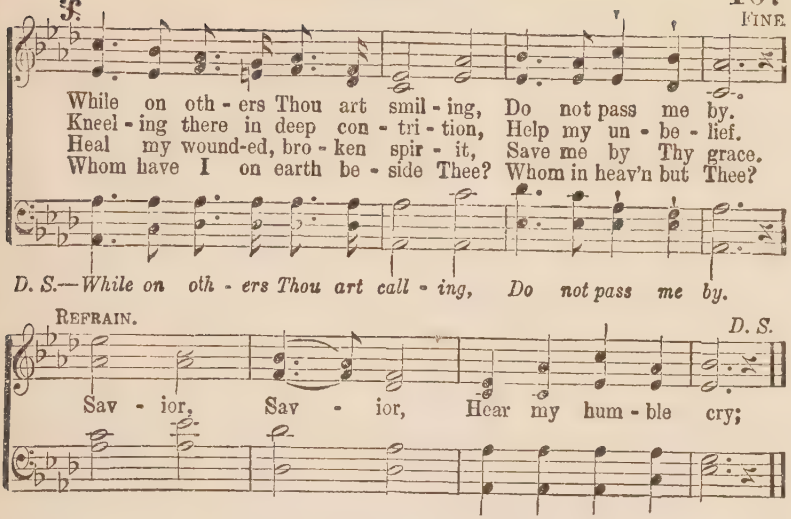
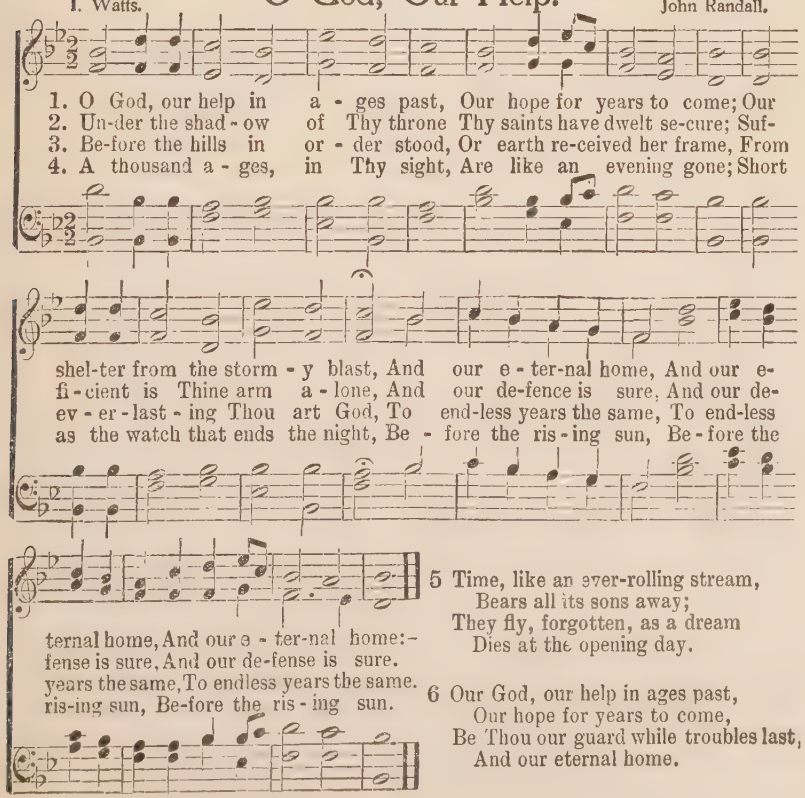
Pass Me Not.


F.
FINE.
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound-ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
D. S.—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

O God, Our Help.

I. Watts. John Randall.

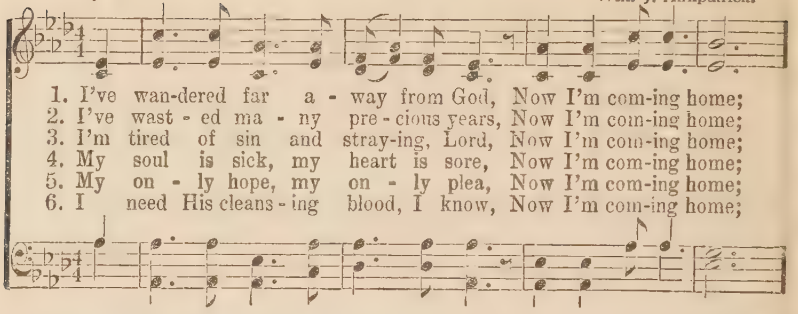

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come; Our
2. Un-der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se-cure; Suf-
3. Be-fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame, From
4. A thousand a - ges, in Thy sight, Are like an evening gone; Short
shel-ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter-nal home, And our e-
fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de-fence is sure, And our de-
ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same, To end-less
as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun, Be - fore the
ternal home, And our e - ter-nal home:-
fense is sure, And our de-fense is sure.
years the same, To endless years the same.
ris-ing sun, Be-fore the ris - ing sun.

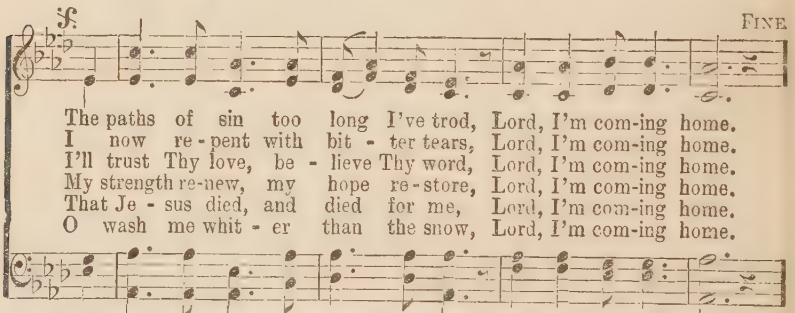
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

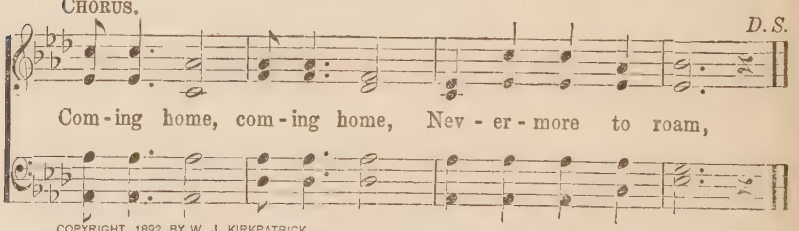
6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

168 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans - ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;


FINE
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



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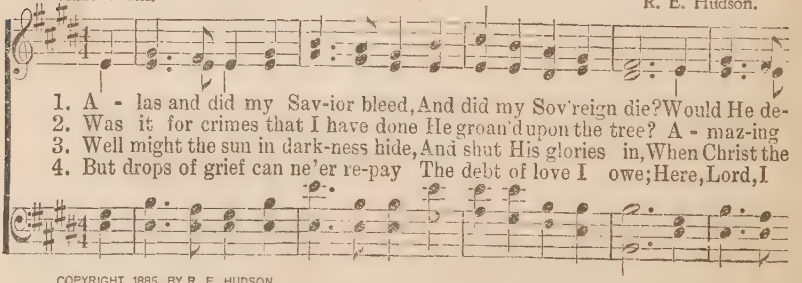
At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. R. E. Hudson.


1. A - las and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd upon the tree? A - maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glories in, When Christ the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I

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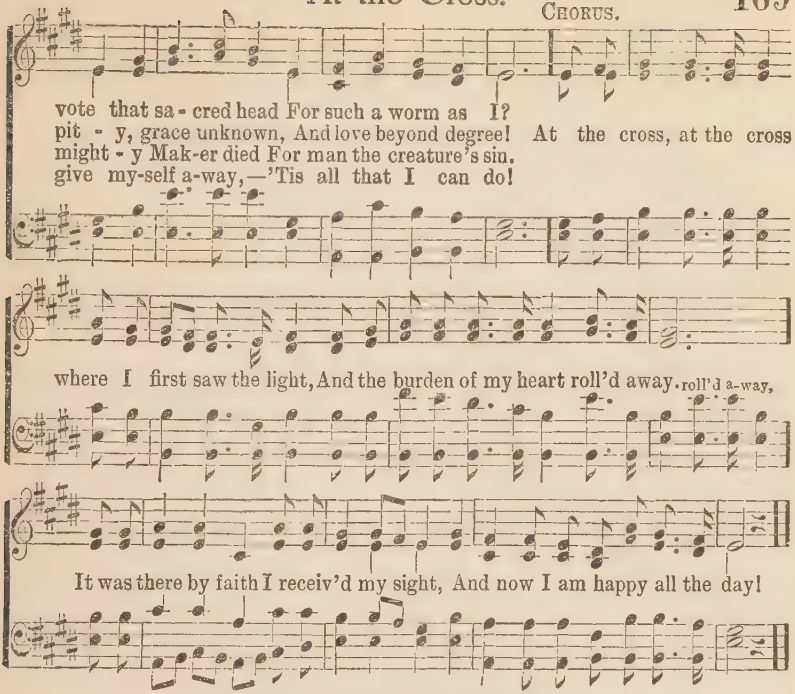
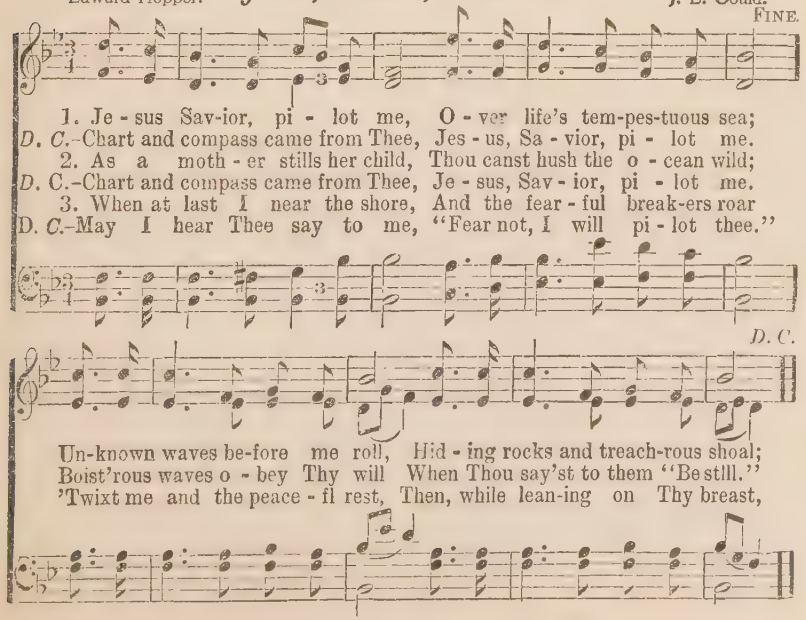
CHORUS.


vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond degree! At the cross, at the cross
might - y Mak-er died For man the creature's sin.
give my-self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do!
where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd away. roll'd a-way,
It was there by faith I receiv'd my sight, And now I am happy all the day!

Edward Hopper.

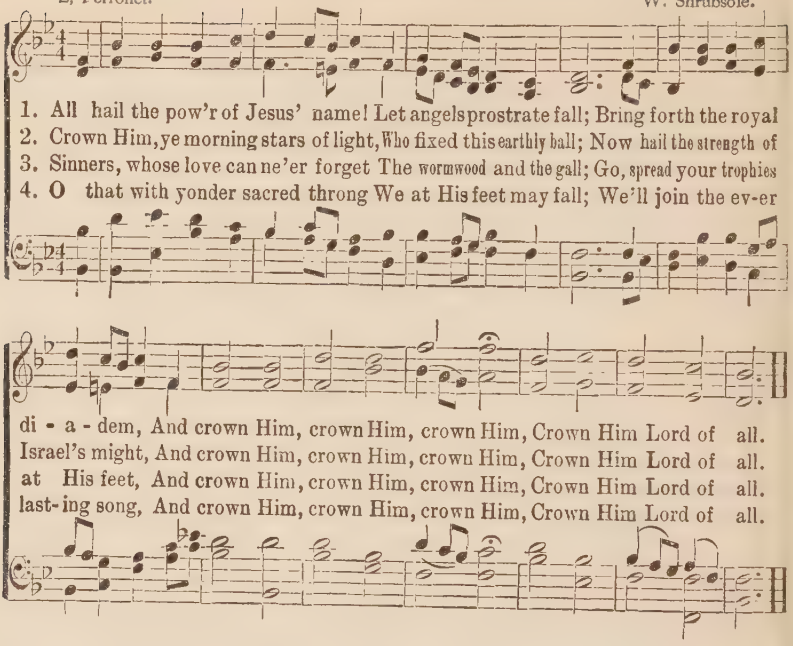
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

J. E. Gould.


FINE.
1. Je - sus Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
D. C.—Chart and compass came from Thee, Jes - us, Sa - vior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D. C.—Chart and compass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."
D. C.
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach-rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

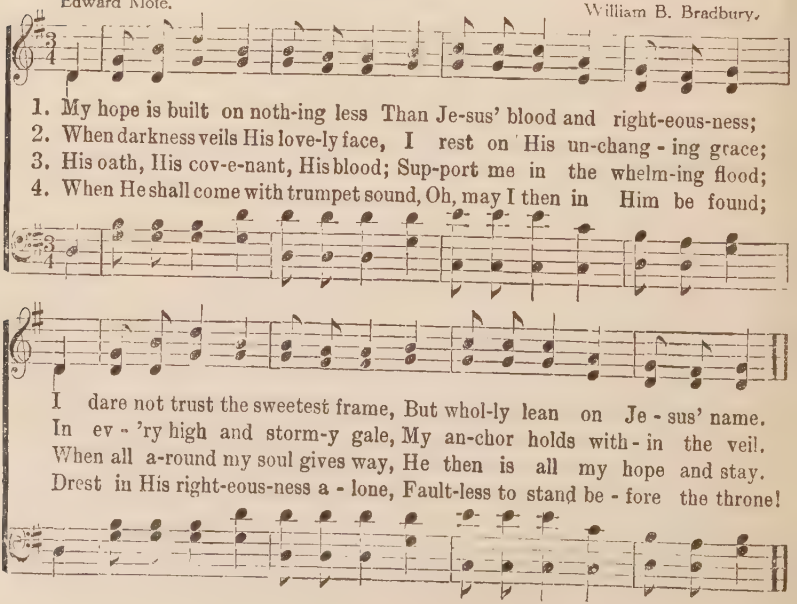
170 Crown Him Lord of All.

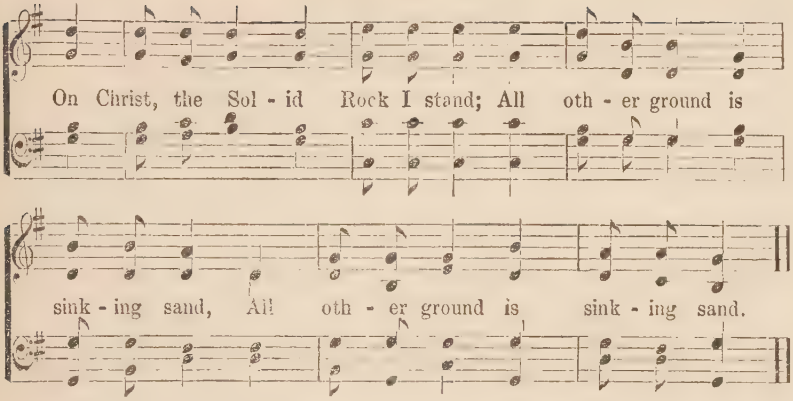
E, Perronet. W. Shrubsole.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies
4. O that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ev-er
di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
Israel's might, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
at His feet, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
last-ing song, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

The Solid Rock.

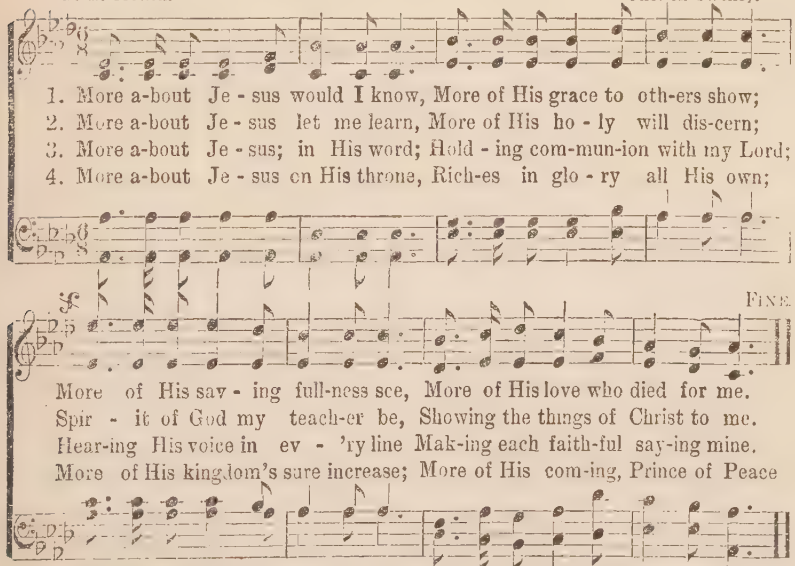
Edward Mote. William B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang - ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood; Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with - in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Drest in His right-eous-ness a - lone, Fault-less to stand be - fore the throne!



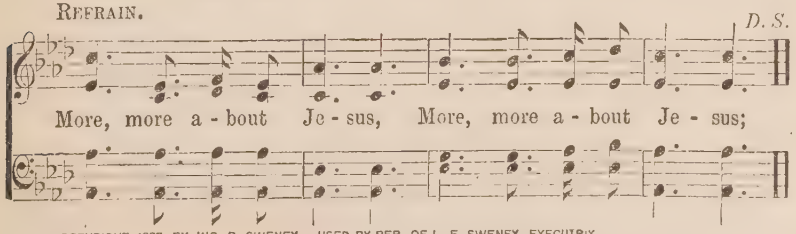
More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word; Hold - ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;
FINE.
More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace

D. S.—*More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*



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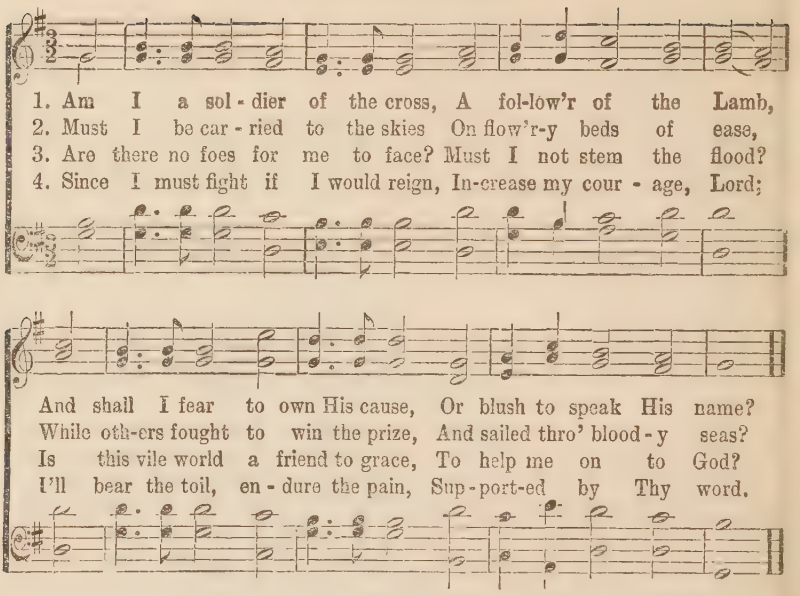
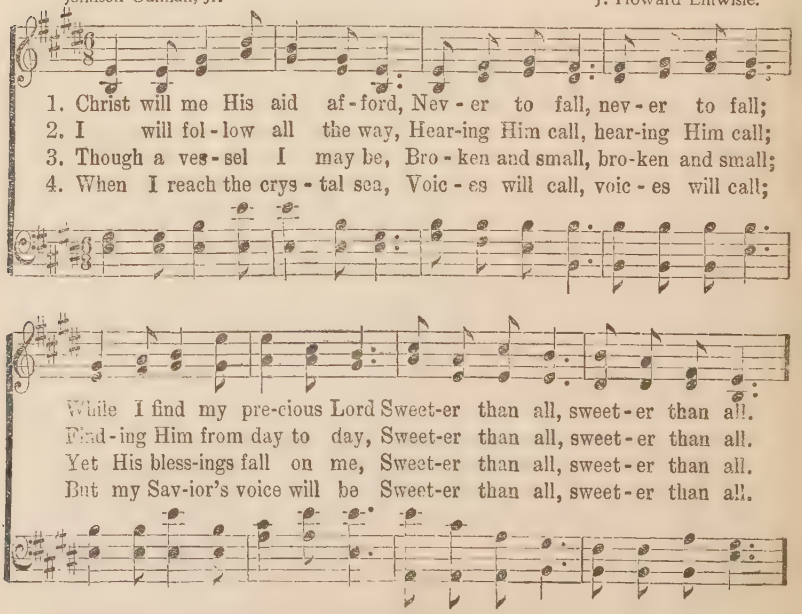
Am I a Soldier?


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r-y beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour - age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port-ed by Thy word.

Sweeter Than All.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.


1. Christ will me His aid af - ford, Nev - er to fall, nev - er to fall;
2. I will fol - low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call;
3. Though a ves - sel I may be, Bro - ken and small, bro-ken and small;
4. When I reach the crys - tal sea, Voic - es will call, voic - es will call;
While I find my pre-cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet - er than all.
Find - ing Him from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet - er than all.
Yet His bless-ings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet - er than all.
But my Sav-ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet - er than all.

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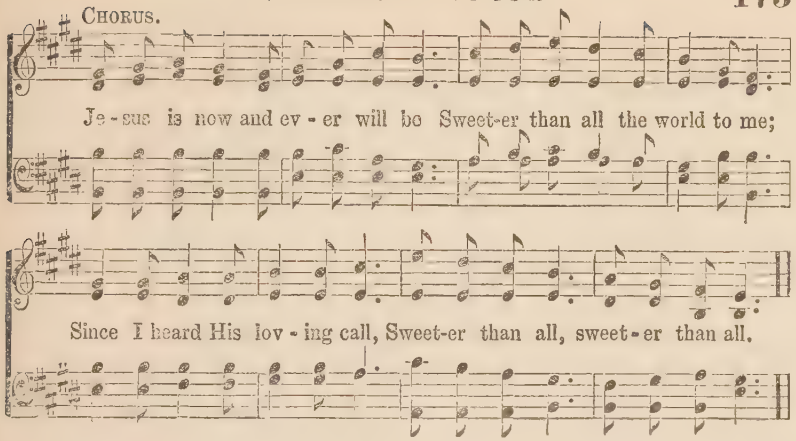
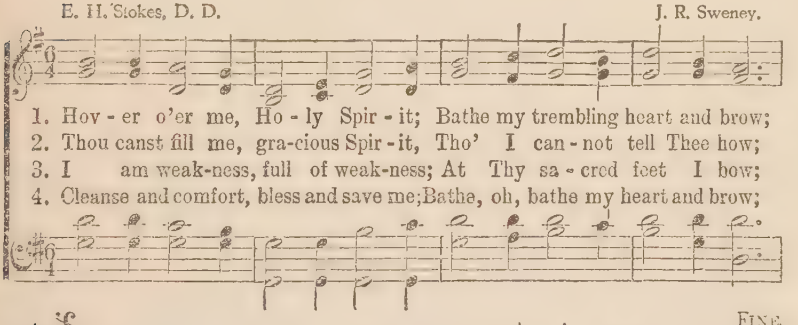
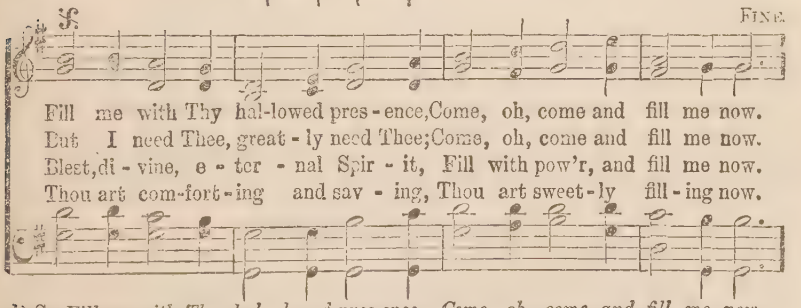
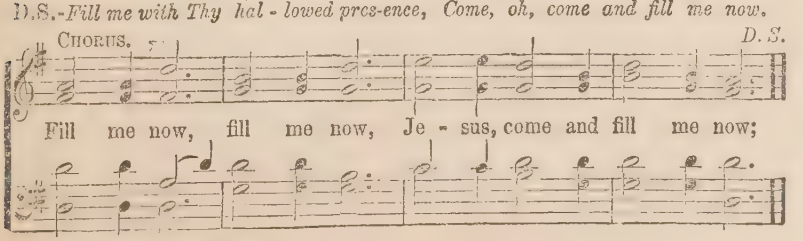

Chorus.
Je - sus is now and ev - er will be Sweet-er than all the world to me;
Since I heard His lov - ing call, Sweet-er than all, sweet - er than all.

Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes, D. D. J. R. Sweney.


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;


Fine.
Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres - ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.


D.S.-Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Chorus.
D. S.
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now;

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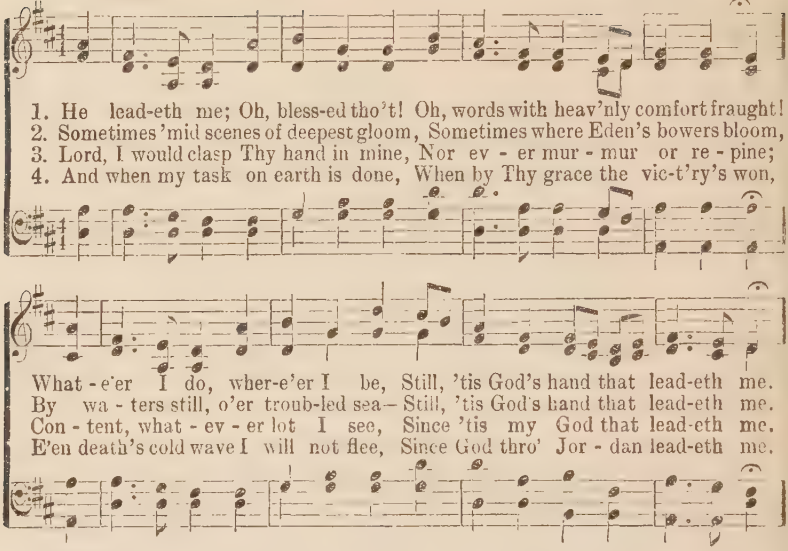
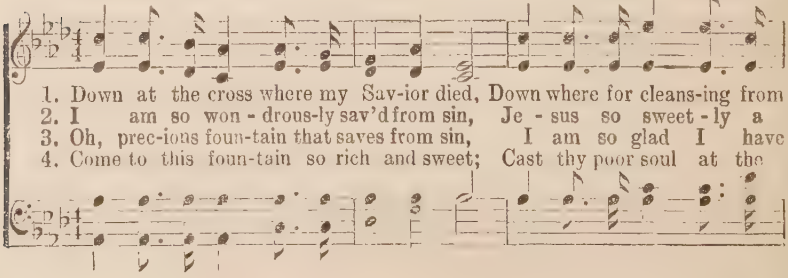
He Leadeth Me.

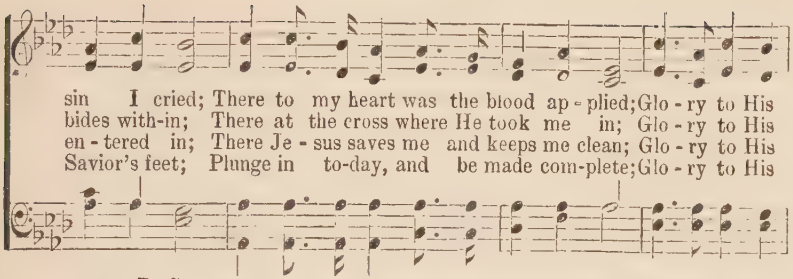
J. H. Gilmour. Wm. B. Bradbury.

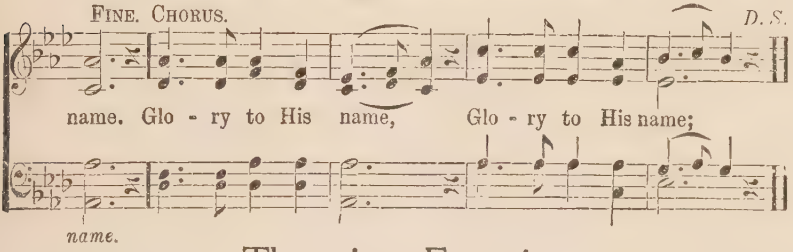

1. He lead-eth me; Oh, bless-ed tho't! Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
What - e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still, 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
CHORUS.
He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me; By His own hand He lead-eth me;
His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me,
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea— Still, 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine;
Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

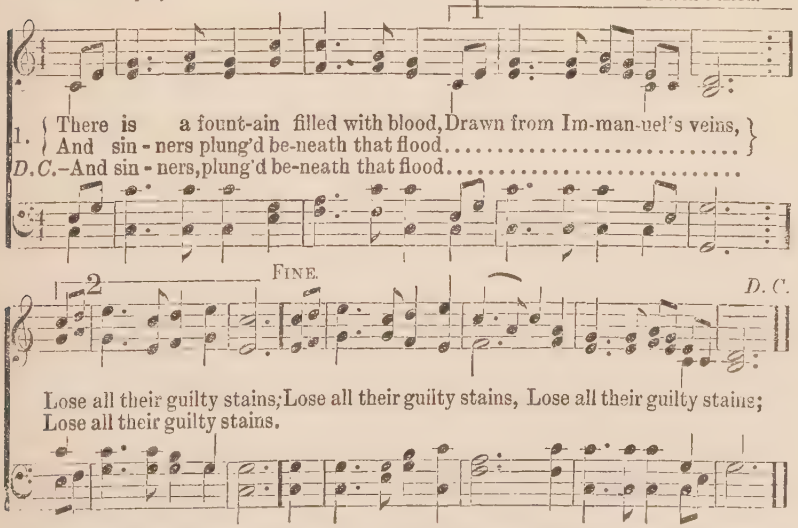

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleans-ing from
2. I am so won - drous-ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a
3. Oh, prec-ious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the


sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His
Savior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His
D. S.— There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to His



There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper, Lowell Mason.


1
1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood.....
D.C.—And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood.....
2
FINE.
D. C.
Lose all their guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

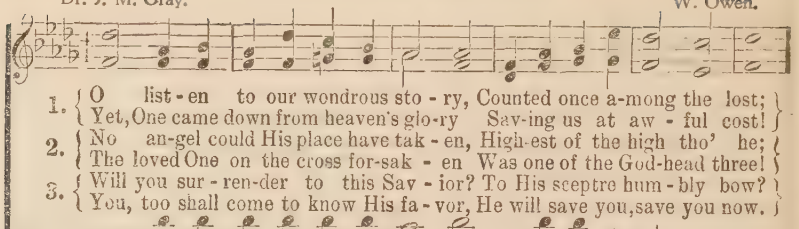
3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme;
And shall be till I die.

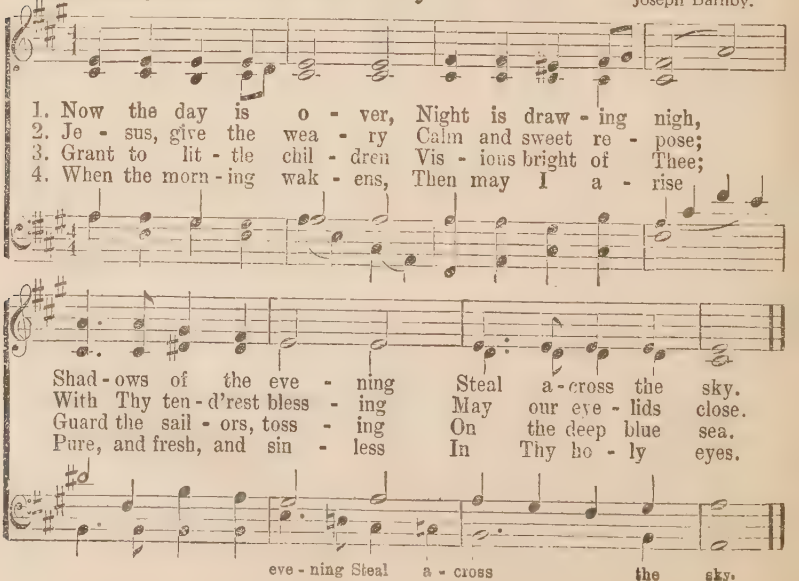
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

176 What Did He Do?

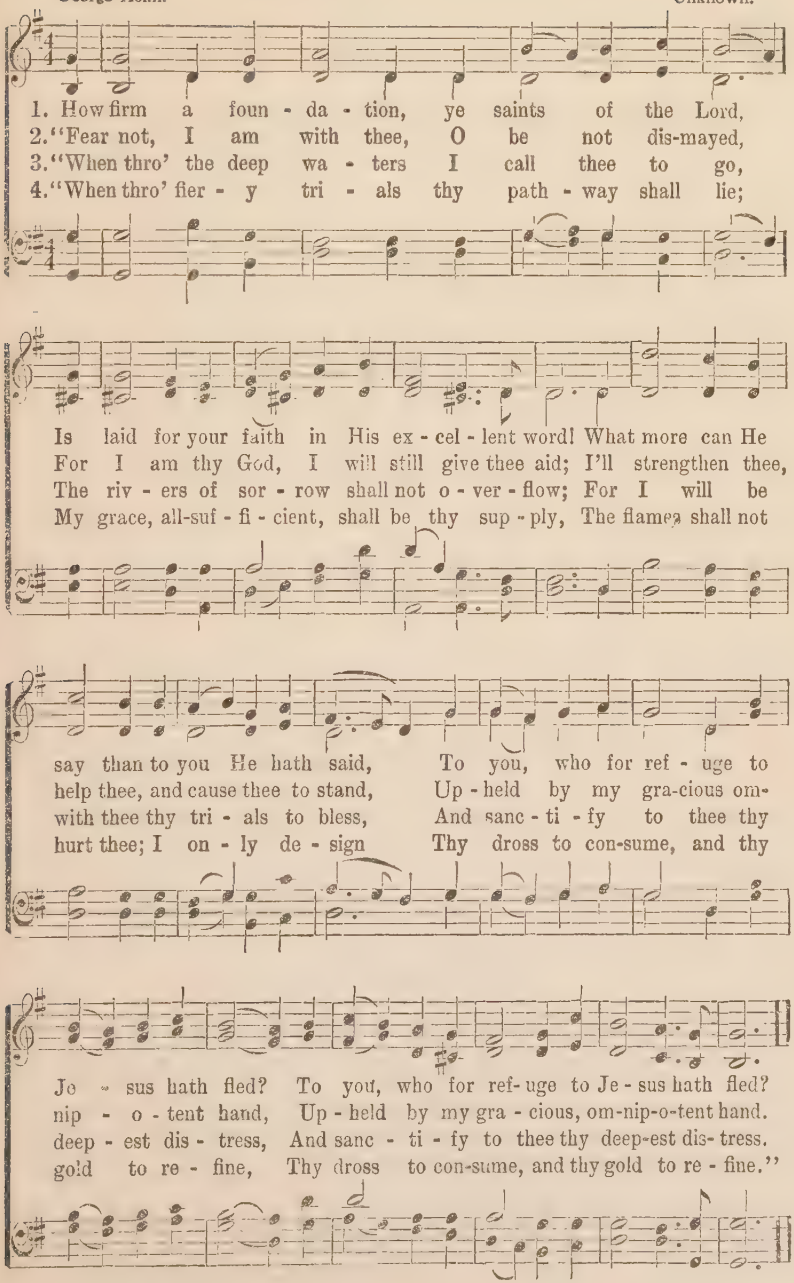
Dr. J. M. Gray. W. Owen.


1. O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry, Counted once a-mong the lost;
Yet, One came down from heaven's glo-ry Sav-ing us at aw-ful cost!
2. No an-gel could His place have tak-en, High-est of the high tho' he;
The loved One on the cross for-sak-en Was one of the God-head three!
3. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav-ior? To His sceptre hum-bly bow?
You, too shall come to know His fa-vor, He will save you, save you now.
Chorus.
Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up-on the cross? He
Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter-ceed-ing!
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter-ceed-ing!

Sabine Baring-Gould. # Now the Day is Over. Joseph Barnby.

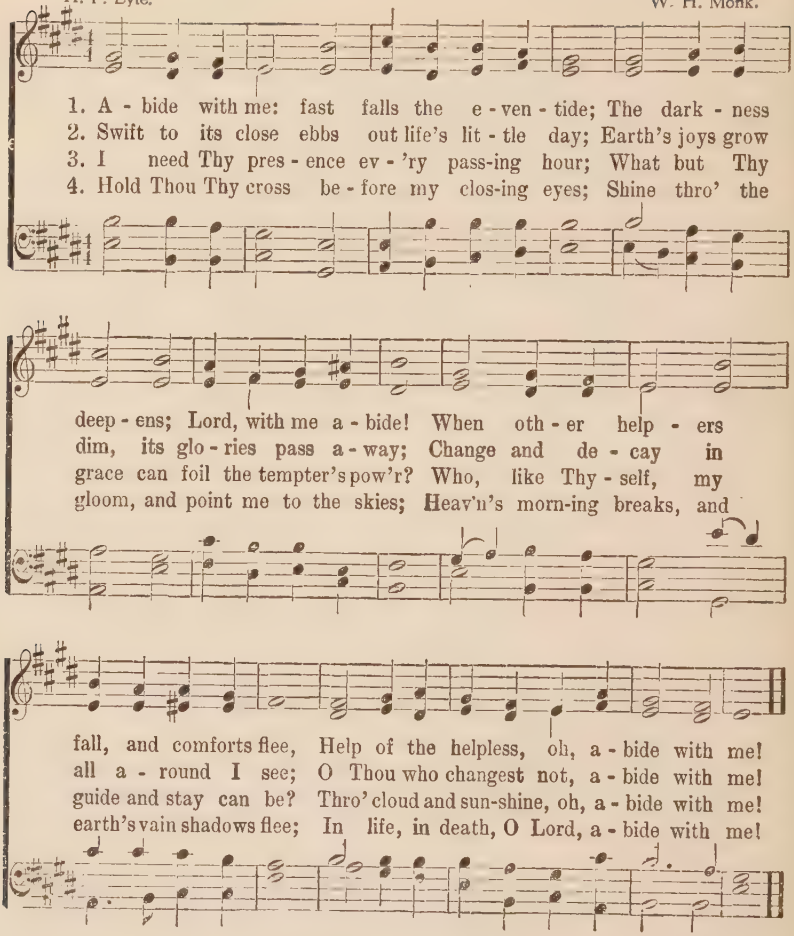

1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose;
3. Grant to lit-tle chil-dren Vis-ions bright of Thee;
4. When the morn-ing wak-ens, Then may I a-rise
Shad-ows of the eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless-ing May our eye-lids close.
Guard the sail-ors, toss-ing On the deep blue sea.
Pure, and fresh, and sin-less In Thy ho-ly eyes.
eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.

George Keith. Unknown.


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed,
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,
4. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path - way shall lie;
Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,
The riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be
My grace, all-suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply, The flames shall not
say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to
help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra-cious om-
with thee thy tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy
hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy
Je - sus hath fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus hath fled?
nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis- tress.
gold to re - fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine."

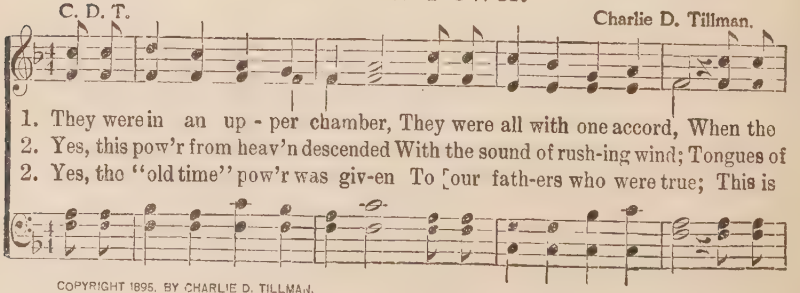
Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and
fall, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

Old Time Power.

C. D. T. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. They were in an up - per chamber, They were all with one accord, When the
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descended With the sound of rush-ing wind; Tongues of
2. Yes, tho "old time" pow'r was giv-en To our fath-ers who were true; This is

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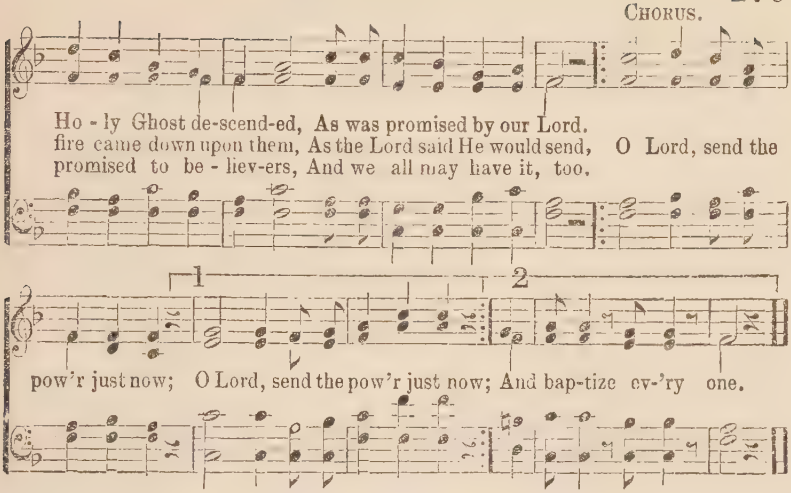
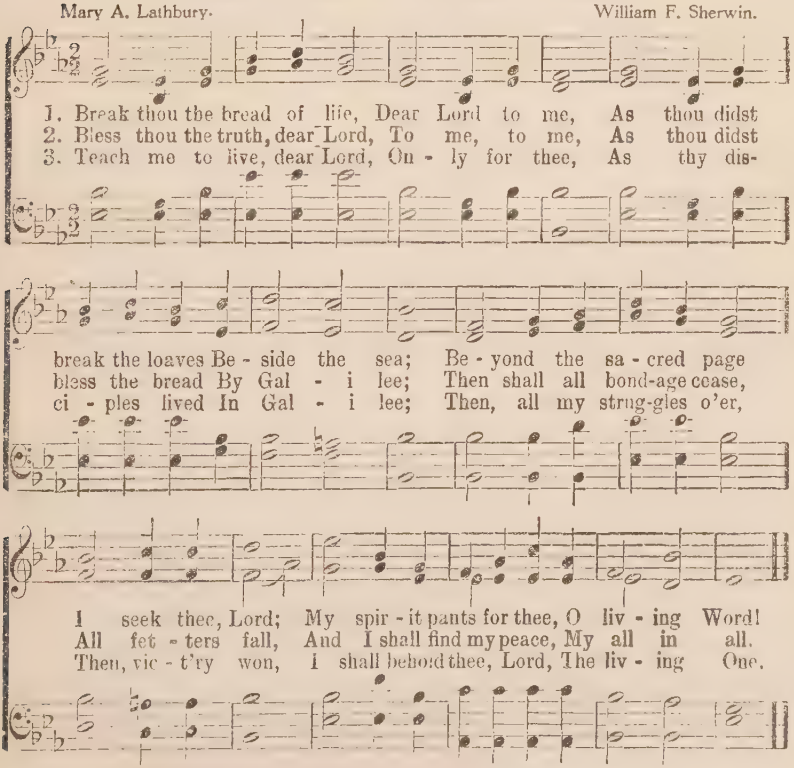
CHORUS.


Ho - ly Ghost de-scend-ed, As was promised by our Lord.
fire came down upon them, As the Lord said He would send, O Lord, send the
promised to be - liev-ers, And we all may have it, too.
1
2
pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now; And bap-tize ev-'ry one.

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary A. Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.


1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord to me, As thou didst
2. Bless thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As thou didst
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for thee, As thy dis-
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,
ci - ples lived In Gal - i lee; Then, all my strug-gles o'er,
I seek thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for thee, O liv - ing Word!
All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, vic - t'ry won, I shall behold thee, Lord, The liv - ing One.

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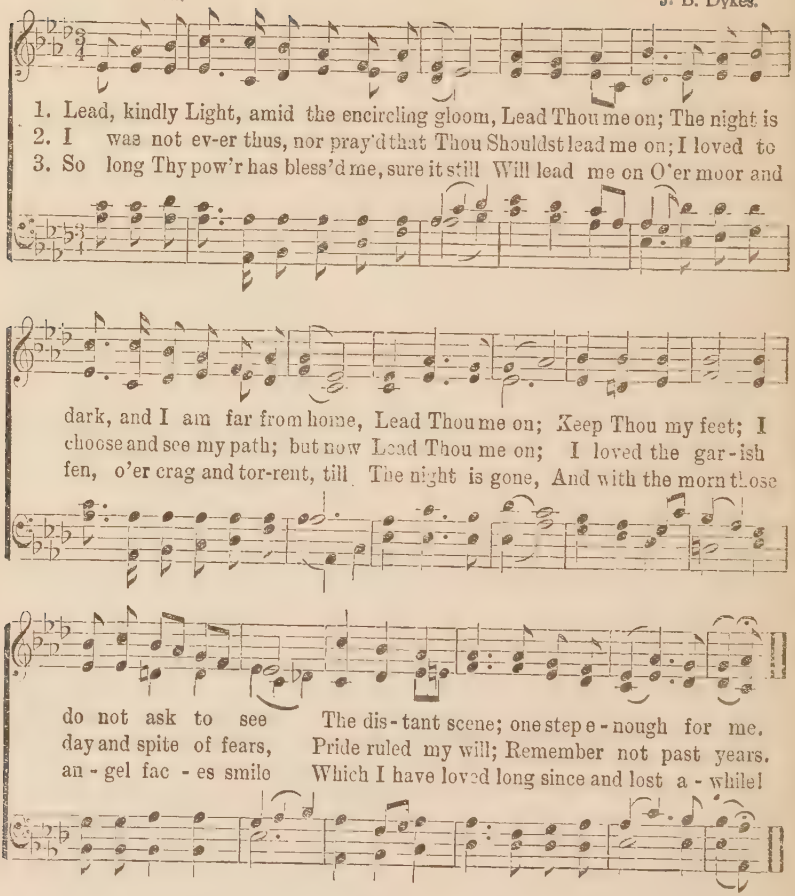
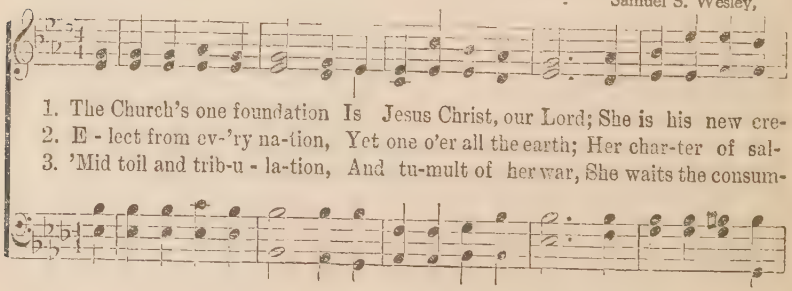
Lead, Kindly Light

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar-ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; Remember not past years.
an-gel fac-es smile Which I have loved long since and lost a-while!

The Church's One Foundation.

Samuel J. Stone. Samuel S. Wesley.


1. The Church's one foundation Is Jesus Christ, our Lord; She is his new cre-
2. E-lect from ev-'ry na-tion, Yet one o'er all the earth; Her char-ter of sal-
3. 'Mid toil and trib-u-la-tion, And tu-mult of her war, She waits the consum-

a - tion By wat-er and the word: From Heav'n He came and sought her To
vation, One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly name she bless-es, Par-
mation Of peace for ev - er - more; Till with the vis-ion glo - rious, Her

be His holy bride; With His own blood He bo't her, And for her life He died.
takes one holy food, And to one hope she presses, With ev-'ry grace endued.
longing eyes are blest, And the great church victorious Shall be the Church at rest.

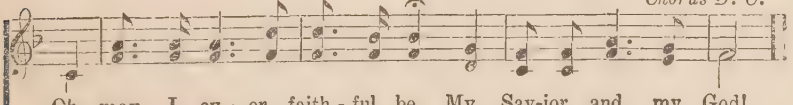
I'll Live for Him.

R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.

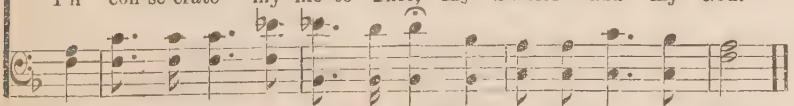
1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live,
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

Chorus D. C.



Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sa-vior and my God!



I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

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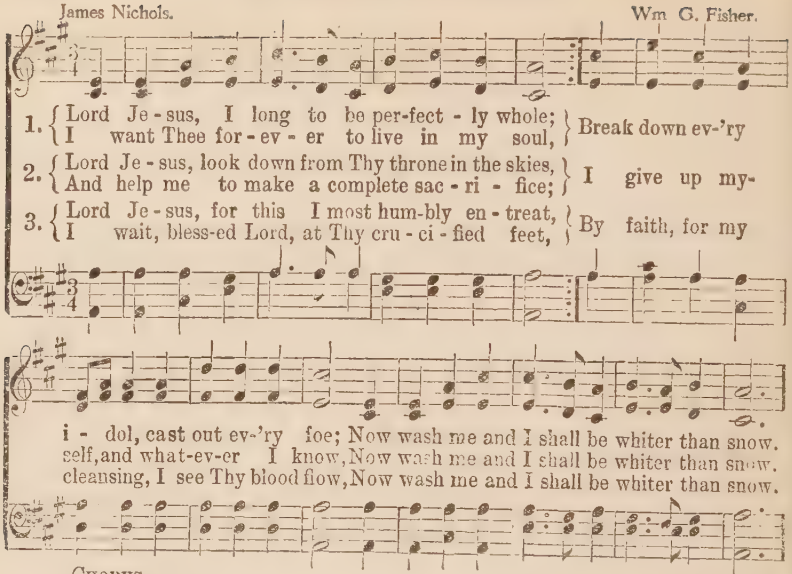
Whiter Than Snow.

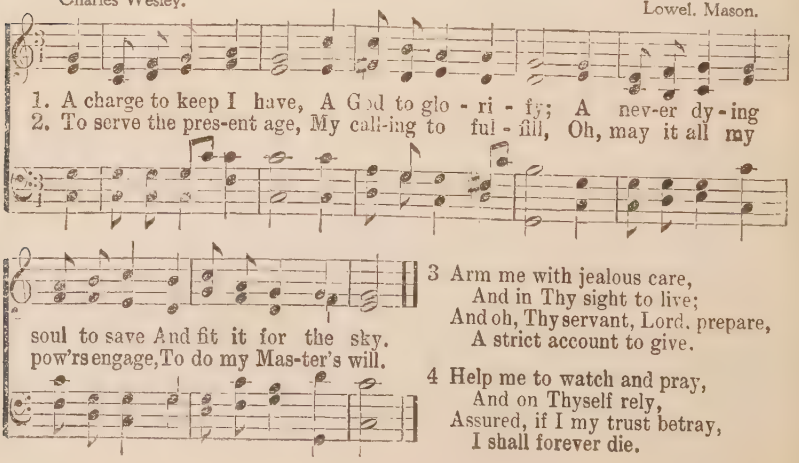
James Nichols. Wm. G. Fisher.


1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect - ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my-
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en - treat, I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my
i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
self, and what-ev-er I know, Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
cleansing, I see Thy blood flow, Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
CHORUS.
Whiter than snow, yes, whit-er than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

BY PERMISSION.

A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowel. Mason.


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev-er dy-ing
2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call-ing to ful - fill, Oh, may it all my
soul to save And fit it for the sky.
pow'rs engage, To do my Mas-ter's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Selection 1

Praising God.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plentious in mercy.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever.

Selection 2

Praise and Prayer.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles.

They shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him.

Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.

Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

Selection 3

The Shepherd Psalm.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:

For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Selection 4

The Blessed Man.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;

His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:

But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Selection 5

Salvation.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

Selection 6

Winning Souls.

For we are laborers together with God.

The field is the world.

Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.

He first findeth his own brother, Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias. . . . And he brought him to Jesus.

Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weapeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

His Lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

Selection 7

Triumphs of the Gospel.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them;

And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly.

And rejoice even with joy and singing.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened,

And the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart,

And the tongue of the dumb sing.

For in the wilderness shall waters break out,

And streams in the desert.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace.

The mountains and the hills shall break before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree.

And it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

Selection 8

The Holy Ghost.

And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh.

And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.

And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy.

But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?

Hereby know that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.

Selection 9

Our Refuge.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisesome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:

I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

Selection 10

All for Jesus.

Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing.

For this is the will of God, even your sanctification.

Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your

Father.

Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

For we have not an high priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities: but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren.

Love not the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

Selection 11

The Soul's Refuge.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,

Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Selection 12

His Great Mercy.

Bless the Lord, O my soul;

And all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins;

Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is

from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens;

And his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angles, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion:

Bless the Lord, O my soul.

Selection 13

The Lord Is Good.

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:

But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children; hearken unto me:

I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile: depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

Selection 14

Christmas.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field,

Keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them:

And they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Now lettest thou thy servant depart, Lord, according to thy word, in peace;

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;

A light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

Now unto the King eternal, incorruptible, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Selection 15

Easter.

The Lord is risen!

The Lord is risen indeed!

(To be read by all in unison.)

In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and

came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.

But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they are Christ's at his coming.

Ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

Selection 16

Missionary.

God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.

Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us.

He is the propitiation for our sins:

And not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.

I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Selection 17

Stewardship.

Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering: of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering.

For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give.

Not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

Freely ye have received, freely give.

All the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's; it is holy unto the Lord.

Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat

in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase.

So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

Selection 18

Temperance.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

That they tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

Let us not judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

Selection 19

The Greatest of These.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love,

I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

And if I have the gift of prophecy,

And know all mysteries and all knowledge;

And if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains.

But have not love, I am nothing.

And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,

And if I give my body to be burned,

But have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long and is kind;

Love envieth not, love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own;

Is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;

Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness,

But rejoiceth with the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things,

Hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth:

But whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away;

Whether there be tongues, they shall cease;

Whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part;

But when that which is perfect is come,

That which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child:

Now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.

For now we see in a mirror, darkly;

But then face to face:

Now I know in part,

But then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known.

But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three;

But the greatest of these is love.

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